November 16, 1935

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

They'd Rather Work By Harry L. Hopkins

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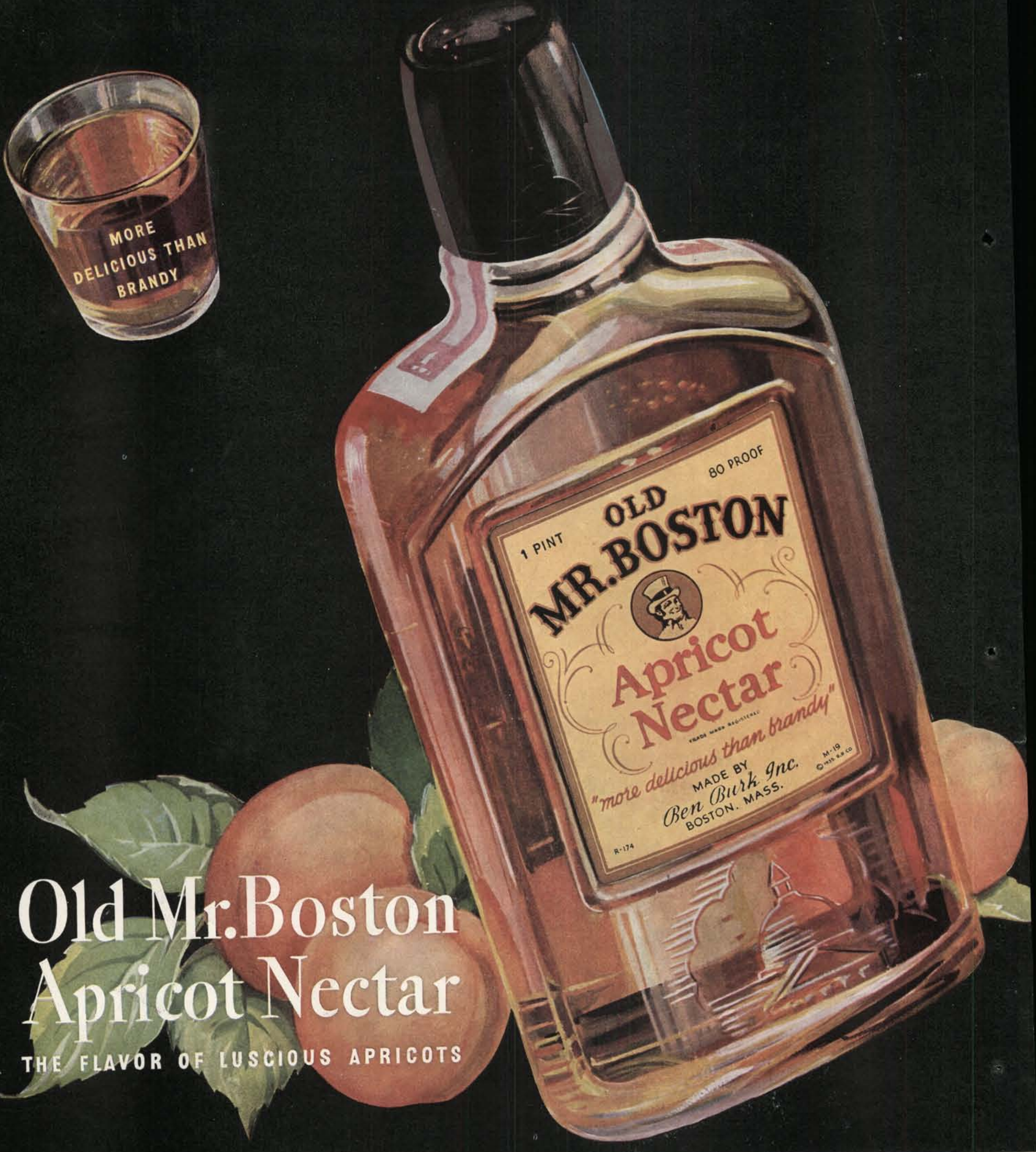
Nov. 16, 1935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Next Week

WHEN Buck Suratt pitched his solitary camp in the Gray Bull ranges he was looking for peace and anonymity. A shot in the night, a lone figure crashing through the underbrush in blind and heedless flight, pitchforked him into the midst of a remorseless war of the ranges.

Next week you will meet the alert, taciturn cowmen who rule the fortunes of Morgantown, and the lovely Judith Cameron, who is caught in a feud of the cattle country. The novel is "Trail Smoke" by Ernest Haycox.

THE career of the late Huey Long of Louisiana was full of miracles. Almost everything he did was incredible, but none of his achievements was as striking as the effect of his death. The vast and intricate organization that he had built up did not collapse—it disappeared. His bewildered henchmen were left groping futilely for the shafts and cogs of Huey's machine. There was no machine. There never had been one. The machine was Huey. Walter Davenport shows you what has become of "The Robes of the Kingfish."

THE citizens of Bushwhacker felt that it wasn't fitting for Sim Sime Bowcock to live off the charity of the Negroes of Coon Hollow. But how can you put a man on relief when he insists on keeping nineteen dogs? Doc Fraser wrestles with the problem in a brilliant short story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, "You Gotta Have Dogs."

THE Italian legions that marched across the frontiers of Ethiopia were commanded by two experienced and ruthless gentlemen, Generals De Bono and Graziani. You will meet these experts in "civilizing" unruly peoples, in a graphic and colorful article by T. R. Ybarra.

WHEN Ann Reynolds came to New York she was just a red-cheeked girl from Iowa. It was Tug Brown's mistake not to realize that she turned into something more. "You mustn't associate with this fellow Forstner Platt," he told her. And then the shooting began. "Plenty to Worry About" is by Lucian Cary.

"WOMEN and mules is all de same. De mo' you do's for 'em, de worse dey treats you." That was Iron Man's conclusion after being stabbed with an ice pick by a handsome brunette from Greenville. The exciting sequel is to be found in "Easy Pickings" by Roark Bradford.

FRANK CONDON, Frank Thomas, Joseph Marshall, Kyle Crichton, Shepard Barclay, Francis Wallace and others present handsome offerings. Exclusively for you.

This Week

●

November 16, 1935

Cover by Stevan Dohanos

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The Road Toward Peace. Page 74

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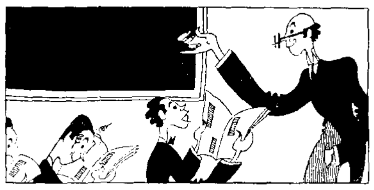
Any Week

WE WERE just about to begin this column when the Tough Guy we work for said: "See here, why don't you write something that will explain why millions of people read Collier's in spite of you?" Wounded and bitter, we were doing our best when Mr. F. H. McMahon, who teaches English Literature in the North Dakota State School of Science, came providentially to our rescue.

"For years," writes the able and welcome Mr. McMahon, "I have resisted a flood of sales letters urging me to use this or that magazine in process of teaching English Literature. This year, without invitation, I decided to use Collier's. Sales letters come regularly from monthly magazines for which I have high respect. I have rather dreaded the task of imposing on my classes, in addition to 'standard literature,' matter which to them is classic in difficulty. And from my standpoint little of that same matter is (with all due respect) classic in value. Another type of letter comes from publications giving resumés of current events. Long ago I tried that sort of thing and, while it gives matter for discussion, it leads to formation of dead, recitative diction and is the worst fermenter of subconscious plagiarism that I know. And such dull plagiarism!

"Collier's articles on current events are written by men who have style—vivid, direct, pointed. It is cheap in price, good in quality. It appeals to large masses of people without being vulgar. Its fiction is written by people expert in stories of general appeal. Once in a while something permanently memorable flashes up. I am thinking at the moment of a story in a recent issue—'The Skipper.' My main reason for choosing Collier's is that it will give the student a chance to see and understand what is being done at the moment—done ably and respectably—by some of the best professional writers. After careful thought it seems to me the best magazine for this purpose."

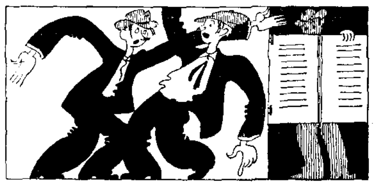


ALL of which is going to give a lot of satisfaction to Mrs. Herman H. Kindlatter of Lancaster, Pa., who makes it clear that to her way of thinking we're not above a bit of double-dealing. "I gather," says she, "that you are pretty swelled up with your own importance. Where would you be if we didn't write letters?"

WHO knows? We might be working for the government, sitting in a luxurious air-conditioned office, boss of the PETT or the SUSH, working out the salvation of a couple of million citizens we'd never heard of. Mr. Lewis McMinn of Washington, D. C., says: "Every day the newspapers are filled with windy statements from New Dealers who at home couldn't even get their children to eat their spinach. I can give you the name of a Big Shot who thought brussels sprouts were cabbage buds. No kidding. And yet I've just finished reading a whole column of his opinions regarding truck farming in Idaho."

OR WE might be assigned to Balancing the Budget. This is easy, in the opinion of Mr. James Blodgett of Los Angeles, California, who says that "even I could balance the budget, so why take it so seriously as a campaign issue? All you do is cut expenditures to the size of your income and then run like hell for the nearest bomb-proof dugout, being sure to bolt the door behind you. The popular thing to do is spend all you have and then budget the balance."

BUT we shouldn't care much about the FACA job. That's the Federal Alcohol Control Administration and the problems it has to face are pretty knotty. Only last week Mr. George W. Osborne of Detroit, Michigan, overheard a couple of gentlemen (both on relief) condemning the FACA in scorching terms. "Their complaint," reports Mr. Osborne, "can be summed up in what one of them said as they left the saloon. 'Listen,' he said, 'this government is spending millions to control liquor and a guy can't get a pint of good rye for less than a dollar and a half. How in the hell do they expect guys like you and me to buy dollar-and-a-half rye on the dough they're giving us?'"



IN DESPAIR, however, they might find the answer on the store sign that Mr. W. B. Courtright of Rochester, New York, saw on that city's main thoroughfare the other day. It was a big store and the sign was in proportion—enormous in size and suggestive of frustration. There were just two words—two and no more. It read:

WE QUIT.

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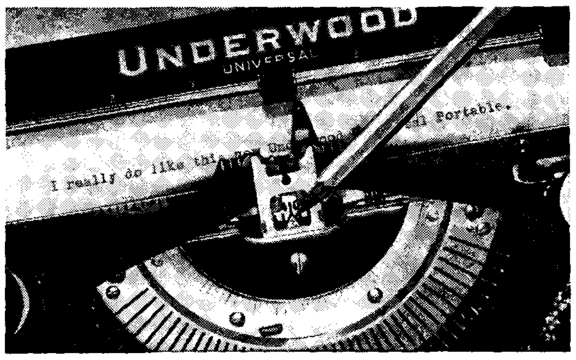

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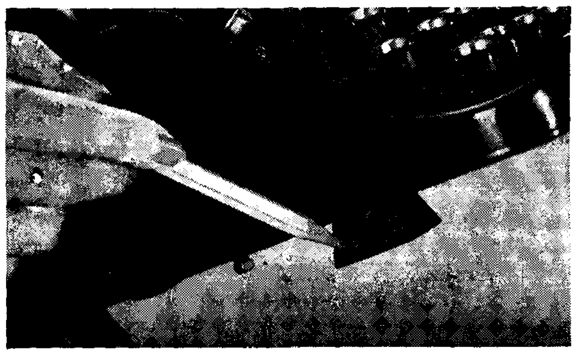

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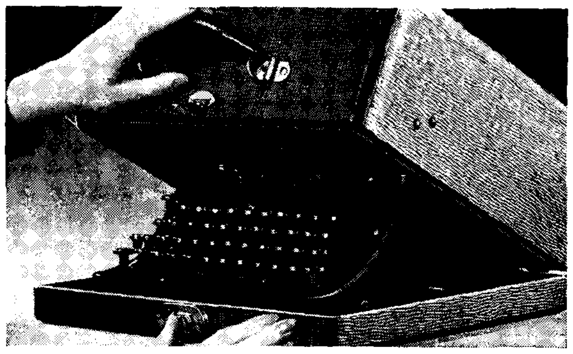

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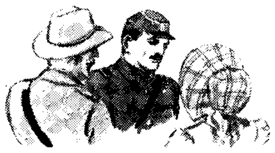

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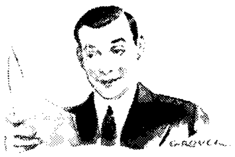

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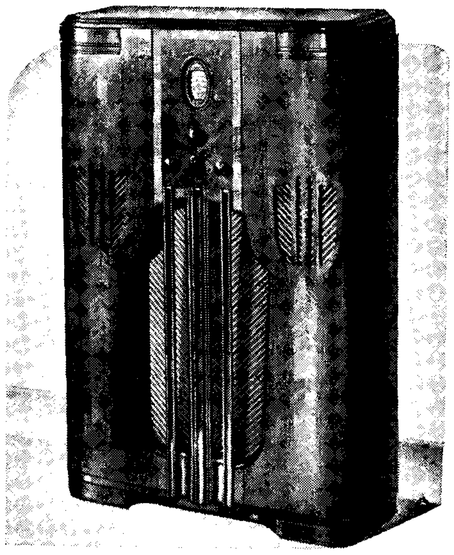

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They'd Rather Work

By Harry L. Hopkins

HEAD OF THE WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

"Nobody wants to shoot Santa Claus," said Al Smith. "Wrong," says Harry Hopkins. "What the old boy really needs is a bullet-proof vest." Criticism and abuse, dissension and recrimination, pour into relief headquarters from all sides. In this article Mr. Hopkins, who is spending more money than any other man in history, tells why it was appropriated, how it is being used and why

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

THE $4,880,000,000 appropriation was asked by the President for the specific purpose of putting an end to doles. Not one of us in the FERA but thanked God, overjoyed to get out of the depressing business of direct relief. From other quarters, however, came quite a volume of complaint and some actual protest. Why spend four billions on employment? Wouldn't it be cheaper to keep on with doles?

Of course it would be cheaper in terms of money! Cheaper, in all probability, by a full fifty per cent, but when you count it up in terms of pride, courage, self-respect, ambition and energy, a direct relief program is a thousand times more costly than a work program, for it tends inevitably towards the creation of a permanent pauper class, hopeless and helpless and an increasing and crushing weight on the backs of the gainfully employed.

I know the gossip that is going around about people on relief turning up their noses at chances for work. Mean gossip for the most part, but with a flash of wit now and then as when some Chicago humorist wired me, "Dear Hopkins: Relief situation out here a terrible mess. No true American can put up with it. Unless conditions improve immediately I give fair warning that I will quit you cold and go back to work."

Undoubtedly there are men and women on relief who have no right to be getting it, but our investigations prove that the number is less than a fraction of one per cent of the whole. Why wouldn't it be so? Three or four million heads of families don't turn into tramps and cheats overnight, nor do they lose the habits and standards of a lifetime in a month or a year.

Here, for instance, is a case proving the persistence of the good old American spirit: Down in North Carolina we had a family of five on relief, the three children undernourished and both father and mother victims of pellagra. In spite of illness and years of bitter poverty, they still insisted they did not want to be "poorhouse folks," and begged for a "fair chanst" to make their own living.

We gave them medical attention, food, clothing, and put them on twenty acres of idle ground, furnishing a mule, fertilizer, feed and seed. This summer the family had twelve acres in corn, five acres in peas, one acre in cane, one in sweet potatoes, and one in garden truck. All five are healthy, happy and independent, and have already repaid fifty per cent of what we loaned them.

A horror of charity is an instinct with most of us. A job is necessary to pride, for a workless man has little status at home and less with his friends. Then there is the humiliation of relief, a humiliation that we cannot help inflicting, for the "means test" is our one way of keeping panhandlers off the rolls. It calls for the most detailed prying into the lives and habits of every applicant for relief. We butt into their homes, digging around to find out if they have any hidden resources, or some relative who is able to aid.

The danger of it all lies in the possibility that people may become accustomed to degrading experiences, losing their sensibilities just as they lose the habit of industry. Another point in favor of work relief is the necessity of maintaining the skills of men and women so that they will be able to grasp the opportunity for private employment when it does come.

That is why we are switching from doles to jobs. The federal government, aided by the states and cities, assumed the task for the very good reason that

Jobs, not charity. The offerings of the employment agency are eagerly awaited private industry cannot handle it. If we were to have a full recovery today, a vast number would still be lacking jobs due to technological disemployment. We know now that 2,500,000 were walking the streets in 1929, at the time when prosperity was assumed to have reached its peak, and experts figure that the number would total between five and six million today. Disemployed men! Naturally enough, private industry will soon take a large part of the load off our shoulders, but I am frankly of the opinion that the State will always have to help out in various ways from now on, *creating* employment. But that's another story.

What happened when the President got the $4,880,000,000? Straightway he announced his own full responsibility for the expenditure of that colossal sum, and took upon himself the burden of general planning. At the very outset he ruled that existing governmental machinery must be utilized, and only two new agencies, apart from the Works Progress Administration, were set up. The Resettlement Administration, with Rexford Guy Tugwell at its head, was organized to bring under one roof all rural activities previously administered by half a dozen boards and bureaus. For example, the shifting of families from stranded agricultural areas; the rehabilitation of farm families on relief rolls, the building of rural industrial communities, the purchasing of sub-marginal land, and the building of suburban houses for city workers.

The second new agency set up was the Rural Electrification Administration under the direction of Morris L. Cooke. The Public Works Administration, with an organization including its Housing Division already in existence under direction of Secretary Ickes; the Bureau of Reclamation, the Bureau of Public Roads, the Bureau of the Census for surveys, the engineering corps of the Army, the Navy and other federal agencies, were utilized.

An allotment board was created with Secretary Ickes as chairman, Frank C. Walker, director of the National Emergency Council, myself and the heads of the various construction agencies of the federal government, and straightway it became our business to allocate the money, subject to the President's approval, and also subject to the explicit provision *that three and a half million individual heads of families be put to work.* Not just any head of a family, but *particular* heads. In plain words, heads of families on the relief rolls. Reduced to figures, using $4,000,000,000 as the net available amount, the provision meant that our average man-year cost must be around $1,140.

At the very outset, however, our freedom of action was restricted by certain facts. The law itself authorized the continuation of the Civilian Conservation Corps, and as it was contemplated that the average enrollment would be 500,000, we faced an expenditure of something like $600,000,000. Then there were vast projects already under construction by the Bureau of Reclamation, such as the Grand Coulee and Casper-Alcova in Wyoming, and grave necessities urged the approval of the Central Valley project in California. This required another $100,000,000.

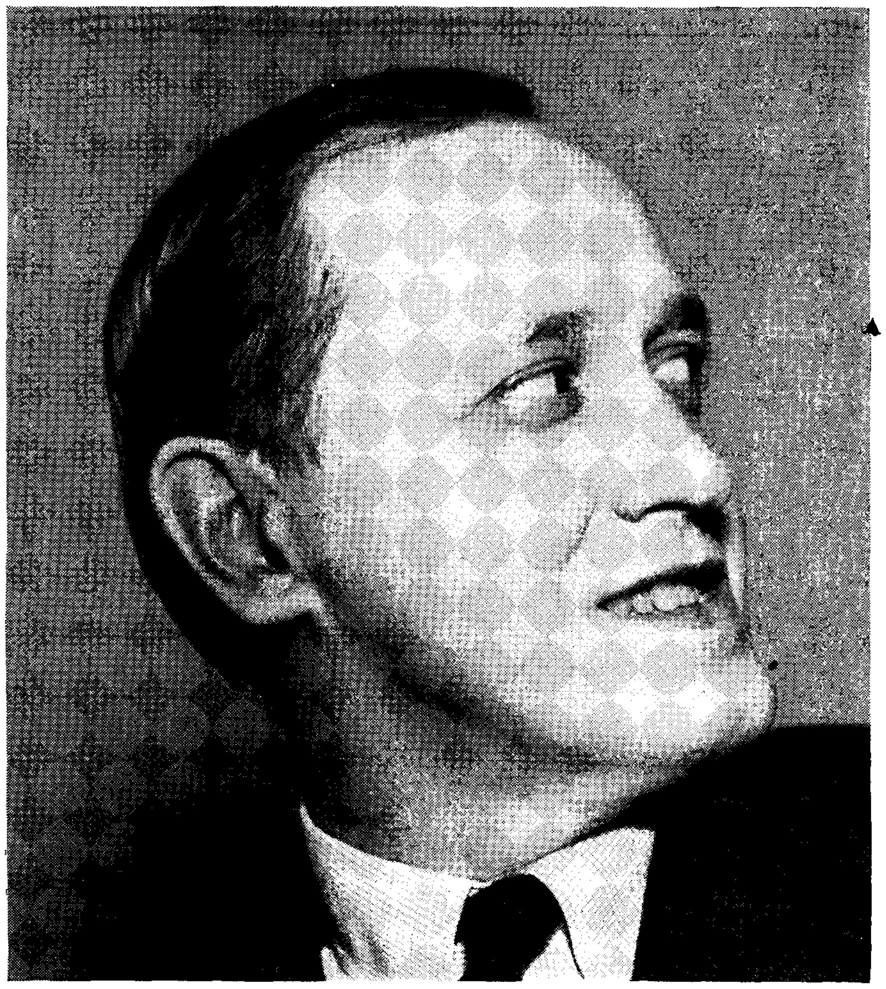
A Fast-Dwindling Fund

The Army engineers submitted a list of some $100,000,000 worth of projects, some already under way, and others brand new, such as Passamaquoddy. The Bureau of Public Roads was allotted $400,000,000 for grade crossing elimination and Federal Aid highways; likewise, appropriate allocations had to be made to the Quartermaster Corps of the Army, the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the Navy, the Forest Service, to the Department of Agriculture for a wide variety of projects, and to other federal departments in minor amounts. The Housing Division submitted a program of $250,000,000 and there were other millions properly asked by the Resettlement Administration and the Rural Electrification Administration.

Moreover, as the summer wore away, we were confronted by the fact that of the $4,880,000,000, about $975,000,000 had already been spent for relief, to which another $200,000,000 would have to be added for that same purpose. Congress provided that $60,000,000 be taken from the fund to provide for seed loans, and $100,000,000 was taken out for the Bureau of Public Roads entirely aside from the specific grant of $400,000,000 made them. When we came to figure up, therefore, the picture of the allotments was as shown in the following table:

ALLOTMENTS THROUGH SEPTEMBER 10, 1935

Department of Agriculture		$574,229,423
Bureau of Public Roads	$400,000,000	
Bureau of Public Roads (Statutory)	100,000,000	
Other Agencies	74,229,423	
Department of Commerce		10,350,944
Department of Interior		118,042,840
Bureau of Reclamation	81,150,000	
Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration	36,191,840	
Other Agencies	701,000	
Department of Labor		8,571,995
Farm Credit Administration—Seed Loans (Statutory)		60,000,000
Navy Department		17,579,625
Treasury Department		28,270,705
War Department		159,416,754
Emergency Conservation Work		523,874,450
Federal Emergency Relief Administration (Relief)		975,000,000
Public Works Administration		370,505,031
Housing Division	246,732,000	
Non-Federal	123,773,031	
Resettlement Administration		122,650,000
Rural Electrification Administration		1,348,812
Veterans Administration		1,234,120
Works Progress Administration		640,202,990
State Programs	613,146,722	
National Youth Administration	27,056,268	
Other Agencies		8.400,000
Reserve for Injury Compensation		28,000,000
Total		3,647.677.689
Unallotted		1,232,322,311
Total Available		$4,880,000,000



Harry L. Hopkins, the driving force of the Works Progress Administration

When our pencils got to work, we found that the funds allotted would employ only 2,000,000 persons, for the average man-year cost was around $1,800, instead of the $1,140 that had been the basis of calculation. This meant that 1,500,000 persons would have to be put to work with the unallotted $1,230,000,000. It did not take more than an elementary knowledge of arithmetic to see that it would be absolutely impossible for the President to keep his pledge if we kept on going as we had been going. If three and a half million heads of families were to be put to work, there just *had* to be an average man-year cost of $900 with respect to the spending of the $1,230,000,000 left in the pot.

What complicated the situation was the fact that every agency of government wanted a generous cut, each championing its own long list of projects. On top of this, states and communities bombarded us with demands for this and that and these and those. The majority stood the test of usefulness, but some were plumb ridiculous. Our investigators couldn't even find one river for the dust.

Another so-called "navigable stream" had to have water carried to it in buckets. Perhaps the two prize examples of utter absurdity was one proposal to put beauty parlors in penitentiaries, and another to provide a hostess for the "ladies' room" in every public building in the United States.

Contrary to general belief, I never had any veto power with respect to projects. At no time was it my prerogative to slam my hand on the desk, and say: "We'll have this" or "We won't have that." My job was to make a statistic analysis of each project, reporting on these two points: (1) the man-year cost, and (2) the availability of relief labor. We soon discovered that the man-year cost frequently ran as high as $3,000, and that many of the undertakings were miles removed from unemployment centers, and these were the findings that I presented to the Allotment Board for its decision, *not* mine.

Around about this time there developed what the press quickly exaggerated into a "battle" between Secretary Ickes and myself. Never at any time was there anything personal in our argument, for I hold him as one of my dear friends, and have the highest regard for his integrity of purpose. The issue between us, in my opinion, was fundamental to the whole great question of unemployment relief, and had to be fought out.

The Essential Objective

I held then, as I hold now, that great public works have little or nothing to do with unemployment relief. Take the case of New York's Tri-Borough bridge as an illustration. Some $43,000,000 was appropriated for this project eighteen months ago, yet in August of this year only 1,500 men were employed at the site, and these men, in the main, not of the type of skills found on relief rolls.

To be sure, a certain amount of indirect employment was provided for the steel areas, and in the manufacturing of cement, etc., but such employment does not substantially affect the people on relief. With an increase in business, manufacturers tend first to lengthen the hours of workers already employed, and then to reëmploy those who were last laid off, with the result that the workers on relief rolls are less likely to get back on the pay roll.

Public works alone simply *can't* do the job that we have pledged ourselves to do, at least, not with four billions. As a matter of truth, it would take close to twenty billions, and even if this amount were spent, how would it give jobs to garment workers, waitresses, chauffeurs, the professions and the whole unhappy "white collar" army?

This is far from saying that they are not desirable and also essential to the nation's development. Of course we must do away with slums and provide low-cost housing; of course we must build large dams and bridges and dredge rivers. Such projects, however, have

The immediate need is to tap large unemployment pools without delay, with projects that emphasize man-power rather than materials

only small bearing on an unemployment problem of the magnitude that America faces today The way to handle them is for Congress to provide specifically the funds for these purposes, each project standing on its merits.

That was, and *is*, my position. I held that the President's objective, and the purpose for which Congress appropriated the four billions, could not possibly be realized unless we concentrated on projects which tapped unemployment pools; which could move promptly; which could be completed in a relatively short space of time; and which would emphasize man-power rather than materials.

The purpose of the Hyde Park conference in September was to survey the problem as it loomed before us at the moment; to go over what had been done in the light of what must be done. Out of the meeting came the decision of the President to defer without prejudice such projects as carried a high man-power cost, and of a nature that did not permit swift movement, and to expend the unallotted $1,230,000,000 so as to furnish employment for 1,500,000 persons. How is this to be done?

Well, here is the type of projects planned by the Works Progress Administration:

Farm-to-market roads, reconstruction and repair of courthouses, schools, libraries and other public buildings, extension of water and sewer systems, parks and park improvements, streets and street resurfacing, reservoirs, levees, small dams, malaria control, involving swamp drainage; airports, armories, athletic fields, swimming pools, stadiums, traffic surveys, tax assessment studies, and other statistical projects, and various "white collar" projects that will take in music and the drama.

Many public works projects have already been approved in cities where we have a large reservoir of building trades workers on the relief rolls and many more will be approved. Within the whole scope of the program there is ample opportunity for the building of hospitals, schools, water systems, and power plants in cities and communities where we have a genuine problem of unemployment relief.

Of the three million miles of roads in the United States, a full two-thirds are still full of hub-deep mudholes and gullies when it rains or thaws, well-nigh impassable for from three to six months of the year. Our construction of highways has been largely in the interest of tourists, millions going into ribbonlike stretches of concrete from one city to another. "Up the creek" roads in the back country have gone unregarded, yet what is more important?

Call It "Boondoggling"

There are 528,000 "white collar" workers on relief today. By that I mean professional and semi-professional people, small proprietors, office men and women, salesmen, etc. Will anybody say they shouldn't be helped? Or that they can handle pick and shovel jobs? Under the FERA we gave employment to exactly 44,000 penniless teachers, and our educational program reached 2,000,000 adults. Illiteracy, contrary to general opinion, is not confined to sparsely settled areas. In the great Empire State today there are more than 388,000 persons over ten who cannot read or write in any language, and a large portion of them are in New York City. The drive against adult illiteracy will be kept up.

Now here is another thought: actors and musicians can starve just as easily as carpenters and bricklayers. Under the FERA, we formed opera troupes and dramatic companies to play mountain towns and "shut in" communities, and just as the artists were kept from despair, so were beauty and pleasure brought into thousands of drab lives. Take my word for it, the WPA is going to go strong on theatrical companies, bands, orchestras and operas. Anybody can call it "boondoggling" who wants to.

The American Guide is an encyclopedic undertaking that will provide work relief for about 6,500 writers, research workers, architects, geologists, map makers, stenographers and clerical workers for at least ten months. Its aim is "to discover America for Americans." A Baedeker is the first purchase in Europe, yet a traveler in the United States finds it impossible to obtain any comprehensive handbook of information. Even New York City has no comprehensive guide to its amazing variety of cultural, educational and economic resources of interest.

It is planned to publish the Guide in five volumes, corresponding to five natural regions of travel in the United States. For instance, one volume will comprise the northeastern region of the country extending from Maine and Massachusetts west to Illinois and Wisconsin. West of Chicago travelers normally take one of two routes, either through the north middle-western states to the Pacific Coast or through the southwestern states to Mexico or Arizona. Each of these sections will have its own guide. The Pacific Coast states, including Nevada and Utah, will also comprise one region, and the southeastern states another.

The American Guide is intended especially to serve travelers of modest means, and routes of travel will be indicated not only for automobilists but also for persons wishing to see America from its rivers, canals and small streams, and for hikers wishing to follow mountain trails.

In the process of compiling the material for the national Guide Books, a mass of information will be uncovered, in states and localities, which cannot be used in its entirety. All of this material will be left with appropriate local officials or will be deposited in municipal libraries, and it is expected that most states and many cities will prepare their own guide books after the work on the national guide has been completed.

Many people were of the opinion, and perhaps still are, that work opportunities should have been open to all unemployed instead of being confined to those on relief rolls. The answer is this: if we gave work to all unemployed, without consideration of their economic need, we would have found ourselves with all the money spent and most of the relief rolls still on our hands. I grant that this does some injustice to the unemployed who have never been on the relief rolls, but provision is made that ten per cent of the workers need not come from the relief rolls. Moreover, it is probable the men employed as a result of indirect employment will be almost exclusively those who were not on the relief rolls.

We were simply faced with this choice: That if we have two men looking for work, and a job for only one and one is on relief and the other is not, to which one should we give the job? We decided to give it to the man on the relief rolls. He certainly has had the tough breaks since the beginning of this depression.

Turning on the "Heat"

Let me make the point again that large public works have not been ruled out. The majority are merely postponed. What we had to have was projects that would meet the needs of the hour, putting large numbers on the job at once. A park or a swimming pool, for instance, can be started without delay and affords immediate employment, after which the workers can move on to the big construction jobs of the PWA or the Housing Division.

The need for immediate employment is a consideration, however, that does not move a certain type of person who wants what he wants when he wants it. Every day my office is besieged by important people who are thoroughly in sympathy with our objective, agreeing enthusiastically that we must put three and a half million to work, and yet in the same breath they will demand projects that if adopted would throw the whole program out of balance.

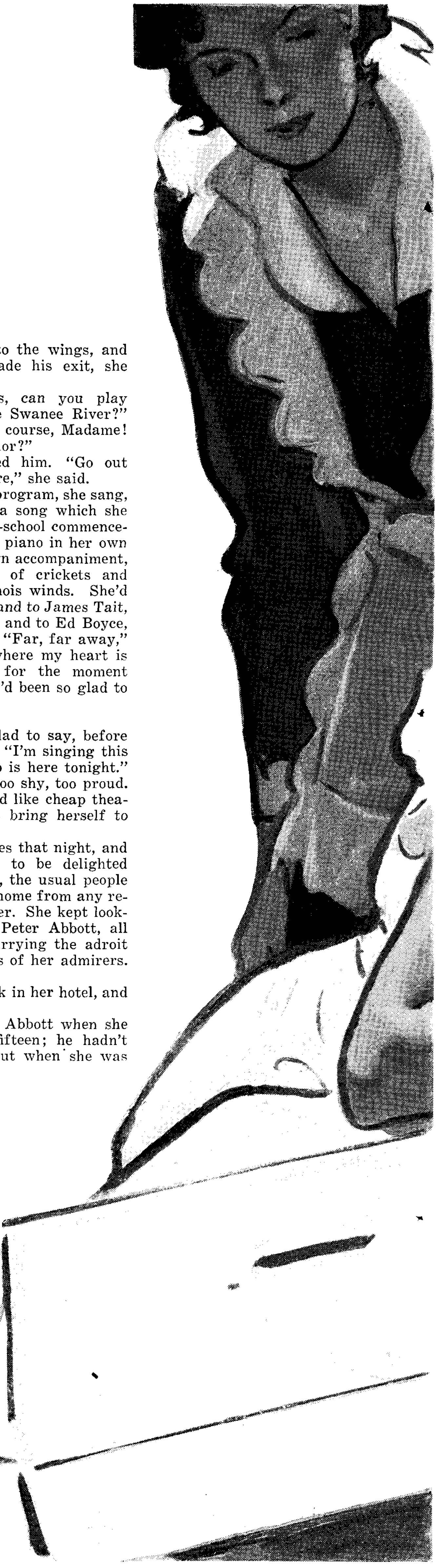
"Yes, yes," they say, "that's fine, but

(Continued on page 41)

Song of Love

By Edward L. McKenna

Peter Abbott was a direct, honest, unromantic American businessman. This is the story of the girl he loved when he was very young, and what happened when they met again many years later



IN THE beginning, Madame Eleanor de Bethune had been Ellen, Nell, or Nellie Bradley, of Rockford, Illinois. Life had given her most of the things she had desired when she was young, so, at thirty-eight, she knew the quiet discontent of those who have no dreams. A frightened girl, she had made her début in a little Italian town, before an audience one-third of which was hired to applaud, and the rest either hostile or not too politely indifferent; less frightened, she had sung at La Scala, at Covent Garden, at the Paris Opéra, and even at Bayreuth. So, when she had come back to America for six performances at the Metropolitan, she hadn't been frightened at all.

She knew her talents by then, and their limitations: she was adequate, dependable, and rather pleasing. She didn't regard herself as an artist at all, but only as a woman who happened to be able to sing. She asked no special indulgence, no release from convention because of her trade. She needed none.

She'd been married twice: first to a tenor, who was as synthetic and as dubious as his own high-C. Three months that lasted, and thereafter Eleanor had answered his specious entreaties, which always involved odd sums of money, until at last he disappeared in South America. Six years after her divorce, she married Pierre de Bethune.

De Bethune was fifty-odd, and she scarcely more than thirty. He'd been decorated for service in Morocco, and perhaps that was his trouble, for it gave him a concept of himself as a gay and dashing fellow, whereas in truth he was gentle and kindly, and considerate of all others, and especially of women. Eleanor was fond of him, as a strait-laced woman is of a wild brother, or of a headstrong little son; he was essentially so harmless, so polite, so likely to fall into a flirtation through gallantry, through sympathy, through pity and compassion often enough misplaced.

ELEANOR had learned to smile at him, or rather to forbear to smile, for it would have been as cruel to smile at Pierre de Bethune as at some fine and brave male ostrich resolutely and triumphantly sticking its head into the sand. Dimly she saw him as he was, a bewildered, clumsy, stumbling person who was less Don Juan than a determined Peter Pan. Leave him? Reproach him for all his nonsense? Cause him grief, just because he had caused her grief and shame and that distrust of herself which a fine woman feels when she learns she isn't the only one? She'd have sneered at herself for a cheap person if she had done that, she who sneered at herself too often, as it was.

Such a man as de Bethune hates to make old bones: an attack of pneumonia disposed of all that for him. In the order named he saw his attorney, his family, and his clergymen, and then took his leave gallantly, holding his own wife's hand, and whispering his love for her, and his regrets.

All that had been three years since. As soon as she decently could, Eleanor had taken up her career again. There was no reason why she shouldn't, and nothing amused her much, except singing. By no means rich, nevertheless she had plenty of money to insure her a placid and tiresome old age; de Bethune had taken care of that, at least. As for her voice, she shrugged; there was no need as yet to transpose to easier keys. . . .

It was in July or August, 1933, that she decided to tour the United States. Her new agents were pleasant, as agents always are, but a little hesitant. Madame mustn't mind smaller audiences, they said; the United States had been hard hit, and wasn't listening to music any more. As for guarantees—well, as for guarantees. They paused, and gave her that pleading look which is also part of the repertoire of those who must deal with artists. "Of course. I understand," she said. "But—but you can get me bookings?" Again they looked at her, and at each other, and then one of them said, "Madame, we will be proud to arrange your tour."

SHE did well in New York, and better in Philadelphia and in Pittsburgh. Her programs were carefully chosen and her audiences friendly. When they arrived in Chicago, Eleanor was feeling just fine, not too tired, not at all discouraged, and not merely ready to do her best, but eager.

She sang well in Chicago. Perhaps this is one of the reasons:

While her pianist was giving one of the solos that are his prerogative, Eleanor's maid brought in a card. "Peter Abbott," it said, and on the back was a message. "Congratulations, Nell. Pete," it said.

Peter Abbott. Peter Abbott. Remembering him, Eleanor flushed, and laughed in delight. "Cecile! Cecile! He is here, the gentleman who brought this?"

"No, Madame. It was an usher who brought it here."

"Oh!—Cecile! You must go to the hotel. But quickly! Bring me the portfolio, the music-portfolio marked—marked C, I think— Wait, wait one moment!"

She rushed out into the wings, and when her pianist made his exit, she grabbed him.

"Georges! Georges, can you play Way Down Upon the Swanee River?"

"But of course! Of course, Madame! You mean, in the minor?"

She all but hugged him. "Go out there, take your encore," she said.

At the close of her program, she sang, for her first encore, a song which she had sung at her high-school commencement, and at her own piano in her own front parlor to her own accompaniment, and to an obbligato of crickets and katydids or high Illinois winds. She'd sung it to her people, and to James Tait, and to Bill Lockridge, and to Ed Boyce, and to Peter Abbott. "Far, far away," she sang. "There's where my heart is turning, ever"—and for the moment she meant it, she who'd been so glad to get away from home.

SHE'D have been glad to say, before she sang, or after, "I'm singing this for an old friend who is here tonight." She didn't; she was too shy, too proud. It would have sounded like cheap theater, and she couldn't bring herself to do it.

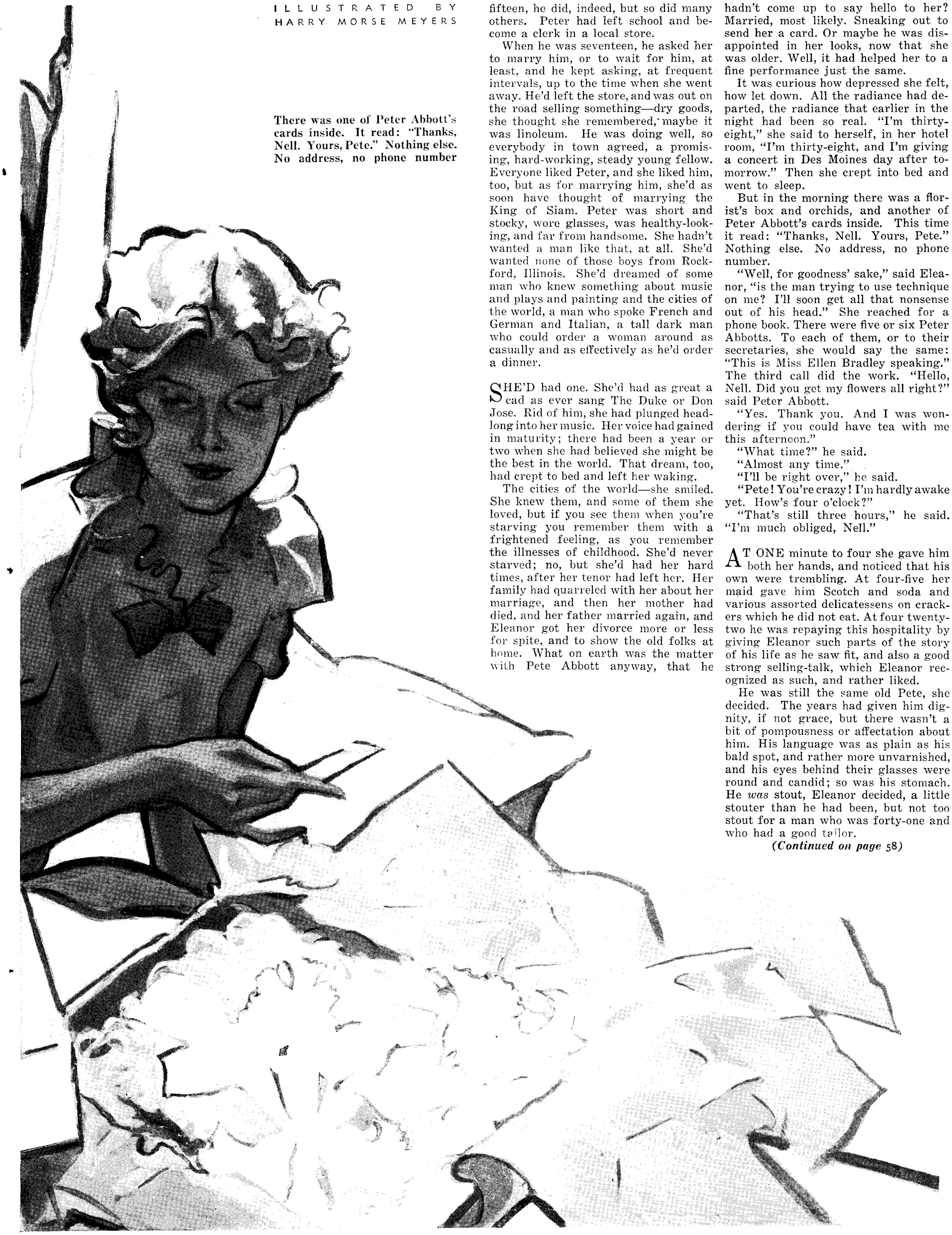
She gave five encores that night, and her audience seemed to be delighted with her. At the end, the usual people who simply won't go home from any recital flocked around her. She kept looking and looking for Peter Abbott, all the while she was parrying the adroit or stupid compliments of her admirers.

He didn't come.

At last she was back in her hotel, and alone.

She'd known Peter Abbott when she was twelve and he fifteen; he hadn't noticed her, then. But when she was

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



There was one of Peter Abbott's cards inside. It read: "Thanks, Nell. Yours, Pete." Nothing else. No address, no phone number

fifteen, he did, indeed, but so did many others. Peter had left school and become a clerk in a local store.

When he was seventeen, he asked her to marry him, or to wait for him, at least, and he kept asking, at frequent intervals, up to the time when she went away. He'd left the store, and was out on the road selling something—dry goods, she thought she remembered, maybe it was linoleum. He was doing well, so everybody in town agreed, a promising, hard-working, steady young fellow. Everyone liked Peter, and she liked him, too, but as for marrying him, she'd as soon have thought of marrying the King of Siam. Peter was short and stocky, wore glasses, was healthy-looking, and far from handsome. She hadn't wanted a man like that, at all. She'd wanted none of those boys from Rockford, Illinois. She'd dreamed of some man who knew something about music and plays and painting and the cities of the world, a man who spoke French and German and Italian, a tall dark man who could order a woman around as casually and as effectively as he'd order a dinner.

SHE'D had one. She'd had as great a cad as ever sang The Duke or Don Jose. Rid of him, she had plunged headlong into her music. Her voice had gained in maturity; there had been a year or two when she had believed she might be the best in the world. That dream, too, had crept to bed and left her waking.

The cities of the world—she smiled. She knew them, and some of them she loved, but if you see them when you're starving you remember them with a frightened feeling, as you remember the illnesses of childhood. She'd never starved; no, but she'd had her hard times, after her tenor had left her. Her family had quarreled with her about her marriage, and then her mother had died, and her father married again, and Eleanor got her divorce more or less for spite, and to show the old folks at home. What on earth was the matter with Pete Abbott anyway, that he hadn't come up to say hello to her? Married, most likely. Sneaking out to send her a card. Or maybe he was disappointed in her looks, now that she was older. Well, it had helped her to a fine performance just the same.

It was curious how depressed she felt, how let down. All the radiance had departed, the radiance that earlier in the night had been so real. "I'm thirty-eight," she said to herself, in her hotel room, "I'm thirty-eight, and I'm giving a concert in Des Moines day after tomorrow." Then she crept into bed and went to sleep.

But in the morning there was a florist's box and orchids, and another of Peter Abbott's cards inside. This time it read: "Thanks, Nell. Yours, Pete." Nothing else. No address, no phone number.

"Well, for goodness' sake," said Eleanor, "is the man trying to use technique on me? I'll soon get all that nonsense out of his head." She reached for a phone book. There were five or six Peter Abbotts. To each of them, or to their secretaries, she would say the same: "This is Miss Ellen Bradley speaking." The third call did the work. "Hello, Nell. Did you get my flowers all right?" said Peter Abbott.

"Yes. Thank you. And I was wondering if you could have tea with me this afternoon."

"What time?" he said.

"Almost any time."

"I'll be right over," he said.

"Pete! You're crazy! I'm hardly awake yet. How's four o'clock?"

"That's still three hours," he said. "I'm much obliged, Nell."

AT ONE minute to four she gave him both her hands, and noticed that his own were trembling. At four-five her maid gave him Scotch and soda and various assorted delicatessens on crackers which he did not eat. At four twenty-two he was repaying this hospitality by giving Eleanor such parts of the story of his life as he saw fit, and also a good strong selling-talk, which Eleanor recognized as such, and rather liked.

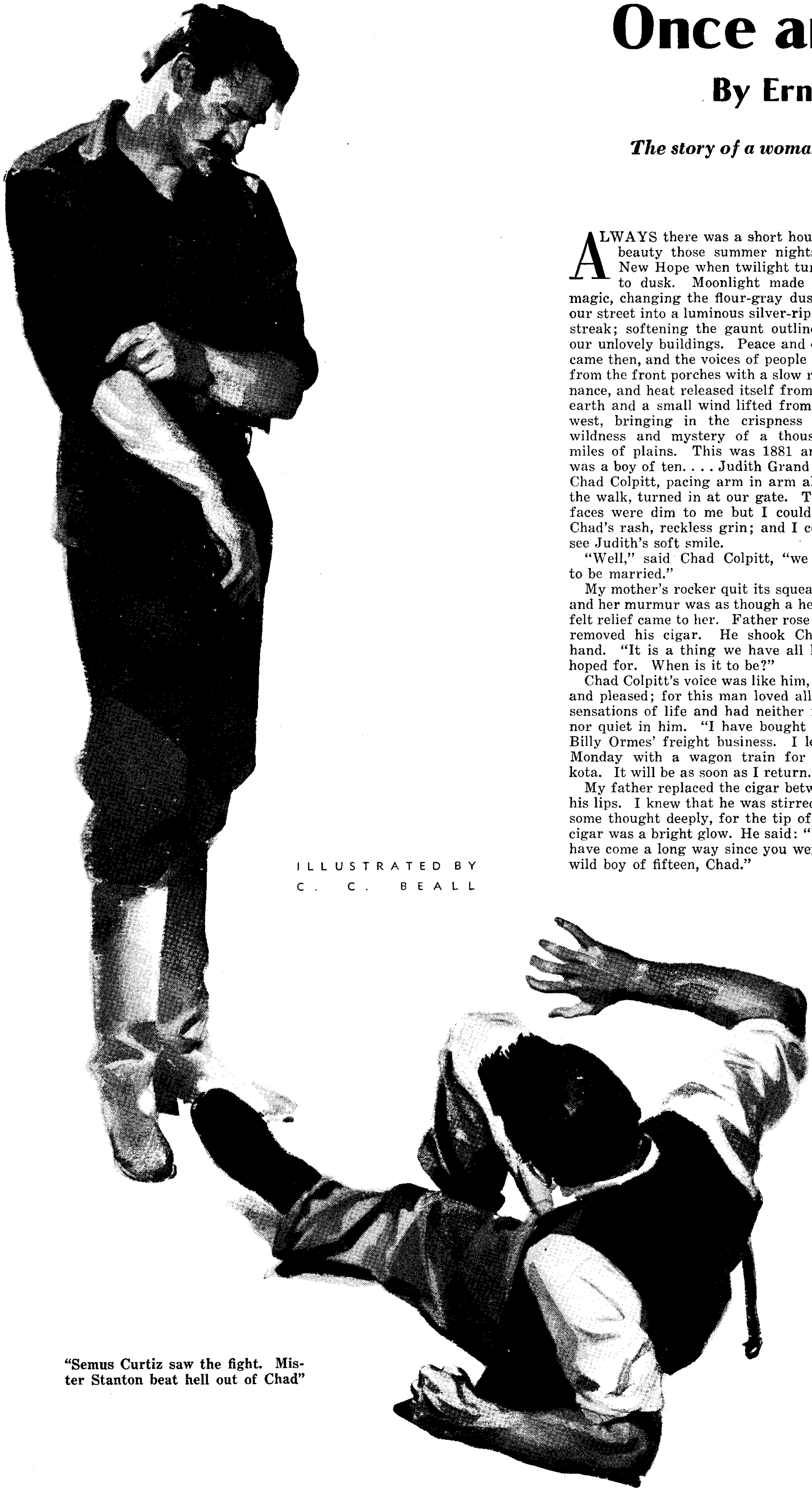
He was still the same old Pete, she decided. The years had given him dignity, if not grace, but there wasn't a bit of pompousness or affectation about him. His language was as plain as his bald spot, and rather more unvarnished, and his eyes behind their glasses were round and candid; so was his stomach. He *was* stout, Eleanor decided, a little stouter than he had been, but not too stout for a man who was forty-one and who had a good tailor.

(Continued on page 58)

Once and for All

By Ernest Haycox

The story of a woman who made a lasting choice



ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

"Semus Curtiz saw the fight. Mister Stanton beat hell out of Chad"

ALWAYS there was a short hour of beauty those summer nights in New Hope when twilight turned to dusk. Moonlight made this magic, changing the flour-gray dust of our street into a luminous silver-rippled streak; softening the gaunt outline of our unlovely buildings. Peace and ease came then, and the voices of people rose from the front porches with a slow resonance, and heat released itself from the earth and a small wind lifted from the west, bringing in the crispness and wildness and mystery of a thousand miles of plains. This was 1881 and I was a boy of ten. . . . Judith Grand and Chad Colpitt, pacing arm in arm along the walk, turned in at our gate. Their faces were dim to me but I could see Chad's rash, reckless grin; and I could see Judith's soft smile.

"Well," said Chad Colpitt, "we are to be married."

My mother's rocker quit its squealing and her murmur was as though a heartfelt relief came to her. Father rose and removed his cigar. He shook Chad's hand. "It is a thing we have all long hoped for. When is it to be?"

Chad Colpitt's voice was like him, gay and pleased; for this man loved all the sensations of life and had neither fear nor quiet in him. "I have bought into Billy Ormes' freight business. I leave Monday with a wagon train for Dakota. It will be as soon as I return."

My father replaced the cigar between his lips. I knew that he was stirred by some thought deeply, for the tip of the cigar was a bright glow. He said: "You have come a long way since you were a wild boy of fifteen, Chad."

Chad Colpitt's laughter made a clean, strong wave through the twilight hush; and I could see Judith Grand's face, round and firm and fair in these shadows, tip toward him. Afterward they turned out of the yard, swaying in slow time as they went down the walk. It is strange how some memories die and some grow clearer as the years run on. The picture of those two standing at the foot of our porch that summer's night remains unforgettably with me, like the vision of a high-burning signal fire on the back trail. There was laughter in Chad Colpitt, and a certainty of his own strength; and Judith Grand's silence, I know now, was a silence of pride. These people were in love.

My mother said in a strange, quiet way: "It is so good to know."

"Sometimes," my father answered gently, "life forgets to be cruel."

"Why, Tod!"

I REMEMBER being puzzled by that remark. I remember it sounded odd to me, violating my own youthful thoughts of life. But time has made it bitterly clear, and now my youth is a golden dream of long ago. Nevertheless, that phrase stuck with me like a burr and, next morning, walking down St. Vrain Street, I had it in my mind, silently repeating it in the way a boy will do—to get the sense out of it—when a voice stopped me, saying: "What would be the problem, Tod?" And I looked up to see Mister Stanton in front of the Wells-Fargo office, gravely interested in me.

I recall a feeling of swift satisfaction, for, young as I was, I knew that Mister Stanton, too, had been calling on Judith Grand, and there was in me a boy's zealous and faithful worship of Chad Colpitt. That difference was between the two men. Everybody loved Chad, wild and laughing and indifferent as he was to so many things in those days. It was his way to bind people to him; it was his way to make people find excuses for him. I do not think Mister Stanton was a day older, but I never saw him laugh and in his presence I always felt exactly what I was—a boy.

I remember that I felt a little stab of jealousy that morning as I looked up to him; for even in my prejudice I admired the solidness of his shoulders and the dark and wide and definite lines of his face. He was physically a bigger man than Chad, and I resented that. I can look back now and understand how unfair I was; for the years have taught me that Mister Stanton was the kind of man the world always deals unjustly with. Slow and steady, he had no way of binding people to him. All that he was lay beneath the quietness that covered him.

I said, "Nothing, sir."

He spoke carefully: "Don't grow up sober-faced, Tod. You will come to regret it. Let others do the worrying. You have your fun."

I recall being embarrassed. I stood there, not speaking. And then Judith Grand came out of the doorway of the New York store and Mister Stanton wheeled and removed his hat. What stays with me these long years is the straightness of his body that moment and the darkness of his eyes and the softness of his voice, which was like sadness.

"I have heard of Chad's good fortune, Judith," he said. "I wish you both all the happiness you may find."

THE hot sun was shining down and people were moving past us on the walk and a line of freight wagons came creaking up from the river landing, the heavy horses straining against their collars. Dust came about us and the voices of the teamsters were round and sharp and bold. I heard a steamboat whistling hoarsely beyond the housetops of New Hope. Kit Maloney, who had been a scout with Custer just five years before, came riding by on his black mare. I thought then—and never have ceased to think—that Judith Grand was a beautiful woman. She faced Mister Stanton and lifted her head with a slow half-smile and I know now that she was sorry for him and that her eyes were telling him so. They were two fine, vigorous people, with a grace and a binding honesty in their slow ways. Her lips were broad, they were generous, and there was a sweetness in them.

"Why shouldn't Tod be grave, Charley?"

Mister Stanton shook his head. "I should hate to see him play that part, Judith. I know it too well, for it has always been my part. There's no fun in it."

She wasn't smiling then. Her voice fell lower. "We cannot help being what we are, Charley. We can't help the things that happen to us."

"I wish you all the luck," he said.

She watched him a moment and I thought she meant to speak. But instead she turned and walked on toward Custer Street. Mister Stanton stood quite still until she vanished around the corner, whereupon he wheeled away. He had forgotten me. He went on with his head down, not seeming to know where he was going. I continued on and came to the corner of Custer and saw Judith and Chad Colpitt standing in front of the Emporium. He had his back to the wall and was leaning against it, with a negligence and a laughter that I clearly remember. People were coming up to speak to them and all the group seemed very gay. Judith Grand stood quietly among them, her eyes on Chad in that still, proud way that seemed to fill the street with something strange and steadfast.

YOU must see New Hope as I see it now. A raw and prosperous and unlovely town, sitting on the Missouri's bank, with its face to the long, wild sweep of the western plains. You must feel its burning wind, its bitter dust, its isolation from the soft and pleasant memories of the East. For a boy it was always a place of wonder, of bold change. But as I call to mind the faces of my elders, and remember the thin sweep of their lips and the settled gravity of their eyes, I at last understand they were afraid of laughter. There was a hunger in them they dared not express. The land, I think, had made them that way, for they had seen so much of tragedy and want and their lives were so full of bitter work and sadness that they had steeled themselves to disappointment.

And so the love affair of Judith Grand and Chad Colpitt was wonderful to them, a fire lighting and warming their own dark and half-forgotten dreams. Well, it was the story of youth and romance come to a proper ending. It had made my mother cry for gladness; it had made my father say that life sometimes forgot to be cruel. This was what the whole town felt. New Hope made that affair its own.

I saw them again that evening walking through the soft shadows of our street, the echoes of their steps falling gently in time and I heard Chad Colpitt's voice rise to soft, easy amusement. And then they were lost somewhere in the farther darkness. My mother said, in a way that was faintly displeased:

"Why does he have to take that wagon train into Dakota? There's plenty of wagon bosses to be had for the hiring. I wish they were married first."

My father said: "Charley Stanton took the evening stage for a visit to Omaha."

My mother was a gentle soul. "I feel sorry for him, Tod."

BUT my father's tone was rather gray, rather grim: "Men like Charley were built to stand punishment. You'll hear no crying from him."

"I wish," repeated my mother, "Chad wasn't going to Dakota."

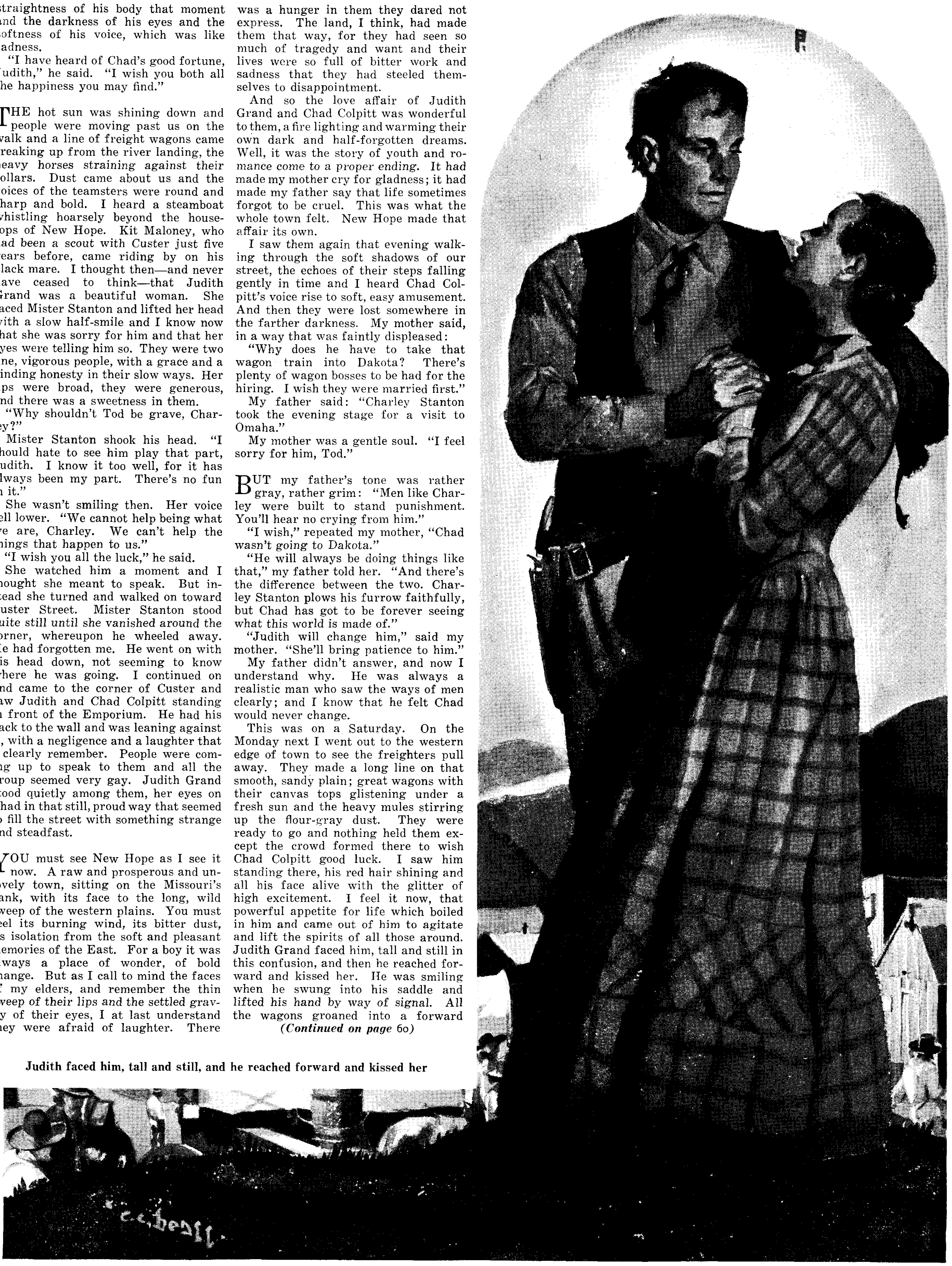
"He will always be doing things like that," my father told her. "And there's the difference between the two. Charley Stanton plows his furrow faithfully, but Chad has got to be forever seeing what this world is made of."

"Judith will change him," said my mother. "She'll bring patience to him."

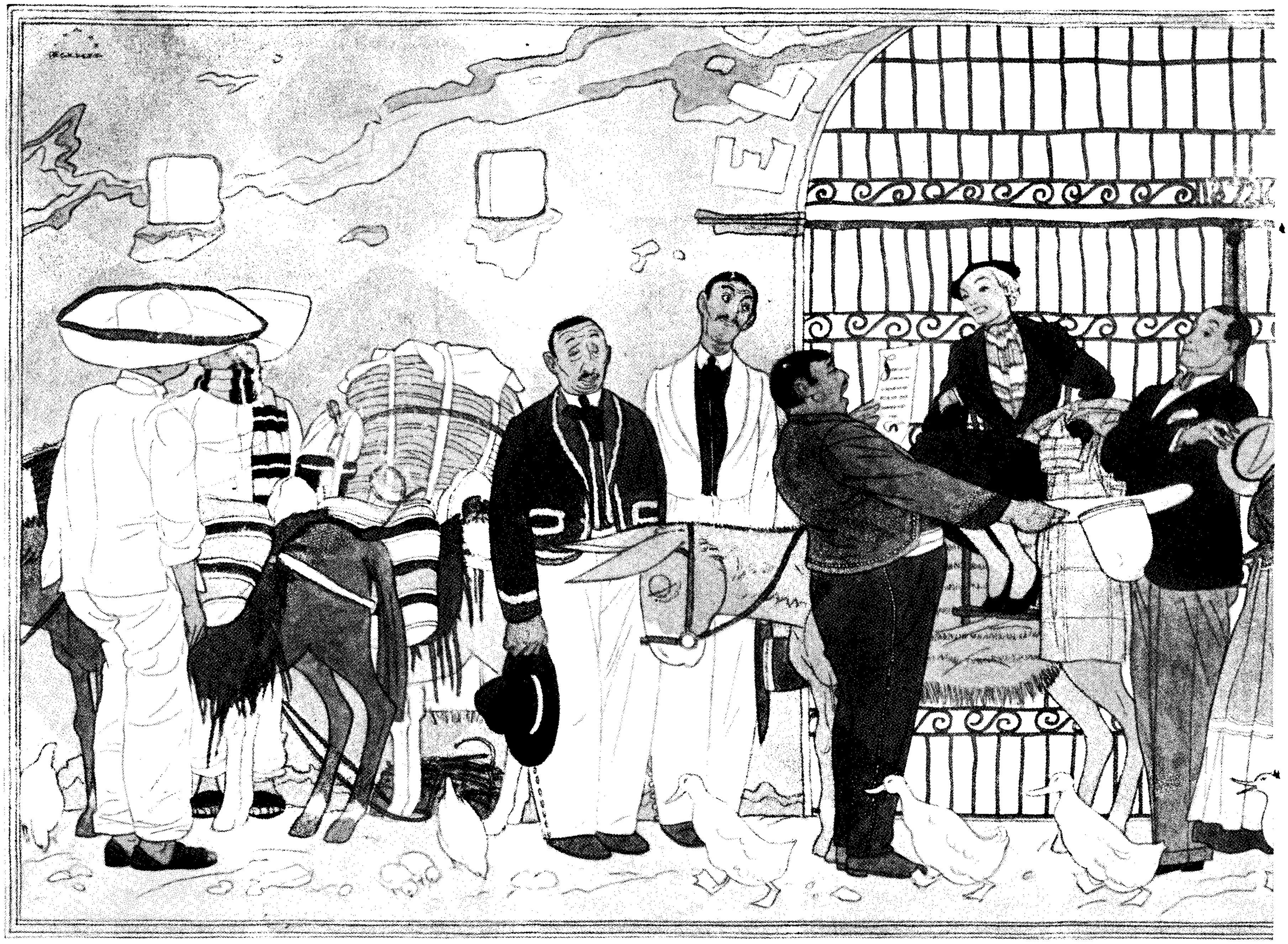
My father didn't answer, and now I understand why. He was always a realistic man who saw the ways of men clearly; and I know that he felt Chad would never change.

This was on a Saturday. On the Monday next I went out to the western edge of town to see the freighters pull away. They made a long line on that smooth, sandy plain; great wagons with their canvas tops glistening under a fresh sun and the heavy mules stirring up the flour-gray dust. They were ready to go and nothing held them except the crowd formed there to wish Chad Colpitt good luck. I saw him standing there, his red hair shining and all his face alive with the glitter of high excitement. I feel it now, that powerful appetite for life which boiled in him and came out of him to agitate and lift the spirits of all those around. Judith Grand faced him, tall and still in this confusion, and then he reached forward and kissed her. He was smiling when he swung into his saddle and lifted his hand by way of signal. All the wagons groaned into a forward

(Continued on page 60)



Judith faced him, tall and still, and he reached forward and kissed her



Everybody was so nice that Sally felt almost criminal for wanting to leave

The Where-to-Go Man

As gorgeous a romance as old Mexico ever knew. But the tourists won't recognize it—it's not the sort of thing found in travel folders

By Marion Lay

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A PERFECT day was rising over the picturesque and unspoiled Mexican desert town of Pichihualtongo. Howard Gissing treated himself to an invigorating shower in the laundry-room of El Gran Hotel, debating with himself as to whether the ordinary American tourist would find the accommodations quaint or merely annoying. Modern plumbing would be a jarring note in the charmingly medieval atmosphere of El Gran Hotel, and yet, having to slosh water on oneself with a lacquered gourd from a zinc washtub didn't seem so good either. Also, the laundry-room had no door, and the grandmotherly old Indian cook who strolled past gazed in with frank interest and inquired amiably if he wasn't about ready for breakfast.

Howard was used to the offhand manners of the Mexican peasantry, but he felt almost sure that the American businessman getting away from it all would find such informality irksome. It would have to be changed, he decided, and, climbing hastily into his bathrobe before the cook could pass again, he extracted a notebook and made a memorandum about it. That done, he strolled out to speak to the hotel proprietor.

He found the proprietor backed behind a table in the dining-room, listening patiently to a strikingly pretty girl in a pink peignoir. She spoke fluent but academic schoolgirl Castilian, of which the proprietor, a fat Pané Indian, didn't appear to be getting much. He listened, however, with worried politeness, mumbling, "Okay, chiff," whenever she paused for a reply. She was, clearly, a tourist, and she needed help. Howard stepped forward and offered it.

"A man has been tootling a whistle outside my window for half an hour," the girl informed him pathetically. "I've paid him to go away, but he won't. And before that, it was guitars. . . ."

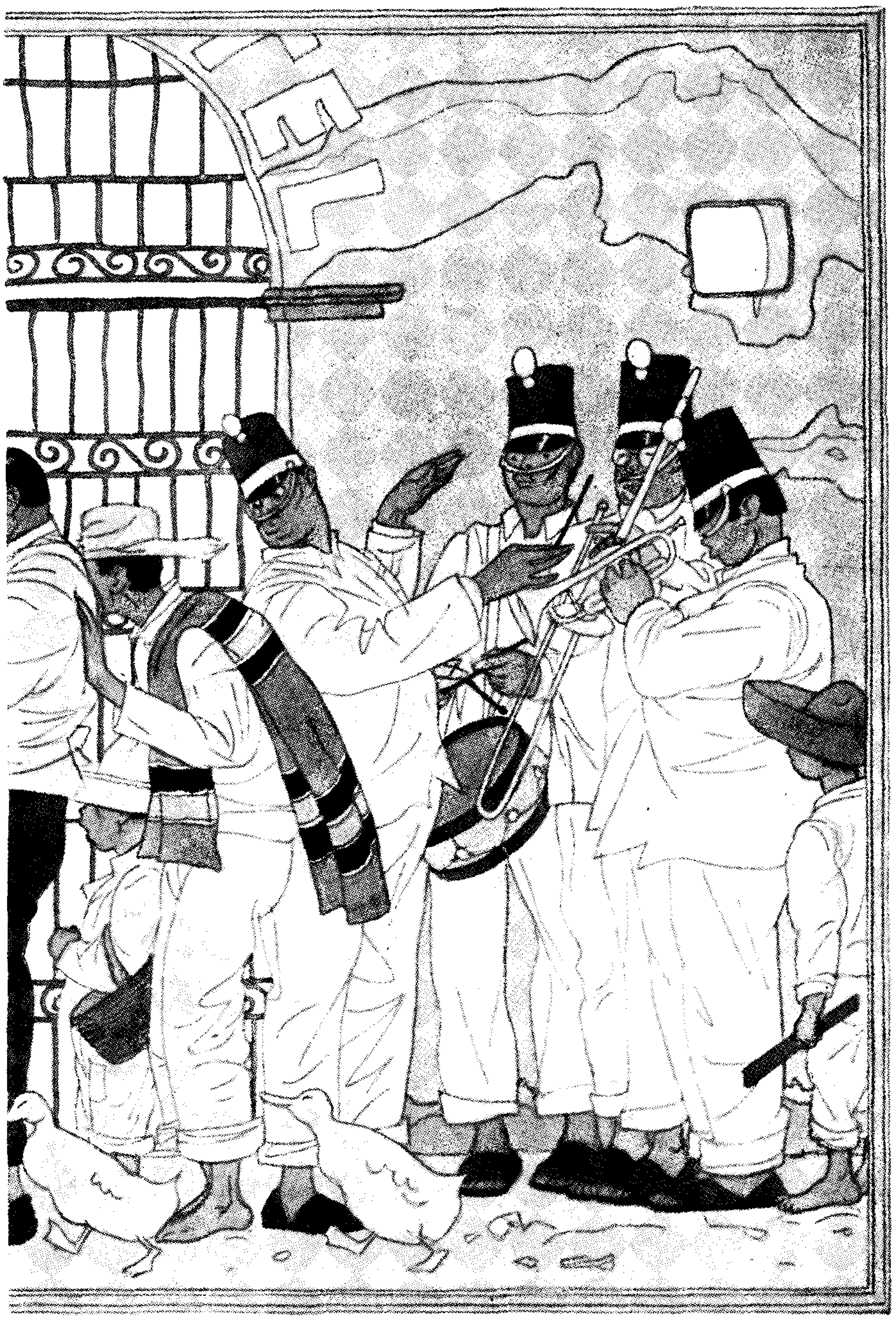
Howard admitted that mirth and melody didn't set very well before breakfast. "Only, of course, you've got to make allowances for the picturesque local customs," he urged. "A guitar serenade is considered a great compliment here. It wasn't a whistle you heard, either. It was a flageolet, and it's very medieval. It's only in these unsuspected byways that you'll hear such things nowadays. Every street peddler carries a different instrument and plays a different tune. That was the knife-sharpener. It's probably pre-Cortesian."

"BUT I can't sleep!" she wailed. "People stick their heads through the bars at my window and try to sell me horse halters and live pigs and gelatines! And the donkeys bray and the maids bang things and the chickens cackle!"

Anyhow, he thought, lack of sleep seemed to agree with her. She was prettier than he had at first imagined. He kept that to himself and pointed out that it didn't seem economical to come all the way to unspoiled Pichihualtongo merely to sleep. One could do that so satisfactorily at home. Here, on the contrary—

"Don't tell me!" she begged. "I know all about it already. 'Thrill to Mexico's byways! Flashing-eyed beauties of the South, radiant tropic nights, daredevil vaqueros, century-old palaces cemented with wine and powdered gold.' I read those advertisements, too. They're all right if you're strong enough, I suppose. But I'm not. I tried to motor down across the desert and my car broke down twenty miles from here. I had to sit out in the sand most of the night. I rode all the way here on a burro, and now you want me to feel pleased because a man wakes me before sunrise to sell me a live pig!"

He agreed that it seemed hard. Of course, the pig-seller had no way of



knowing what she had been through. For all he knew, a live pig might have been exactly what she needed to start the day with. Also, anybody who tried to bring a heavy roadster over a road that hadn't been repaired since the viceroys was—well, ill-advised. "And alone, too," he reproved her. "That is—you were alone?"

She alarmed him by saying no, and relieved him by adding that she had started from home in company with a girl named Ruth, who loved adventure and thrilled to untrodden byways until they actually got on one. Ruth had then deserted her in favor of a compartment on the train, and she had come on alone. Or tried to. Her name was Sally Pogue, and her home was in Cincinnati, and there were moments of increasing frequency when she wished she had stayed there.

Such a sentiment from anybody else would have seemed to Howard almost a personal insult. Coming from her, it made him feel apologetic and anxious to make amends. "You're not giving the country a chance," he told her earnestly. "What you need to do is—shall we have breakfast?"

THEY had breakfast in a corner of the patio under a large pomegranate tree laden with crimson bloom. The breakfast consisted of a bottle of black coffee extract, a pot of boiling milk, fried beans, corn *tortillas* that looked and tasted like paper towels, and white goat-milk cheese. There was also a pitcher of fiery pepper sauce.

"'Discover romance,'" Sally quoted, slapping a gnat on her ankle. "'Lounge where once rode bearded *conquistadores*, glittering with armor and studded with insect bites. Loiter under tropic—'"

Howard looked uncomfortable and begged her not to. "You'd see these things differently if you were rested," he assured her. "I'm going to prove that to you, if you'll let me. I have the use of the private car of the president of the railroad this week. I'm leaving on it for Mexico City today, and I want you to come with me. You can sleep as long as you like in a drawing-room with nobody to disturb you, and a maid will bring you an American breakfast when you want it, and you'll like all this. The windows are screened, too."

Sally considered. Her roadster was being shipped home minus a dozen necessary parts, and she wanted to go on to Mexico City. The offer of a private car was tempting, and Howard didn't look like the kind of man she had been warned against as a child. He noticed her hesitation, and added hopefully that the car was air-conditioned, and that the conventions could be preserved by a maid.

"Oh, it isn't that," she protested. "It's just that—well, my fiancé, Elery Ames, is to meet me in Mexico City. He's third undersecretary at the embassy and he's a New Englander. To Elery, even a maid might—but never mind. I've got to get out of here. I'll wire Elery that I'm coming."

Six burros were ordered for the Señor Gissing's departure. Three of them carried wooden saddles for Howard and the two *mozos*. One was laden with Howard's luggage, one was for Sally's, and one was equipped with a little wooden chair that had arms and a footrest where a sidesaddle horn and stirrup might have been. It looked charming, though it wasn't quite pleasant to ride in because the burro's gait was something like falling downstairs. But the farewells were so touching that Sally felt ashamed to complain. The proprietor would accept only two pesos from each of them and acted guilty even about that.

THE village band, in white pajamas and parade hats, played "Las Mañanitas" as a send-off, all the town dignitaries lined up and shook hands, and everybody appeared, for some reason, genuinely glad they had been there and genuinely sorry they were leaving. Everybody was so nice that Sally felt almost criminal for wanting to leave, which was silly. When they were out on the trail to the railroad, she remarked on the fact.

"The trouble about improving a place like that is that the people are so nice that you hate to," she analyzed. "You feel it would be rude to complain about things, and so things go on and on. And on."

"That's only temporary," Howard assured her confidently. "There are a great many improvements being—well, contemplated. Soon there may be a fine hotel there in that palm grove. Horses of the first water, so you can race across the desert—"

Sally settled back in her chair and doubted it. She didn't see how Howard, who obviously knew the country and had influence enough in it to use the railroad president's private car, could be so eternally optimistic about it. She even wondered, as they came in sight of the telegraph poles that marked the railroad, whether the private car might not turn out to be a myth. But that, at least, was actual. It was standing on a sidetrack, very shiny and gold-leafed and unmistakably private, with a local train being switched to hook on it. There was also something else about it—a large banner across one side that said, in English, "Join the Parade to Mexico." Underneath, in Spanish, was the admonition, "Be Kind to Tourists—They Pay Their Way."

"Well, there it is," Howard said with satisfaction, and turned around to see why she had stopped. She stared at it for a long time and then faced him scornfully.

"So it's you," she accused. "You write those awful lies? And you didn't tell me!"

HE LOOKED embarrassed, and covered it by dismounting and lifting her down. "The conversation didn't lead up to it, somehow," he explained, releasing her on the ground. "I'm the where-to-go man."

She kicked at the sand in exasperation. "And this is one of your recommended tours, is it? You brought me here because you're—you're being kind, is that it?"

That was not it at all, but he didn't have the hardihood to tell her what it was. The truth would have looked like an attempt at claim-jumping on Elery. "I don't feel in the least responsible for your being here," he assured her. "You'd know that if you knew anything about the technique of a publicity campaign. We calculate our publicity to attract certain types of people at different times, and just now it's—well, it isn't your type at all. Not in the least."

"What kind is it?" she inquired. At least it made it a little less insulting to know that she wasn't the type.

He grinned. "It's a kind of experiment. This is the season when we put in pictures of young women with—well, with their hot-weather costumes on, you know. And they attract the American bachelor type—young single men, you know, the kind that used to go to the South Seas. By counting how many of them we get, we can tell how well our advertising is drawing. It's quite a game."

"It must be!" She was scandalized. That accounted for the number of unattached males who had tried to entice her to lunch with them in the hotels farther north, and the trouble she had had in getting rid of them. "You're—you're disgraceful!" she told him hotly. "Exploiting the lower instincts of your own countrymen by misrepresenting things to them! The girls here wear more clothes than they do at home, and you know it! Aren't you ashamed to make money by lying? What class of tourist do you intend to operate on next? Old women, I suppose."

He said he hadn't planned that far ahead, and he added that he couldn't see where he had done anything reprehensible. Tourists in a country usually found in it what you told them they would find. And since it was all a matter of imagination anyway—

"Don't quibble," she told him disdainfully. "You'll take that horrible sign down, and you'll promise to stop writing those—those indecent lies, or I'll go back to Pichihualtongo. I mean it."

THE train whistled impatiently. All their luggage was aboard and the men with the burros had disappeared in the direction of home. There was not a soul in sight, it was obviously impossible for her to stay there alone, and she was perfectly capable of trying it. Howard sighed.

"Of course I'll stop if it seems that awful to you. But come on aboard. Please. I'm not being kind to you. You're being kind to me."

That undermined her stubbornness, and the interior of the car, as he had hoped, did the rest. It was beautifully clean and cool, with chromium fixtures, a gleaming kitchenette and a fat cook and a pleasantly snug drawing-room which locked, and not a sign or sound of anybody trying to sell live pigs.

Sally slept well in the little drawing-room and came into the lounge for breakfast feeling much better prepared to like anything he pointed out to her. The country appeared to have changed considerably during the night. They were going through a land full of rushing streams, tremendous bright fields of sugar cane, with clean, white-clad men cutting the stalks and a straight-backed *caporal* in silver-trimmed russet riding among them. Vast hacienda houses and domed chapels were walled in like medieval cities under the date palms, and a great snow peak towered blindingly on the left, with a fresh wind drifting down from it.

"That's Ixtaccihuatl, the Sleeping Woman," Howard informed her. "We must be on the very hem of her skirt, now."

Sally sat down to fresh, pink guavas in the breakfast nook. "We must be very near Mexico City," she said. "It's late, isn't it?"

Howard said apologetically that it was about noon, and that they were near Mexico City. "But not as near as we've been," he added honestly. "In fact, we went through there at seven this morning. You were sound asleep, and I thought this would make an enjoyable side trip, so now—you're angry."

"Angry! Great heavens, do you expect me to gurgle when I've just been kidnapped? What on earth will Elery think?"

"Embassy secretaries don't think. It's considered a breach of form. Besides, I knew you'd like the glaciers, and the cook wanted to try his omelet with

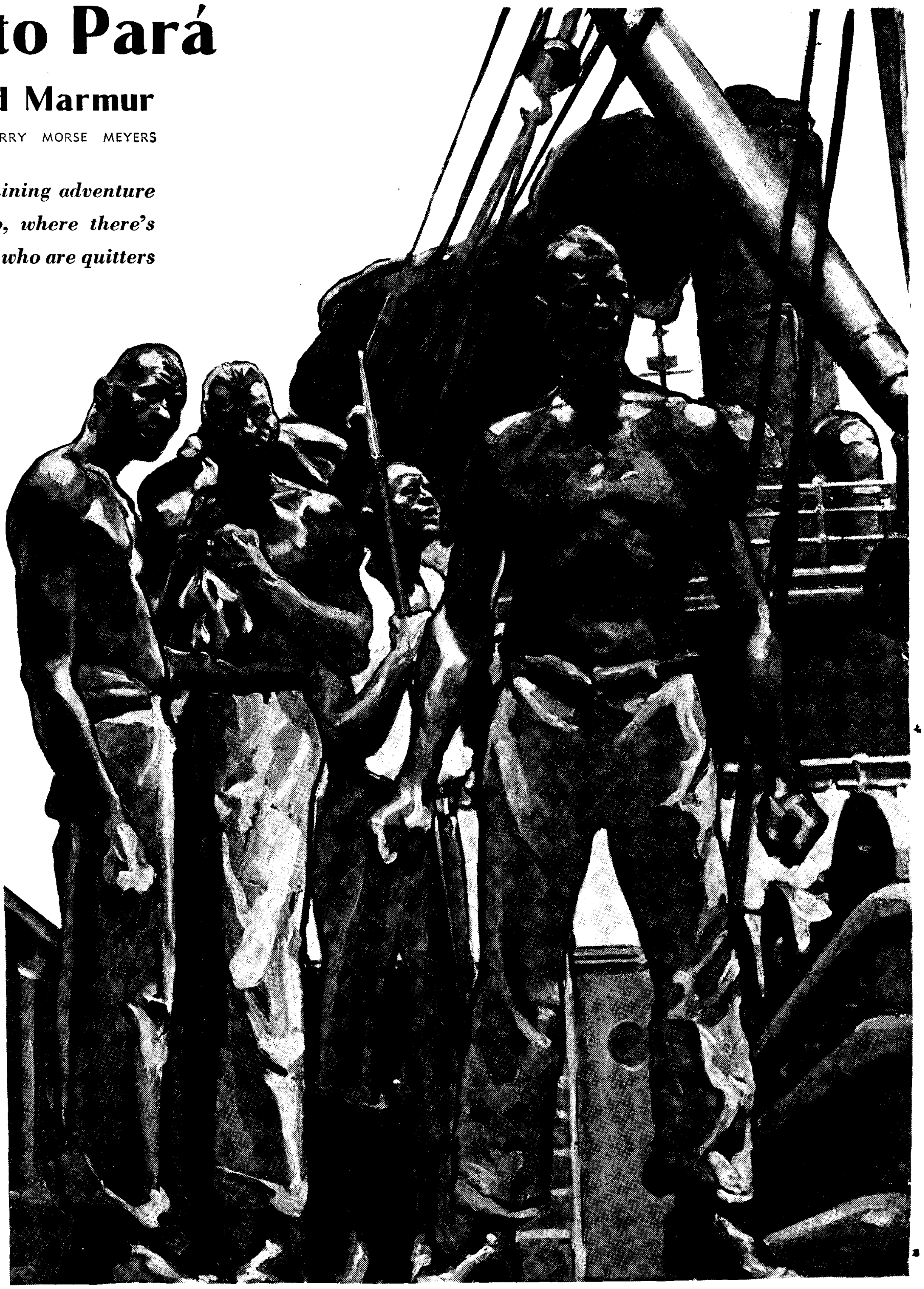
(Continued on page 63)

Bound to Pará

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The story of a shining adventure on a tramp ship, where there's no place for men who are quitters



"We'll never get to Brah-zil!" The black's deep and guttural voice throbbed

THE merchant officers' schoolship was bound home under sail after the summer cruise. In the brilliant afternoon light the Atlantic rolled at her in hills of cobalt. The clouds poured smoky billows over the edge of her horizon; and out of the heart of them the tramp ship poked her bows.

Andrew Madden, balanced in the schoolship's waist, watched the black loom grow larger beneath a plume of beaten brown smoke. And his messmates, idling beside him on the jumpy deck, tipped the wink to each other.

"There y'are, Andy," one of them drawled. "Made to your order. Wooden hull and all. As crumby as you could ask for. You'd see things in her. Hey, Andy?"

Madden didn't look around. He merely nodded. "Yes," he said seriously, "yes; that's so."

The other grinned. What was the use? You couldn't josh a fellow like that. Andy meant it! He saw a potty old hooker riding the sea like a tide rock half awash, and he said solemnly that that was what he was after. They thought him a little bit balmy.

Andy had the sea in his blood; that was it, no doubt. Ever since a little shaver answering his name had stood in wide-orbed fascination before a chandler's window and seen there an ancient quadrant in a hardwood box, and an outspread chart of the South Atlantic with odd little pencil crosses put upon it by the hand of a dead master mariner who had one winter weathered Cape Stiff by the aid of it and his own audacity.

They should hide such things from the eyes of lads like Andrew Madden. They spoke to him in a refined language of the essence of adventure, of the little white ports that lie just beneath the horizon clouds, of the river smells of the Amazon, of the sun-drenched coasts where the royal palm fans, without dismay, the brilliant tropic sky. He believed in these things. You could see it in his eyes.

"Yes," he said again, firmly. "Yes; that's so. . . . Look there! She's run up a signal hoist."

You could see it only faintly against the light, a halyard flinging colored bunting to swing in the sky above an old hulk. What did she have to be gay about? The schoolship fetched her closer as she ran bubbling along. An answer shot precisely upward to her own signal yard. A whistle shrilled down the deck.

"Hullo. What's this? Sail drill again, or what? They're backing the old girl's tops'ls."

The stranger was laying to. The long hummocks of ocean ran toward her until, as if spying her for the first time, they flung white hair in the wind and leaped forward. She met the recurring charges with weary patience. She was grimy. She looked old with the foam drooling from her hawse pipes. Half a dozen Negro faces lined her bulwark, distinct under the canopy of her funnel smoke. Andrew Madden looked at her, and his eyes lit up.

Where was she bound, that battered old sea creature they had somehow found in the midst of all the oceans? Not to Southampton or the River Thames. She wasn't cut out for a fancy trade like that. Not her. Skulking along to some queer, forgotten bay the liners scorned. She couldn't be fussy. You could see that. She had to go where she could. The tourists wanted none of her.

Neither, for that matter, did the rest of the schoolship fellows. You couldn't wear gold braid on a hooker like that, and it was gold braid and advancement they wanted. What the blazes were they bothering about, talking to a crumby pot like this? . . . But Andrew Madden looked at her, and his eyes lit up with excitement.

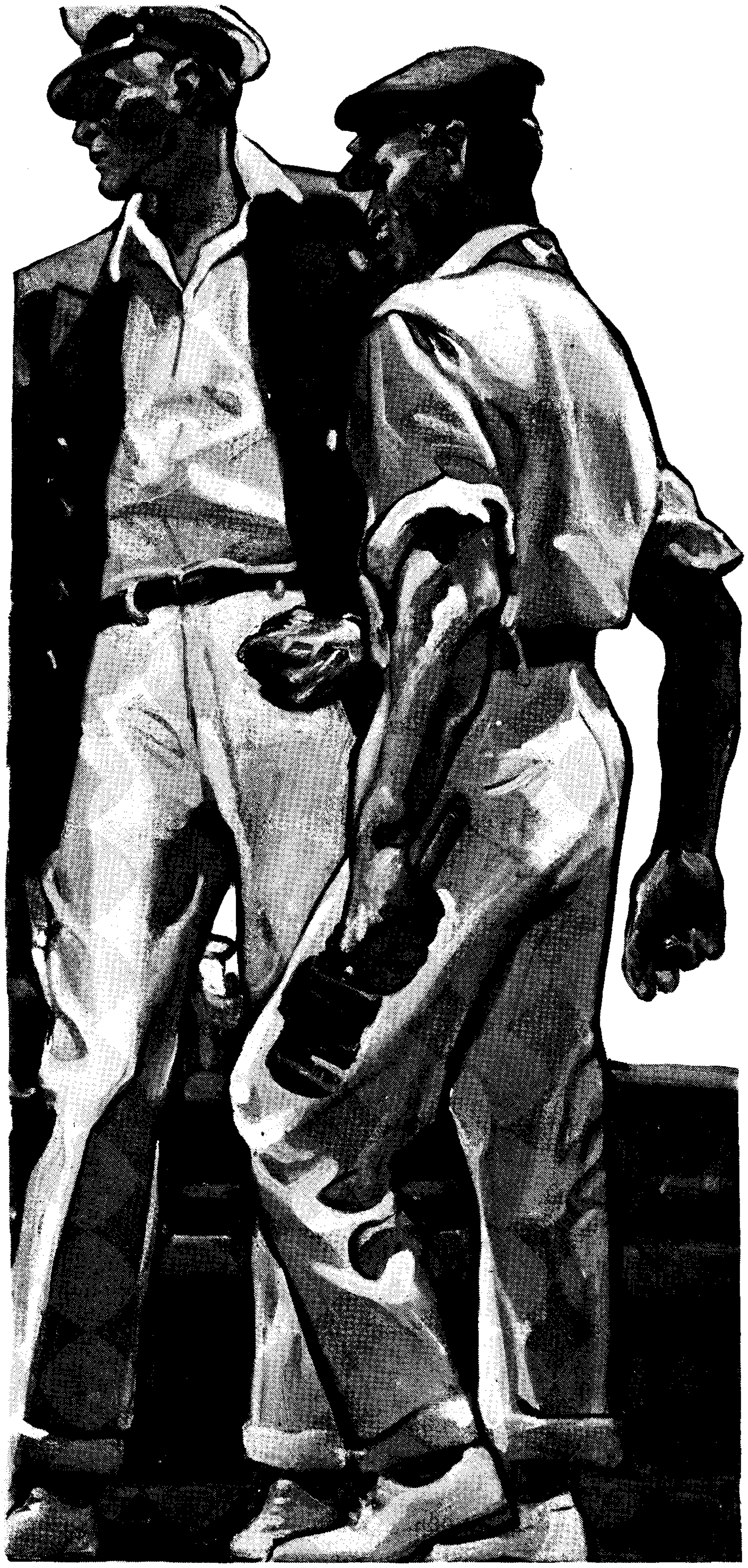
"I wonder what's up?" he murmured.

"Wants to know what day of week it is," someone grumbled in his ear, "and where he's got to. . . . Who'd sail in a tub like that?"

Andy grinned. "I would. Like a flash."

There you were. He was like that. The trouble was there were names in his head. Names like Macassar, the Celebes, Spice Islands; Bahia and Terra del Fuego. Names that tolled like the clear, challenging tocsin of a bell. You couldn't do anything about that. When you hear that bell tolling, though in all the world it is for your ear alone, you answer. That's all you can do. He could make out her name now, rolling deeply. Monadna. . . . But what the devil was up?

"Hey, Andy! The Old Man wants to see you."



Madden spun on his heel. "Me?"

"Yes, you. Step on it!"

Andy went along and stood with his cap in his hand before the Old Man's desk. The master was a retired naval commander with alert, questing eyes. He looked Andy over a bit wistfully, remembering, in the face of that slim, tough young body, something he, too, had prized very highly once.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes." He hesitated while Madden grew a little frightened. "Any sea time before you joined for the cruise, Madden?"

"Yes, sir. Better than a year. On the Malay coasts mostly. I was quartermaster for the voyage home, sir."

The commander drummed the top of his desk nervously. "Hmm," he said. "Well, Madden, here it is. You're senior cadet, and in another month you'll be sitting for officer's papers." He nodded severely toward the open port. "Have you looked the Monadna over? That ship out there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you sail in her—as second mate?"

"Would I . . . ?" Andy was stunned. His cap dropped from his hand. He stooped quickly; picked it up; fumbled it. His eyes burned. "Second mate? Well, sir, I . . ."

"Would you?"

"In a minute!"

The commander looked up and saw that eager fire in Madden's eyes. He had been wondering if this was the thing to do. He didn't know. He did know, though, that he had a flame to pass along. Someone had to carry it for the race, keep it burning as it had been kept since the first hollowed log ventured the waters to point the way for man's daring. He seemed content with his decision, for he nodded firmly.

"Well," he said, "then it's Mr. Madden now, second officer of the tramp Monadna. Her master recognized us as the schoolship. The poor beggar's lost both his mates, swept overside four days ago in the West India hurricane. He wants to know if I can send him a fellow to help him along."

ANDY waited, afraid to breathe, while the commander stared down at a paper he had been writing on. Things like this didn't happen every day in a fellow's life. Second mate! He was afraid if he so much as stirred the splendid spell would be broken.

"I don't know whether this is proper or not, Madden. Can't be helped. I've written you a temporary license. It will last you out the voyage. You will have to sit as usual before the Board for your regular certificate, of course, as soon as you get home. You understand that?"

Andrew Madden merely nodded. He couldn't trust himself to speak.

"Very good. You are bound to Pará, in the Brazils." The commander stood up and held out the magic paper. "I'll have the cutter put in the water for you. How soon will you be ready?"

"Ready, sir?" Andy blinked. Then it was really true! He swallowed hard. "I'll be ready before the boat is!"

He spun on his heel. He hadn't any time to lose. Pará and the Amazon were waiting for him. You couldn't keep things like that waiting. Not by a long sight. They beckoned only once, with the faintest suggestion of a nod to a fellow lucky enough. And you had to be ready to jump when you saw that misty finger bend your way. He had the door open and one foot across the weatherboard when he heard the commander's last word.

"If you have any trouble, Madden, go at once to the Consul down there. He'll see you through."

"Trouble, sir?" And Andy laughed. Just a short, quick laugh that bubbled up from some inner part of him where his spirit lived. "Lord, sir! Why should I have any trouble?"

He was gone with that, leaving his laughter behind him in the master's suite. The ship, still quivering in restraint, slapped impatiently at the flank of a heaving swell. The commander blinked severely at the familiar sound.

Trouble? that lad had said, and laughed at it. Second mate and bound to Pará, and there was an old codger warning of trouble. There isn't any such thing as trouble when the flame burns fierce, when the face of the earth is young, and all the oceans on it but playgrounds for courage and strength. Trouble was for oldsters and the weary-boned, not for the young and strong. He could take trouble by the scruff of its neck, that fellow with the bunching shoulder muscles and the clear-seeing eyes, take it by its neck and fling it to blazes and back again with nothing more than a rollicking laugh. . . . The old commander smiled pensively at the bulkhead, and went out on deck.

He stared down at Andrew Madden, erect in the sternsheets of the cutter as his shipmates pulled him across. And he thought of many things watching Andy, a swinging silhouette, advance slowly to the half-drowned black wall of that ship as if for attack, armed with nothing more than a canvas seabag and a second-hand sextant case.

But Andy was looking his ship over as she took on the hard substance of reality. There was a rope ladder overside for him, dancing a crazy dance with its toes just above the foam. Further aloft two Negro faces swung. Their mournful eyes seemed searching for some succor they knew could never come in time. And forward at the bridge wing a florid man stood with elbows on the rail, his drill trousers flapping. The cutter swung in skillfully, riding a crest. The ladder rapped the ship's side and flung out impatiently. Madden gulped hard.

"Good luck, Andy!"

He heard the faint chorus of shouts, waved his hand, and leaped. He found the ladder to fortune was lively enough. And in another moment he touched the solid deck of his first ship, panting.

The blacks were already hauling the ladder aboard. A short, beetle-browed white man, grimy in a frayed patrol jacket, stood up from his seat on the hatch and took his pipe from his mouth.

"What's he got now?" he growled. "You're a good twenty-four hours late, Doc."

Andy could make nothing of that welcome. He grinned. "Captain Grisling? I am Andrew Madden, your second mate."

"What? Second mate? The dirty, lousy scoundrel!" The words came from that solid chest as from a growling bear in anger. He shot forward to the bulwark, peered over, and spun around again. "Gone! Halfway back already. Them fellows can pull. . . . The dirty scoundrel! Up there. On the bridge."

He stumped off. Andy noticed, for all his astonishment, that he limped heavily, dragging his left foot along as he found a surprisingly nimble balance to the heave of the deck. Madden frowned and looked toward the bridge. The lame man was aloft there, shaking his fist in the master's face. Andy picked up his sextant case and followed.

"Now, Chief," he heard the florid man say blandly, "don't get your blood in a fever. You mind your knittin' and I'll mind mine."

MADDEN understood now. The lame fellow was the chief engineer. And he stood glowering, his pipe bowl completely swallowed in the palm of one paw. The master turned away from him to eye Andy slowly up and down, his thick lips twitching. His eyes were like hard blue stones, puffy and ringed. His jowls quivered.

"So you're it," he said, slowly and carefully stroking his paunch. "Brand-new officer, sextant an' all. Fancy that! Well, you'll have to do."

"I am Andrew Madden, Captain Grisling. I'll—"

"All right, Mr. Madden." He pulled hard at the engine telegraph. "The nigs will get your duffle along. I'll put her on a course and mark it plain on the pilot-house blackboard so you can't make no mistake. See?" he said in a derisive whisper. "It's watch an' watch. You an' me. All you got to do is keep a sharp lookout so we don't collide a whale. Standard compass is topside on the monkey bridge. Check it often, see? I want some sleep and I want it bad. I feel like a bag of aching bones."

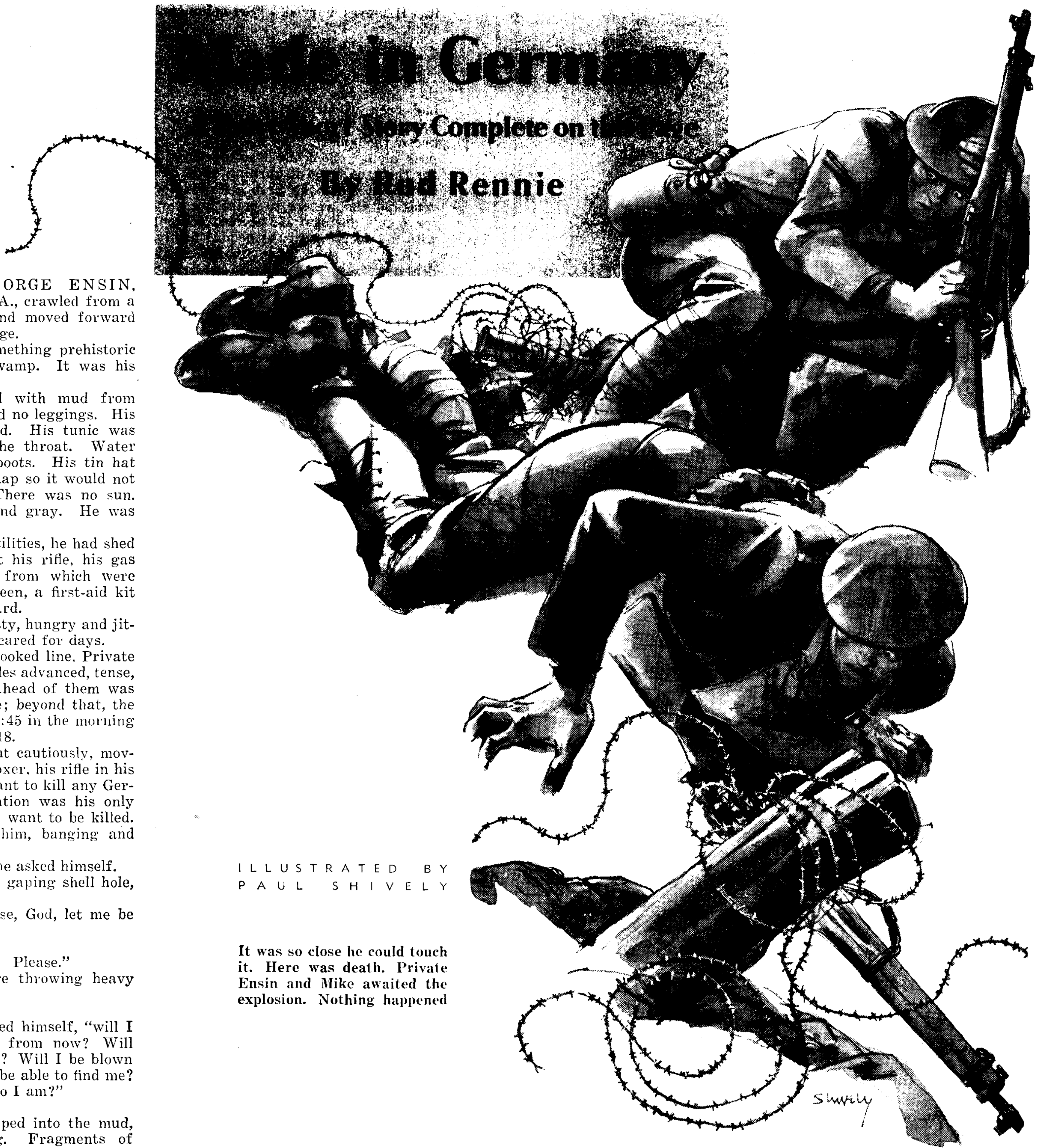
He lumbered into the wheelhouse. Andy heard three sharp blasts of a whistle. It startled him. The commander over there was giving the farewell salute. Andy stared for the last time at the white ship leaning on the wind across the leagues of broken sea. Gone. That was gone now forever. He

(Continued on page 66)

Made in Germany

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Rud Rennie



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SHIVELY

It was so close he could touch it. Here was death. Private Ensin and Mike awaited the explosion. Nothing happened

PRIVATE GEORGE ENSIN, 628,510, U. S. A., crawled from a shallow hole and moved forward behind a barrage.

He looked like something prehistoric emerging from a swamp. It was his birthday.

He was plastered with mud from head to foot. He had no leggings. His breeches were ripped. His tunic was torn and open at the throat. Water squished inside his boots. His tin hat was wrapped in burlap so it would not glint in the sun. There was no sun. The day was cold and gray. He was twenty years old.

In the rush of hostilities, he had shed all equipment except his rifle, his gas mask and his belt, from which were hung an empty canteen, a first-aid kit and a bayonet scabbard.

He was dirty, thirsty, hungry and jittery. He had been scared for days.

Spread out in a crooked line, Private Ensin and his comrades advanced, tense, uncertain of life. Ahead of them was the bursting barrage; beyond that, the Germans. It was 10:45 in the morning of November 11, 1918.

Private Ensin went cautiously, moving sidewise like a boxer, his rifle in his hands. He did not want to kill any Germans. Self-preservation was his only thought. He did not want to be killed. Death was around him, banging and ripping.

"Will it be now?" he asked himself.

He swerved past a gaping shell hole, over things, onward.

"If I get hit, please, God, let me be hit in the side."

The din increased.

"Not in the belly. Please."

The Germans were throwing heavy stuff.

"WHERE," he asked himself, "will I be five minutes from now? Will I get hit in the head? Will I be blown to pieces? Will they be able to find me? How'll they know who I am?"

Wham!

Private Ensin flopped into the mud, his teeth chattering. Fragments of metal tore through the air. Mud and earth showered down.

He was unhurt.

"That wasn't mine," he told himself. "My name wasn't on that one."

Unconsciously, he was on his feet, advancing again. He would have run, but he could not run. He would be caught in his own barrage if he ran forward. If he ran back, he would be shot for running away. Someone might see him running away. Only cowards ran away. He couldn't run. His legs would not carry him that fast.

Crrump!

Close. But that was not for him, either. The man on his left had disappeared.

"What does it feel like to be hit? Does it hurt much? Will I know it? Will I have to wait long before they find me? Will they find me? Where will I be a minute from now?"

The barrage ceased. Private Ensin flung himself down. At that instant a machine gun went to work.

Pss-pss-pss-pss-pss-pss—

The bullets sang a song to him, close to his head. He flattened himself in the mud and would have burrowed if he could.

Wham!

Pss-pss-pss—

Private Ensin twisted his head a little and a bullet nicked the rim of his helmet.

The Germans were shooting at *him!* He could not stay there. He could not get up. His frantic eyes found a shell hole. He wriggled like a snake.

With little bullets nipping at his heels, Private Ensin slid head-first into the shell hole. The ground rocked and rose and fell in chunks all around him in one mad, deafening chorus.

He scrambled to his knees. Something seized one of his arms. He jerked loose, spun, slipped and landed with his back against the slope of the hole, wide-eyed, half-crazed by this new fright.

He saw a man, muddy, disheveled as himself. Recognition dawned. The man was Mike . . . Mike, of his company.

Private Ensin laughed hysterically. Only Mike, grabbing him by the arm. He was safe. But how long?

Wheee-shug!

THE ground bulged against his back. Something had landed. What was on his face? Blood? Mud? Private Ensin wiped his eyes. Then he saw it, and went cold all over.

Beside him, almost buried in the earth, was a German shell, black and big around as a hat. It was so close he could touch it.

Here was death. Private Ensin and Mike awaited the explosion. Their mouths were agape. Their eyes protruded.

Nothing happened.

And still nothing happened.

Private Ensin's mouth slowly closed. Staring at the rear end of the ominous projectile, he bent closer to it as if hypnotized. Then he screamed and whirled toward Mike.

"It's mine!" yelled Private Ensin, laughing and sobbing, and fumbling at his throat and wildly beckoning Mike to look.

"It's mine! See!"

Mike saw.

Near the rotating band on the shell were figures—628,510. The same figures were stamped on Private Ensin's dog-tags, the two metal disks worn on a string around the neck for purposes of identification.

The shell with Private Ensin's name on it had landed beside him; but it hadn't gone off.

In the next breath, the war ended. It was 11 o'clock.

R. K. O. RADIO PICTURES, INC.

Victor McLaglen's fine performance in The Informer may launch him on a new and bigger Hollywood career

Luck in Strange Places

By Quentin Reynolds

He's an ex-miner, ex-cop, ex-soldier, ex-prizefighter; he boxed Jack Johnson in Vancouver and served with Allenby in Arabia. He has been all washed up at least twice and today he's a brand-new success. His name is Victor McLaglen

IT IS very disconcerting and you really feel that the whole thing has been misrepresented to you when you meet the knights and ladies of the films. The man who on the screen is a sinister, blood-chilling monster is quite apt to turn out to be a gentle soul with a passion for raising petunias. That funny, funny man is often in real life a quiet nitwit with a conversational range stretching only from "Yes" to "No" interrupted by an occasional daring "Maybe." The glamorous blondes of the screen who look so dazzling when photographed by the cleverest cameramen in the world are really a dull-faced lot possessed of the *joi de vie* and sparkle of a weary dish of oatmeal while that screen siren who has always sent you into swoons is very apt to be merely a thick-ankled hausfrau who will babble monosyllabically about the too too cute house she has just rented which is too too drenchingly divine and regale you with "Dearie, not because it's my own child but let me tell you what little Wilberforce said this morning."

They let you down terribly when you meet them—these lilies who blossom in the Hollywood fields of celluloid. That is, most of them do. Some of them don't. Which quite logically (and rather cleverly, too, if you don't mind) brings us to the subject of the son of the Colonial Bishop of Claremont, South Africa. The son of the bishop goes by the name of Victor McLaglen and when you meet him you are surprised to find that he neither lisps nor rides sidesaddle. You find that he is an ex-miner, an ex-cop and an ex-prizefighter, and he talks, praise be, not in the honeyed tones of so many big, virile screen heroes—but rather like an ex-miner, an ex-cop and an ex-prizefighter. That alone makes him worth the subject of this palpitating dissertation. In addition McLaglen right now is the hottest thing in Hollywood, a man who, after thirteen years in pictures, has finally been discovered to be an actor. Finding an actor in Hollywood is like finding a needle in a haystack, a pearl in an oyster, or a clam in restaurant chowder. They are there all right but very difficult to find.

A Job for An Actor

McLaglen not long ago made a picture called The Informer. It is a picture so great that its excellence is no longer an opinion—but a fact. In it McLaglen did a very gaudy job of acting and there are whispers around Hollywood to the effect that he is a cinch for the annual Academy award for the best performance of the year.

"It would be nice to get that," McLaglen says. "It would be like being world's champion for a year."

McLaglen has been in Hollywood for thirteen years acting the role of Captain Flagg. He acted it under various names but always it was the same role. Finally the public got very tired—and about time, too—of the hard-boiled marine sergeant with the heart of gold. McLaglen was all done, washed up, as cold as an Airedale's nose.

Then John Ford made The Informer. He slapped McLaglen into the lead despite everyone's objections.

"The big guy can act," Ford said calmly and proceeded to let the big guy act. And McLaglen acted his ears off. It was then that Hollywood discovered him. Now? Now he's sitting as pretty as an ermine coat on a blonde's shoulders. They're all after him and the directors and producers who used to holler "Hey, you" at him are saying, "Oh, Mr. McLaglen." He's under a five-year contract with the astute Darryl (what a smart guy) Zanuck and he is going to make such beautiful things as The Plough and the Stars. He's almost fifty and he's been chasing something all his life. He never knew what it was until

(Continued on page 44)

The Odds Against Honor

By Francis Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

STARS on the Atlantic football team, Clark Jenkins, quarterback, and "Cal" Calhoun are roommates. Born in a coal-mining region, Clark is in college, thanks to the financial aid of Tony Scotti, a gambler. He is, however, strictly honest; and Tony has never even thought of suggesting that he "throw" a game. But Calhoun is less scrupulous.

Interested in Clark, Margaret Bailey, daughter of Jim Bailey, wonders, at times, if she is in love with him. But, not quite sure of him, far from certain that he is the fine young man he seems to be, she checks her emotions and awaits developments. Then, when Clark has a "bad leg" (of which the public is not supposed to know), Atlantic loses a game—and Tony Scotti, betting on the other team, wins a large sum of money.

To those who know of the relationship between the gambler and Clark, the incident is very suspicious; the inference is that Clark, having tipped off Tony as to the condition of his knee, has been well paid for the information. Then, too, Clark's brother, a young ne'er-do-well, is frequently seen with two notoriously crooked gamblers: Harlow and Dawson.

Clark, who is innocent, guesses the truth: It is Cal Calhoun—clever, mercenary and weak, in spite of his brilliant football achievements — who has tipped off Tony. Alone with Cal, he accuses him of having co-operated with the gambler, in order to make a little money. A lively fight ensues—a fight which terminates with Cal beaten.

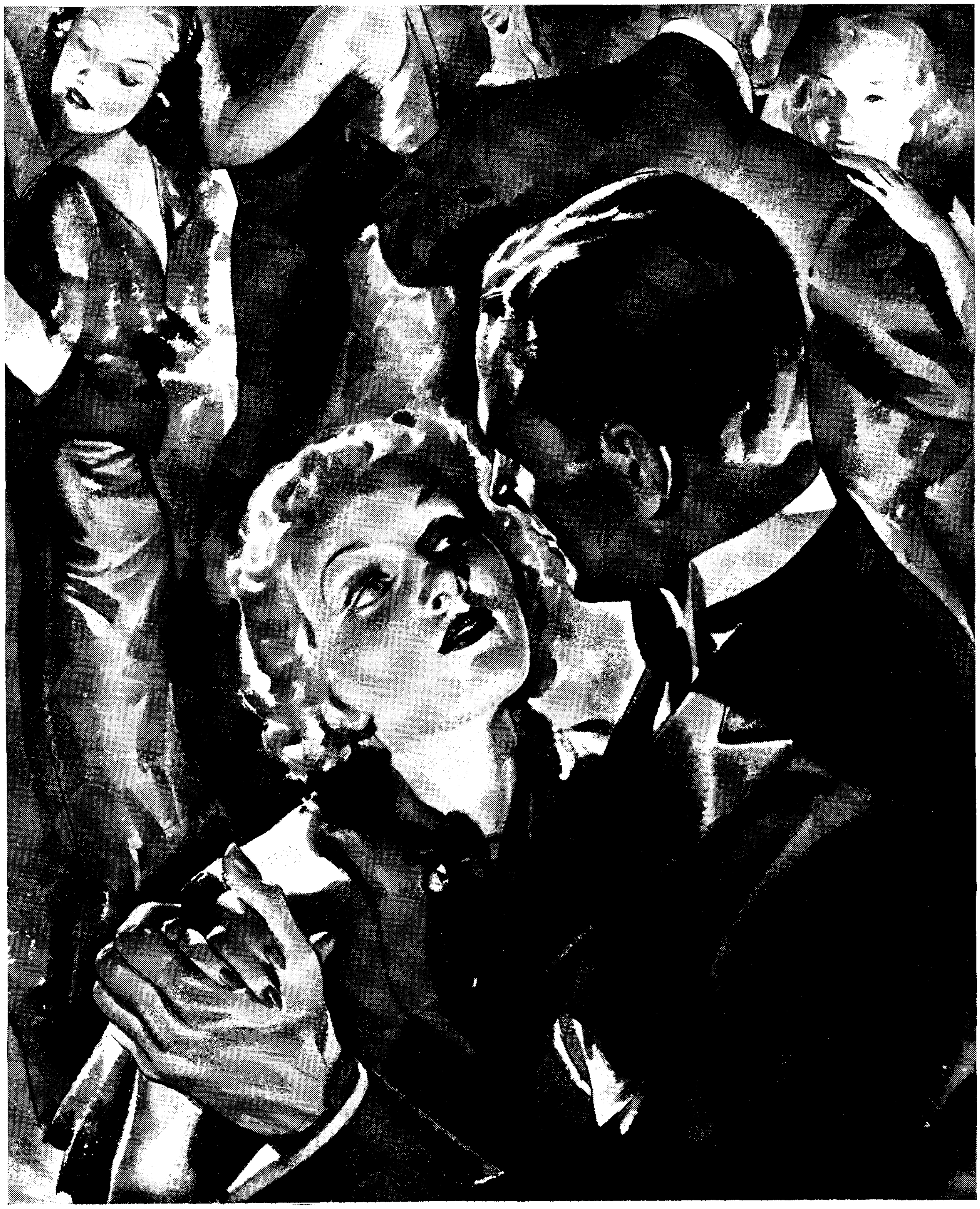
Atlantic wins a game. At a dance that evening, Clark meets Margaret's father; he mentions Tony Scotti. "I hope he has gone home," Clark says. But he realizes that perilous days lie ahead.

IV

HERE he was, sitting at a table with the family of a millionaire, Jenkins, the coal-mine kid who had once lived on crusts of bread. He was, in an artificial sense, a national figure; tonight he could shake the hands of mighty men and make them proud; he could dance with pretty, wealthy girls and make them happy.

But that was the football player.

The real Clark Jenkins, who must live when this gilt was tarnished, was without a home, without a mooring. He was flying in fog over uncharted seas. It was to the goal or to the fall. He could never turn back now.



Margaret was watching him, half amused. He did not attempt to analyze her little smile

These people across the table were beckoning to him. He could hear their voices, talk to them across the distances but he had not yet reached them.

Now he was dancing with Margaret again. She had seen the real things about his mother.

"You're quiet tonight," she said. "Tired?" Her voice was tinkly.

"No—just thinking."

"Dad told me you told the coach."

"Yes; but I wasn't thinking so much of that."

"Clark—look."

It was something to look at.

Cal Calhoun and Lois Montgomery had arrived. The floor was crowded but the dancers seemed to fade and open a path so that their progress might not be interfered with. They seemed made for each other, to complement each other—his vast power and handsome face, her small perfection and exquisite loveliness.

Clark grinned. "What's amusing?" Margaret asked.

"He's a wonder, isn't he?"

"What do you think of her?"

"She's pretty. She must be the artist."

"An artist, no doubt." Clark didn't get the implication. He was thinking of his recent musings; that he had probably been constructing impediments in his mind again, that he was forever forgetting that this was a democracy.

There was the proof of it—old Cal, in his borrowed tails and with his imported woman, ignoring the very people whom Clark looked upon with the proper respect of the peasantry toward nobility. Old aristocratic Colonel Calhoun from the South—of Detroit.

The other players were exchanging amused smiles. Most of them owned dinner clothes, and a few, tails, but they were not worn at such parties as this.

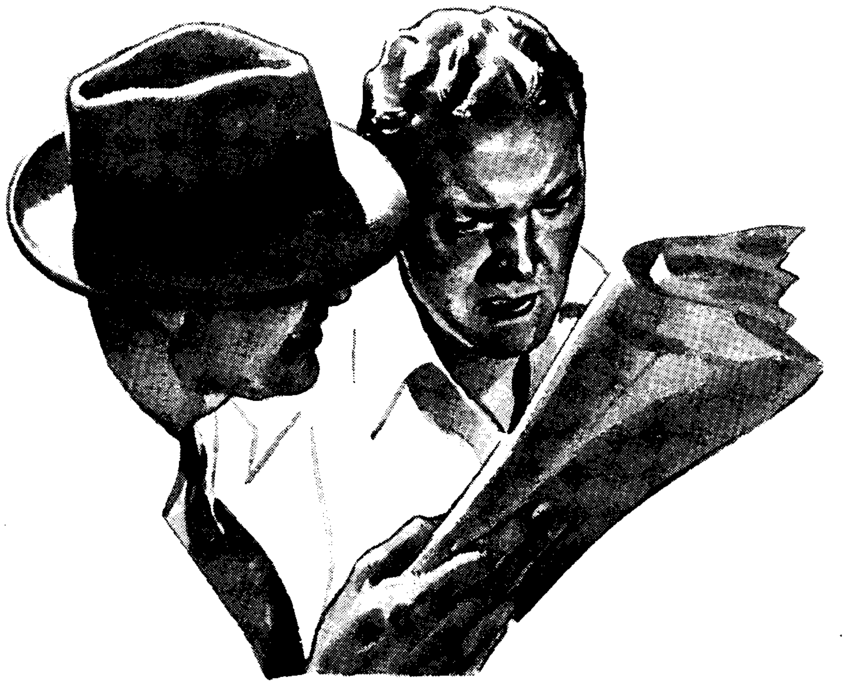
But this was New York; here were the big alumni; Cal had made two touchdowns that day; he had the smartest woman at the party. The glint in his eye, the curl of his lip, the set of his jaw, the pride in his measured strides all said plainly that this was his night and nobody could take it from him.

WHEN the music stopped, Cal and his artist were near by. With fine forgetfulness of the unpleasant incident of the preceding week, Cal greeted Clark as his roommate and pal and introductions followed.

When the music began again, there had been a neat switch in partners. Margaret was away with Cal, smiling an odd smile into his satin lapel.

Clark found his arms encircling a vision of gold. She was small and slight and there was no doubt whatever but that he could gently lift this one from the floor with his big right hand at her back. She seemed almost to float.

He knew he had never danced so well because he seemed to be dancing alone —with a *presence* more than a person. She was so shining that he was lost in the contemplation of the whole and never attempted to separate her into prosaic parts. A faint undefinable per-



fume seemed not to come from her but to be suddenly in the room and he thought of the sweet smell of the hills when, in the early spring days, he had gone with other children to gather wildflowers—named, oddly enough, boys and girls.

The distance from the coal hills, so beautiful on the surface and so ugly underneath, seemed so far from Park Avenue and this finely spun golden nymph that he was slightly dizzy. This was too big a jump. He was physically composed, but in his head he felt like an amateur ski-jumper, pawing the air on his first trial.

THEY did not talk; but once or twice she lifted her head and opened her eyes, deep purple eyes with flecks of brown in them. What they said, he knew not, whether they were in bliss, as they seemed to indicate, or merely laughing at him. He felt the perfect Nick Bottom to her Titania but he could not tell whether or not she saw the ass's head upon his shoulders.

He was relieved when the music stopped and he found Margaret again. This was too giddy a draft without warning, this kind of woman. Margaret was watching him, half amused. He did not attempt to analyze her little smile. He was glad to be back to a girl and to be relieved of a goddess.

The royal couple moved into the Bailey group. From the way Cal reacted when Flora was introduced, Clark assumed that her name was also impressive. Cal knew his rotogravure.

Cal danced with Flora, and Jerry hastily appropriated Lois. David claimed Margaret and Clark again sat alone with Jim Bailey.

They talked some about the game, the crowd, the schedule ahead. Bailey confessed he was beginning to like football, not alone for the sport itself and its many facets, but because of the grace with which it lent itself to such pleasant social contacts as this. He liked these things because he had not given time to them when he was young.

"Don't make that mistake, Clark. You have a great opportunity. Don't waste it—but don't ever let ambition rob you."

Brad Anthony stopped at the table. He was friendly to Clark, complimented him upon his game and that of the team, asked for enlightenment on what had happened in several plays not quite clear to the press box.

When the music stopped and the dancers returned, Cal Calhoun almost dashed to Anthony's elbow, forgot the girls and turned on the charm.

The kid is clever, Clark thought. It was Yes, Mr. Anthony; No, Mr. Anthony; What do *you* think, Mr. Anthony? There was no cocky egotism apparent; the objectionable mannerisms had all been rubbed away. Here was the super-salesman doing a job. Clark faded into the background with the others.

There had been only one important player on the field that day and he, obviously, was this modest, handsome and brilliant young man who was so reluctantly discussing his ability, opinions, theories and achievements. Clark might have been another spectator.

Margaret seemed to be as entranced as the others. The only time her attention wandered from him was when she turned it to Lois and Jerry. These two danced often while Cal talked. When they returned to the table they sat alone and seemed to have discovered new stars in each other's eyes. Jerry was neglecting Flora but this little thing was completely captured by Calhoun's masterful mouthings.

Into this gathering Tony Scotti crashed with characteristic gusto. Other conversations ceased as he stormed.

"Hi, Clarkie, I been look for you all over. Dumb student manager won't let me in hotel or dressing-room." He turned to Cal. "Hi, Big Shot. You do pretty good today, huh?"

Cal ignored him. Clark, embarrassed, said: "Listen, Tony, I want to talk to you—come on outside a minute."

TONY sat down. "I sit right here. Whatsamatter everybody? I have good day today—win four hunnerd. Hey, waiter. I buy a drink all around."

Jim Bailey relieved the awkward silence. "My name is Bailey," he said.

"This is Tony Scotti," Clark said with emphasis.

Bailey nodded. He introduced the others.

"Now, Tony," Bailey said, "suppose you and I—"

"Wait a minute," Tony spoke to Brad Anthony. "You big sports writer?"

Anthony smiled. "I'm a sports writer."

Tony laughed and slapped Cal's shoulder. "Ha! Talk in big sports writer's ear, huh, Big Shot?" Cal attempted a bored smile. Tony turned toward Anthony. "All he do is carry ball. You look for real football player—he's right here—my boy, Clarkie."

"Your boy?"

"Be quiet, Tony."

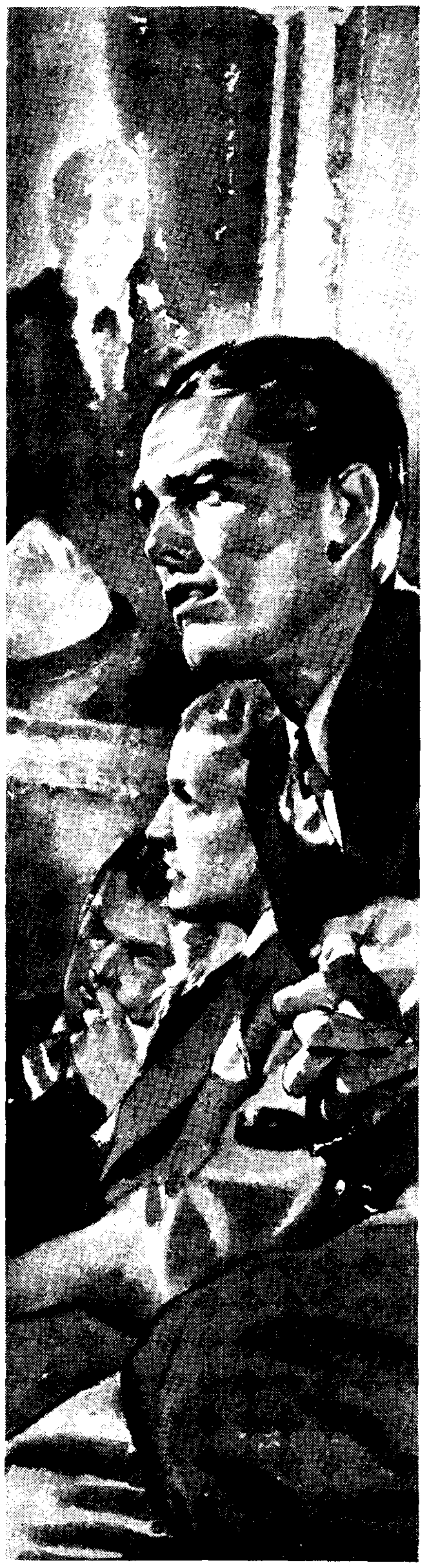
Tony laughed. "I take care of this, Clarkie. Sure he's my boy. I fix him up. I take care of him. I been waitin' long time to meet you, Misser Antony. I give you all da dope."

Jim Bailey caught his arm, "Some other time, Tony. Suppose you and I go down to the bar—"

Anthony was on his feet, smiling. "Wait a minute, Jim. You stay here with your party. If Tony wants to tell me about Clark, I think I'd like to hear what he has to say."

"Okay," Tony cried. "Now you talk like a man. Le's go." He smiled affectionately at Clark. "When I finish, this guy make you All-America, sure. I fix you up good."

Yes, Clark thought, you'll fix me up great.



His words beat slowly into Clark's head

THE squad returned to the campus Sunday night in more hopeful mood. The season was still young and, as the Midwest cloud retreated, prospects grew less dire. There would be few, if any, unbeaten teams when the campaign was over. If Atlantic won all of its remaining games the campaign might yet be a great success.

The greeting of the student body was cheering. It was date night but an enthusiastic crowd was assembled at the entrance gates when the buses returned with the victorious crew. A short ceremony there—speeches by Captain Vavra, Cal Calhoun, Clark Jenkins and Dick Trent, the sophomore guard who had caught the eyes of the radio announcers—and then the players went to their residence halls where they received the most valued applause of all—from the boys with whom they lived.

"Nice goin', kid. Nice game, pal."

THERE was better feeling in the firm of Calhoun and Jenkins as they unpacked. Cal was crabbing about having been forced to miss a big party with Lois. The skipper had refused him permission to stay over.

"Sorry, Cal," Joe Gates had answered. "I wouldn't mind—but I'm afraid you might get the white vest dirty."

Colonel Calhoun was not disturbed about such comment.

"I should pucker up about what these clunks say. Think they are kidding somebody. I'll be wearing those white vests to bed when they're all back to overalls. How was that Lois gal—wasn't she a ball of fire?"

"Plenty hot."

"And that little Flora gal wouldn't mind pitching her tent in my back yard, either. Know who she is—about three million, that's all—her old man owns everything around Grand Central but the station."

"Cute kid."

"Margo holds up her end with them, though. You're doing okay. Just stick in there. *Her brother's a sap.*"

"Kind of went for Lois, didn't he?"

"Didn't worry me. She must have some phony in her. I'm checking up gradually. In the meantime she's not hurting me. She looks good on the arm and she got me in a Broadway column. All that publicity helps—I'll keep her on the hook for a while."

He lifted the dress suit from the bag, held it up and addressed it. "Boy, did we knock 'em over!" He patted Clark's shoulder. "Why should we fight over a woman? Hell, I'll give you a few."

Spike Adams popped in the door. "Hi, Dress Suit," he greeted Cal, "how's the belle of the ball?"

"Go way, newsboy. I don't want any."

Spike winked at Clark. "Cholly Knickerbocker just wired me to find out if it's true you are going to marry the Countess Catzazka or if you'll see America first?"

"You better get my pictures ready for

(Continued on page 54)

Foot Rule

After years of neglect, the collegian's foot is coming back into football. Gridiron spectators of 1935 are seeing more intelligent use of the kicking game than ever before—and there are more thrills ahead than for years

By Lou Little

ACME

Ralph Hewitt of Columbia was not only a naturally gifted kicker but was adept in the kicking game's corollary, the returning of kicks

IF EVER the United States Army had appeared in full command of a situation, that time was now. The 78,000 who sat in steep tiers around the gridiron of the Yankee Stadium in New York on that early December afternoon two years ago were ready to admit as much.

Army had lost no game throughout the long campaign. Notre Dame, the ancient friendly enemy in green, had been tied once and defeated five times. Now the third quarter was almost over. The scoreboard's story, tersely told, was "Army, 12; Notre Dame, 0." More than that, the Army had the "Fighting Irish" jammed up against their own ramparts, whence the Cadets' defense and the beautiful kicking of Texas Jack Buckler had forced the green-shirted retreat under heavy fire.

With Notre Dame in possession of the ball on its own twelve-yard line, Steve Banas, the big fullback who had first gone to South Bend lured by the magic name of Rockne, was thrown for a five-yard loss on an end run from kick formation. Now Banas dropped back into the end zone. This time there was no run, no fake. Standing three yards behind his own goal line, Banas punted. Sixty-three yards the ball traveled before it was downed on Army's forty-yard line. This time the Irish had escaped the Army's ambush.

If you have never played football, you have no conception of the lift such an escape can give a team. Notre Dame's defense suddenly was surcharged with an electric zeal. All season long the breaks had been few in favor of this ill-starred successor to Rockne's old Ramblers. As things had gone from bad to worse week after week, the Irish had clung to the hope of a desperate comeback against Army in New York. Banas' great kick under pressure fanned the flickering spark of hope. Then—another lift. Two plays later, Ed Krause, a great tackle, partially blocked the quick kick of Army's Jack Buckler. The oval bounced out of bounds at mid-field. Notre Dame's ball.

From that mid-field point began the Notre Dame surge that ended five plays after the beginning of the fourth quarter in a touchdown. The goal was converted. The score stood: Army, 12; Notre Dame, 7. Notre Dame's spark had stopped flickering. It was a flame now.

But there were only about twelve minutes left to play. Cadet Maurice Simons, substituting for Buckler, got off a good punt following the next kickoff to drive the Irish back deep into their own territory. The ball was Notre Dame's on the Rambler's own 27-yard line. Army's goal was seventy-three yards away. The minutes were ticking past.

A Lightning Change

Seventy-three yards is a long, long march on the gridiron when the United States Army is there to stop you. It looked even farther when Notre Dame failed to gain appreciably on a couple of running plays and went into kick formation. Nick Lukats, the boy who had scored the touchdown, dropped back to punt for the Irish this time. His foot met the ball cleanly. If Banas' earlier punt had been exceptional, this was a super-special. Soaring high over the heads of the Army's defensive backs, the ball finally struck the turf and rolled. It rolled to Army's eight-yard line where Ed Krause, Notre Dame tackle and remarkably fast for a man so big, dropped on it.

A great hush fell over 78,000 people as the teams lined up. In the two seconds or less that a good punter requires to get the ball away against a charging defense, the entire complexion of the battle had changed. Army, defending its bright record, was backed up now against its own goal line. The five-point lead now had shrunk to almost invisible proportions. A Notre Dame touchdown now would win. A blocked kick, a fumble—

Cadet Simons dropped back into the end zone on second down. His assignment was to punt in the most harrowing situation a football player can know. The game and Army's spotless record depended on his getting the ball away. Back it came from center. Perhaps the pass was a trifle low. Perhaps Simons was over-anxious. Perhaps the slight incline in the end zone, out there in what is during the baseball season the deep center field, bothered him. At any rate, Simons appeared to bobble the ball as he prepared to kick.

The Punt that Saved a Season

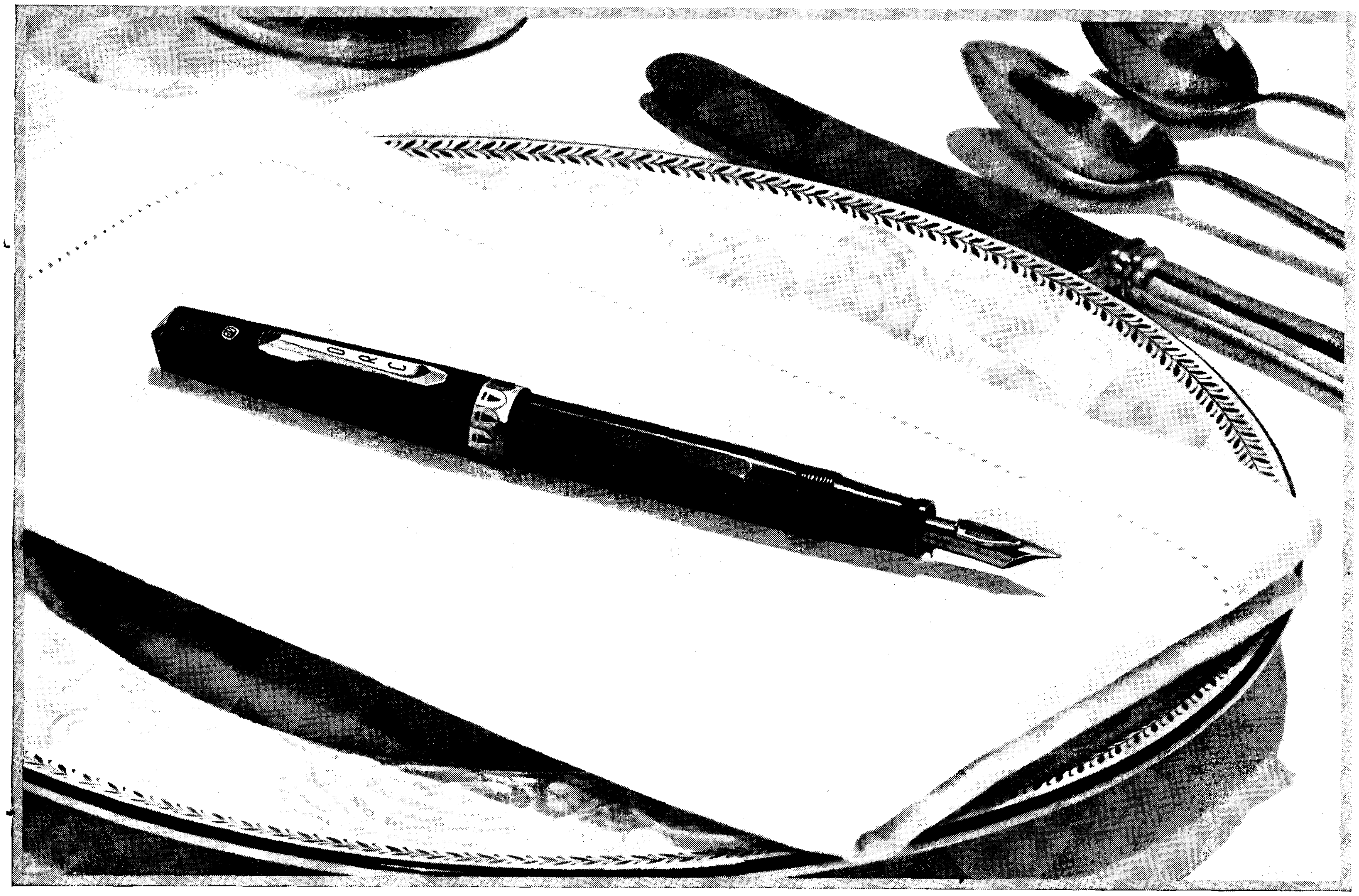
Football games are won and lost in split seconds. This split second was enough to let the surging Notre Dame flood of green jerseys in. Wayne Millner, Notre Dame end, blocked the kick and trapped the fugitive ball as he went down under a mound of Army rivals and Notre Dame teammates.

Up went the arms of Referee Bill Crowell. Touchdown! Notre Dame, 13; Army, 12. It mattered not that the ensuing try for extra point failed. Army couldn't score again on a now surging Notre Dame. The final whistle blew a few minutes later. By a single point, the season of Notre Dame and Coach Heartly Anderson had been redeemed. And by a single point, Army's dream of a crystal-clear record had been shattered.

And how had that happened? In the final analysis, victory had been won for the Irish, lost by the Army, on the power of two great Notre Dame punts. Seventy yards away from the objective, a hopeless distance by land against such a defense, Notre Dame had traveled the route by air to make Army's threshold the theater of war and Army's fight a defensive fight in the crucial moment.

The kicking game—those punts by Notre Dame and those missed kicks for

(Continued on page 50)



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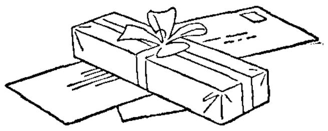

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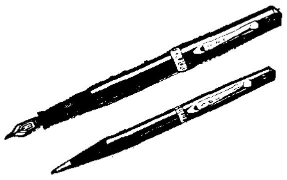

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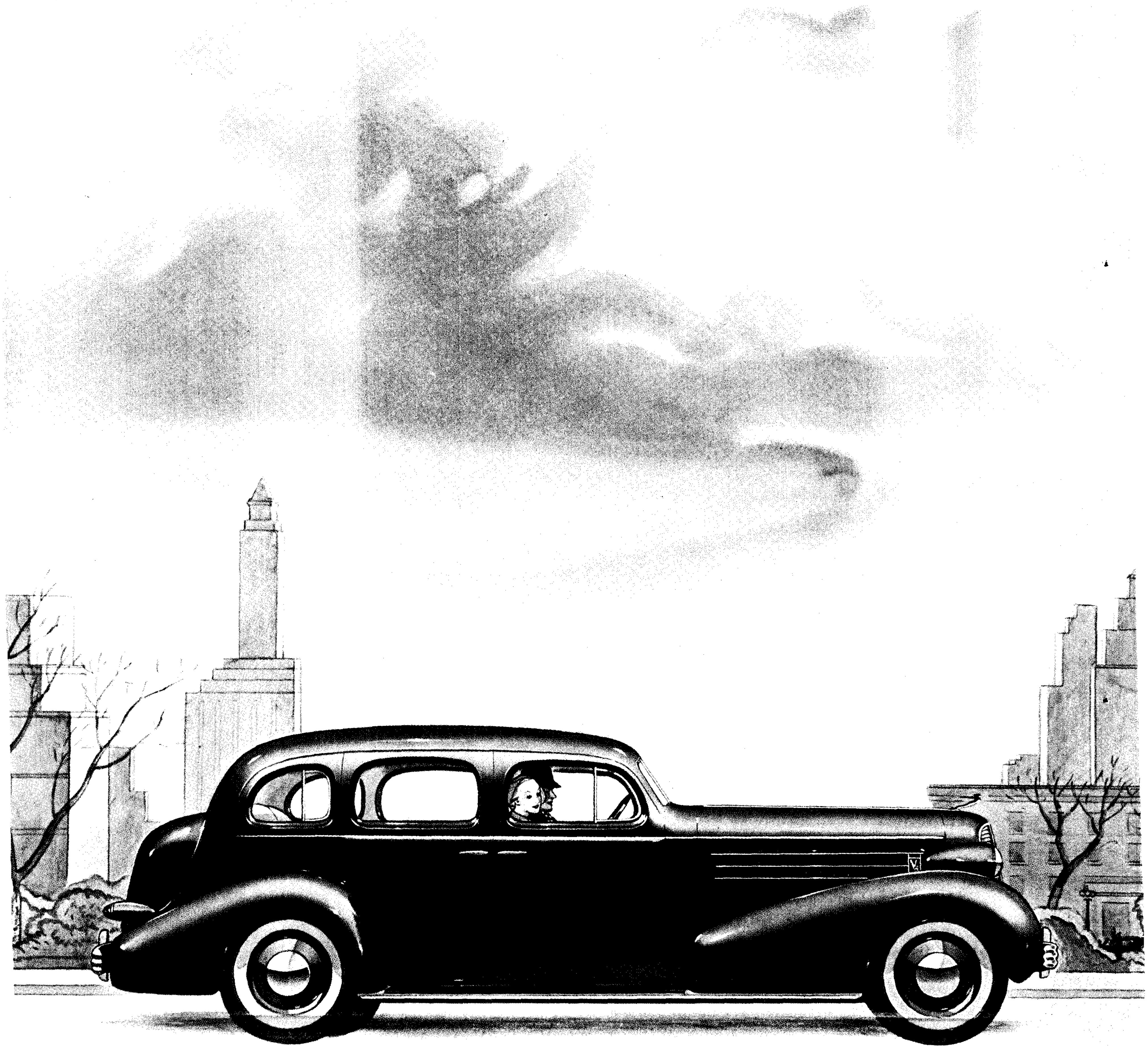

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PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

PHOTO BY SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY

They were just a lot of tired, happy men who seemed to have no enmity, no bitterness

Sudden Silence

By Captain E. V. Rickenbacker as told to Joe Copps

JUST seventeen years ago this Armistice Day, I was flying over No Man's Land. So far as I know I was the only American flier up that morning. As commander of the 94th Aero Pursuit Squadron I received orders on the evening of November 10th to ground all my planes. We were stationed at Rembertcourt, some 30 kilometers behind our front-line trenches. For ten weeks we had been up to our necks in legalized murder. It had become dull and humdrum. If we got any kick out of it at all it was in saving our own necks.

Early on the morning of the 11th I found out what the order meant. The war was to end at eleven o'clock. The men soon learned about it. At first it didn't seem real. War had been all the world had known for four years. Even before the United States was in it, it was all any of us thought about. It takes time for a thing like the end of a war of that size to get into a man's mind.

Dawn that day didn't seem right. There should have been something important about it. There should have been something about the sky to make everybody know that an event was happening of such magnitude that it made everything else in the world insignificant. I can remember thinking this and being vaguely disappointed about it.

It was dull and foggy and with practically no ceiling for a flying man. The guns were still booming at the front, but back with us there wasn't a motor stirring.

I went around checking up to be sure there were no planes in the air. Those were orders. But as the morning wore on I kept getting more restless. I had been in many an air fight over this stretch of ground and I got the idea I should be up there watching the thing finish. I had seen plenty of the worst down there below and this would be a chance to see a different picture.

Around ten-thirty my squadron had become accustomed to the calm in camp and had started a celebration. Nothing like the celebrations that followed the Armistice but pretty good for a start. The place was deserted. I ordered my mechanic to gas and check my Spad fighting ship, and at ten-forty I warmed the motor and took off toward the lines.

Visibility was very bad and I hedge-hopped along, flying blind.

When the World Stood Still

I headed for the Argonne. I could hear the sound of the big guns down below and after a while I sensed I was in that stretch of hell between the trenches. After a man has coasted around up above there for a few good fights, he gets the feel of that business, night or day. I came down to about 100 feet and soon found out I was right. The guns were going full cry from both sides and I quickly shot back up again. Armistice or no Armistice, they seemed to be taking no chances.

At about five minutes to eleven, a rift opened in the clouds and I could see the whole panorama of war below me. It was the same scene I had been seeing for months—murder on the grand scale. Guns boomed, puffs of powder flashed out and the answers came from the other side. I kept high enough to keep out of trouble but I could see what was going on.

I looked at my watch. It was one minute to eleven and hell was still going on. The seconds dragged on toward eleven and then—it stopped. One second there was the same terrible roar of death the Western Front had known for four years; the next second there was silence. The roar, the noise was gone. Nobody could ever describe that silence. The world seemed to stand still. Then from the trenches broke forth a pandemonium of joy such as man had never heard before.

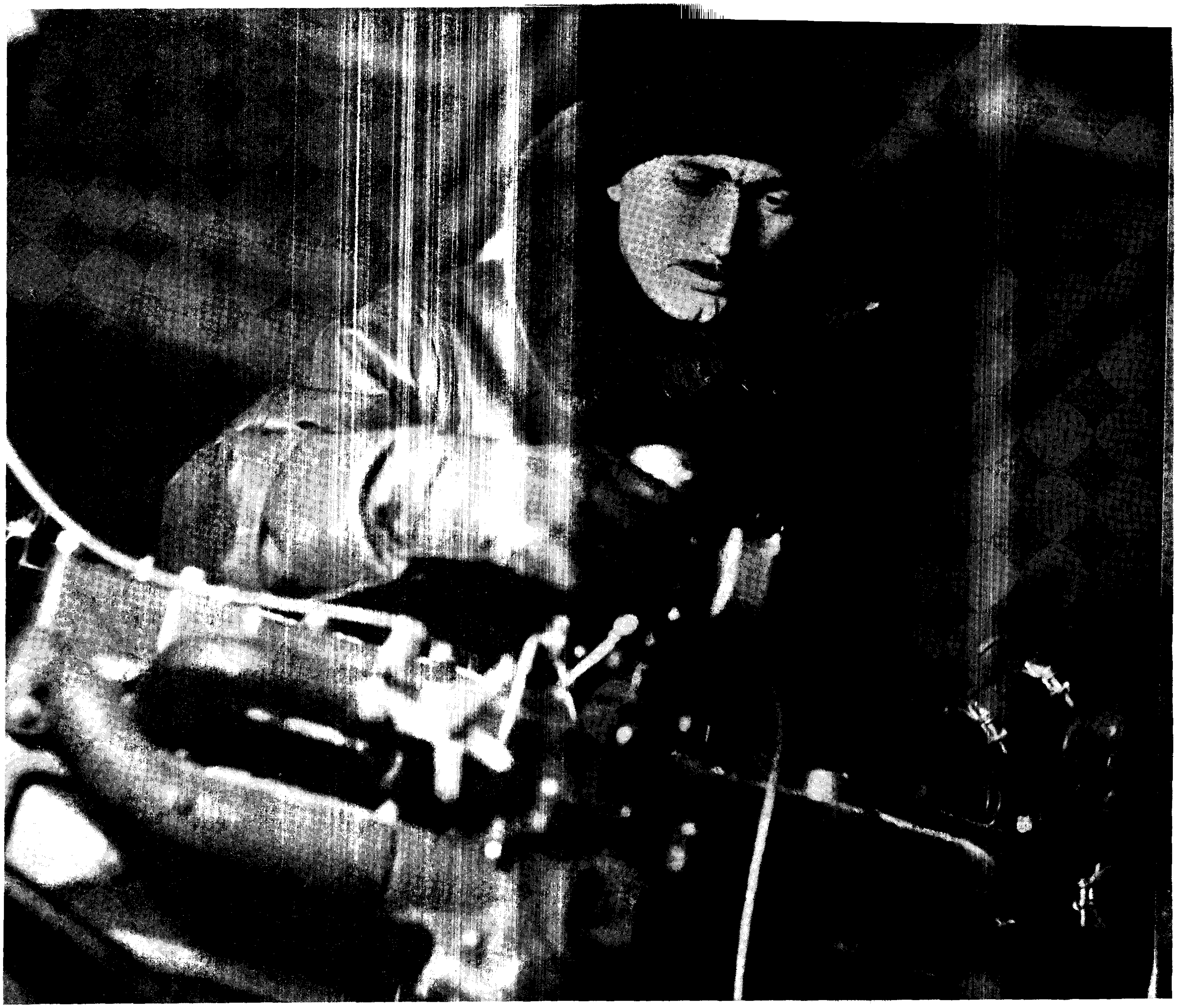
I mushed down upon the scene. The men were now climbing up out of the trenches and rushing out into No Man's Land. They were dirty and filthy and so tired most of them stumbled as they ran. You could see them coming over the top, dropping their rifles and then running out in that space where they would have met death a few minutes before. They threw their tin hats and gas masks and shovels in the air. Suddenly, from being worn-out men, they became surprisingly agile. They pounded one another's backs. They leaped in the air and bellowed and threw out their arms in wild gestures and tried to click their heels like dancers.

Enemies by the Clock

From the German trenches soldiers were coming out and starting to walk across the open space. They made motions which I could see meant cigarettes. What they wanted was a smoke. The Americans came up on the run and after a bit I could see them lighting up.

They must have cried. I know I did. They were enemies by the clock. At ten fifty-nine, they were killing each other. Sixty seconds later, they were just a lot of tired, happy men who seemed to have no enmity, no bitterness. They had their arms about each other, slapping each other on the back in a weary sort of joy because they didn't have to kill each other any more. What a happy feeling! What a ghastly, happy feeling!

Then I started back home with a feeling in my heart that I can never forget and hope never to have again. It was over. Sanctioned murder had stopped because a few men had met and decided that it should stop. Why couldn't they have met and decided that it shouldn't start? I flew back to my station knowing that men had learned a lesson. But have they?



Running Sweet at 10° Below

IT WAS 90° IN THE SHADE, the day this picture was taken... one of those days when Detroit demonstrates to the Middle West what a real heat wave is like.

But here in the "cold room" at the engineering laboratories it was exactly 10° below zero. (They can drop it to 40° below if they need to.)

And here was a big, new Plymouth engine purring away in a long test run... throttled down... speeded up ...day after day... running sweet at 10° below.

When a new engine feature is developed, this "cold room" test is one it must pass. And regularly a number of Plymouth engines out of production are sent over here to get the sub-zero check-up on carburetion...oil and water circulation... starting... fuel economy.

It is one of the places in which the Plymouth engine develops its famed ability to perform brilliantly all the time... in every kind of weather.

Offhand you might think this is going to extremes. And possibly it is.

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Deepwater Island

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

WITH a fortune at stake, Karen Waterson goes to Honolulu to enter suit against old James Wayne for the island of Alakoa. Behind her is John Colt, an astute and unscrupulous businessman, who claims to have proof that Karen's grandfather, Garrett Waterson, was swindled out of his island when mentally incompetent. In Honolulu Karen meets one of her rivals—Dick Wayne, known as Tonga Dick—a nephew of old James. She finds him attractive; sails with him, against Colt's wishes, for her first sight of Alakoa. . . . Dick's brothers, Ernest and Willard, regard her with suspicion. And when James Wayne dies suddenly and a flower lei identical with one given earlier to Karen is found beside the dead man, Dick acts promptly, hurrying her to sea again, and to Honolulu. . . . He returns to Alakoa, to find a radio message from — Garrett Waterson. "Waterson!" cries Ernest. "Garrett Waterson has been dead for twenty years!" Dick laughs. "Like hell," he says. "I work for Waterson—and he'll be here to deal with Colt himself within twenty-four hours! . . ."

When the boat bearing Karen—and John Colt—back to Alakoa drops anchor in the bay, Dick goes aboard. "Karen," he says, "I don't want this island; I want you. What is it that you want?" Karen's answer is to slip into his arms. Then, "Take me with you, Dick—anywhere. . . ." An hour later they are heading for the open sea, and Dick tells Karen that her grandfather is not dead; that she has no case. She doesn't care—until a beautiful native girl, Lilua by name, is found awaiting Dick Wayne in his cabin! Then Karen demands to be taken back to Alakoa. The fact that Lilua is stabbed by her native lover a little later, substantiating Dick's denial of any affair with the girl, makes no difference to Karen. . . . When they make their landing Karen joins Colt, while Dick waits upon her grandfather who, in the meantime, has arrived. He finds the old man delirious with fever, calling for Karen—and Dick Wayne determines to go after her. . . . At the wheel of his Holokai he lays a course for the fast-disappearing ship bearing Karen and John Colt back to Honolulu. "Inyashi," he tells his mate, "we're going aboard that boat and bring her back—by force if necessary!"

Conclusion

SOMETHING special showed in Inyashi then. Sometimes people wondered why a squatty little yellow man, who looked like a clerk in a Japanese dry-goods store, should be right-hand man to Dick Wayne. If they had been watching, they might have found out something about that now. Inyashi's face wrinkled in a peculiar grin; it was deferential still, but an odd drawing of the lips made the eyeteeth show, so that all at once, without ever stepping out of his place, Inyashi was something else than he had been before.

"Are all the Kanakas aboard?" Dick asked.

"All five, Captain Dick."

"Bring 'em here."

The crew of the Holokai didn't look like much, as Inyashi brought them up to the wheel which Dick still held. These were slovenly-looking men, not very well washed. Their faces were dark; the hair of some of them was a crinkly bush; the noses of some were nothing else but flat, and the lips noticeably thick. A Polynesian who, on a surfboard, seems the image of a god, can look like scum in dungarees.

"You see that boat up there?" Dick said.

None of them said anything, and their faces were inexpressive. The question was rhetorical. Whatever these brown-skinned men might miss in this world or the next, they never missed anything on the face of the sea.

"We're going to come up close on that boat in a minute," Dick said. "We're going to swing so close by her that maybe we'll smash her rudder off. I'm going aboard, and I'm going to take her back to Alakoa. After I've gone aboard, the Holokai is going to stand by for maybe ten minutes. Within ten minutes the *malahine* boat will turn and go back. If it doesn't turn—"

Dick Wayne stopped a moment, while he turned the Holokai more carefully into the wake of the Seal's lights.

"Then, Captain?" Inyashi prompted. In the undistinguished yellow face the canine teeth were showing in Inyashi's peculiar new smile.

"If," Dick said, "the Seal does not turn in ten minutes after I have boarded her, the Holokai will come alongside the Seal and lash fast."

"And then—?" Inyashi said again.

"One way or another," Dick said, "I'm going to take the Seal back to Alakoa."

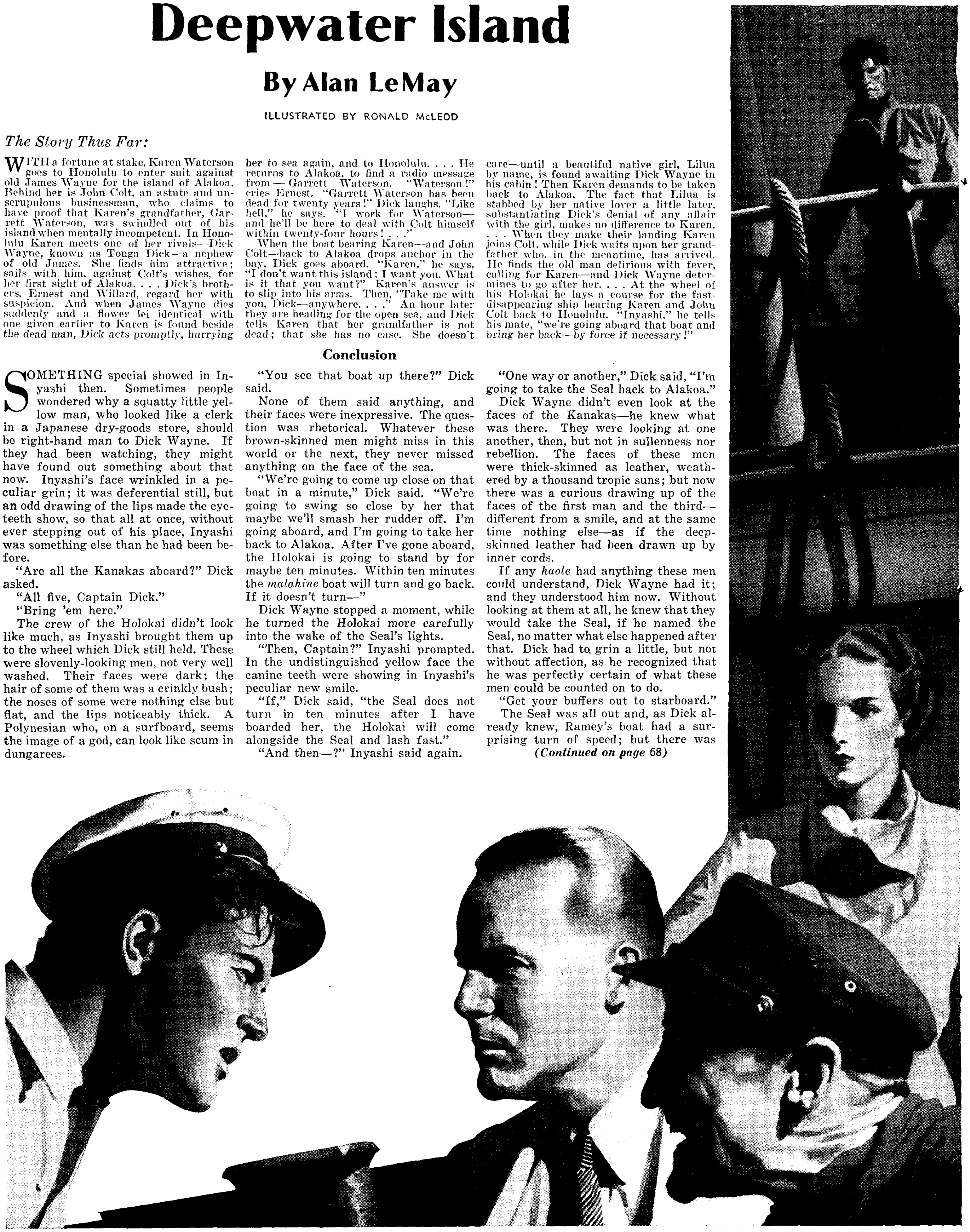
Dick Wayne didn't even look at the faces of the Kanakas—he knew what was there. They were looking at one another, then, but not in sullenness nor rebellion. The faces of these men were thick-skinned as leather, weathered by a thousand tropic suns; but now there was a curious drawing up of the faces of the first man and the third—different from a smile, and at the same time nothing else—as if the deep-skinned leather had been drawn up by inner cords.

If any *haole* had anything these men could understand, Dick Wayne had it; and they understood him now. Without looking at them at all, he knew that they would take the Seal, if he named the Seal, no matter what else happened after that. Dick had to grin a little, but not without affection, as he recognized that he was perfectly certain of what these men could be counted on to do.

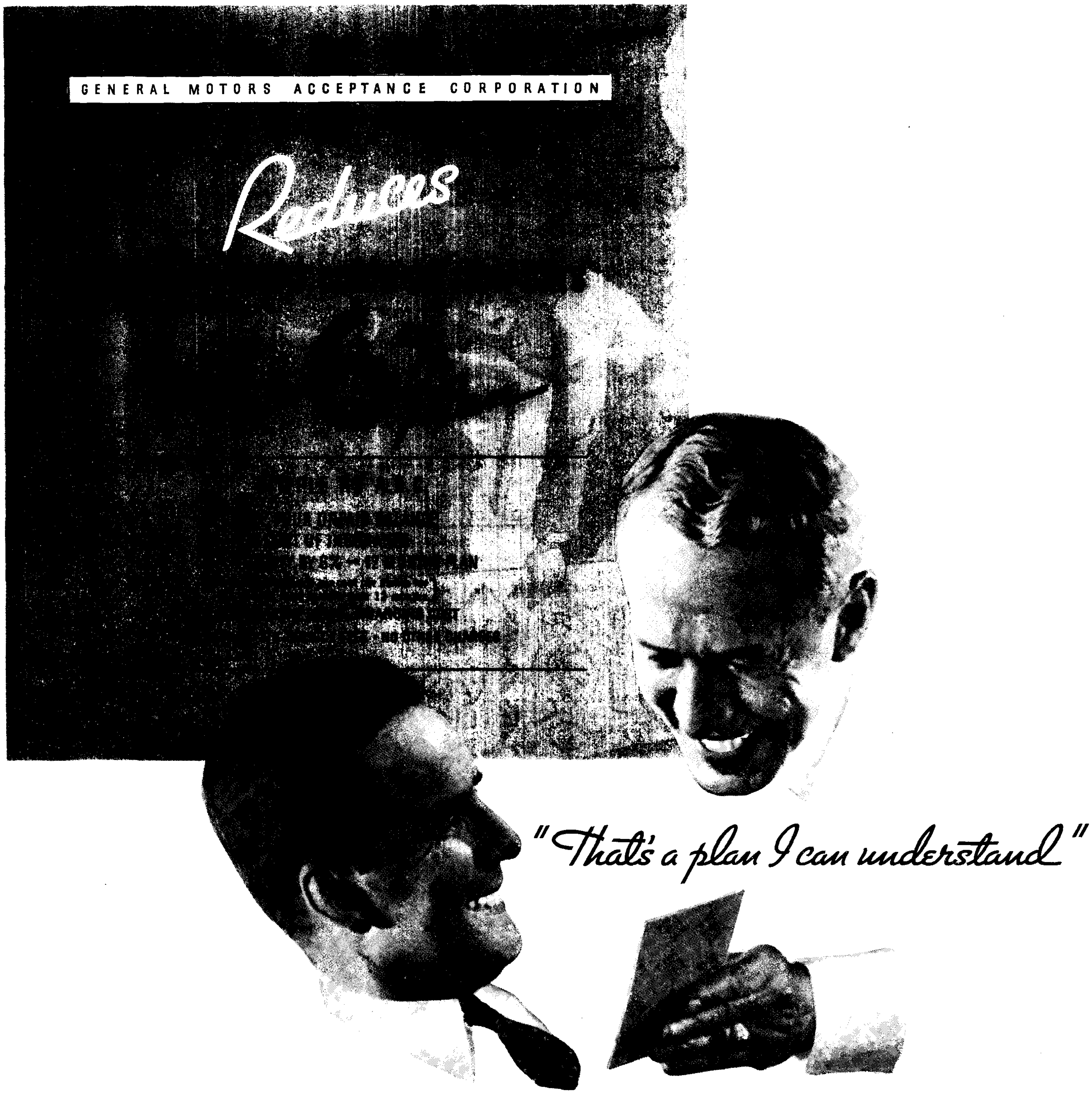
"Get your buffers out to starboard."

The Seal was all out and, as Dick already knew, Ramey's boat had a surprising turn of speed; but there was

(Continued on page 68)



"You have your choice," Dick said. "You can turn back, if you're willing to turn back"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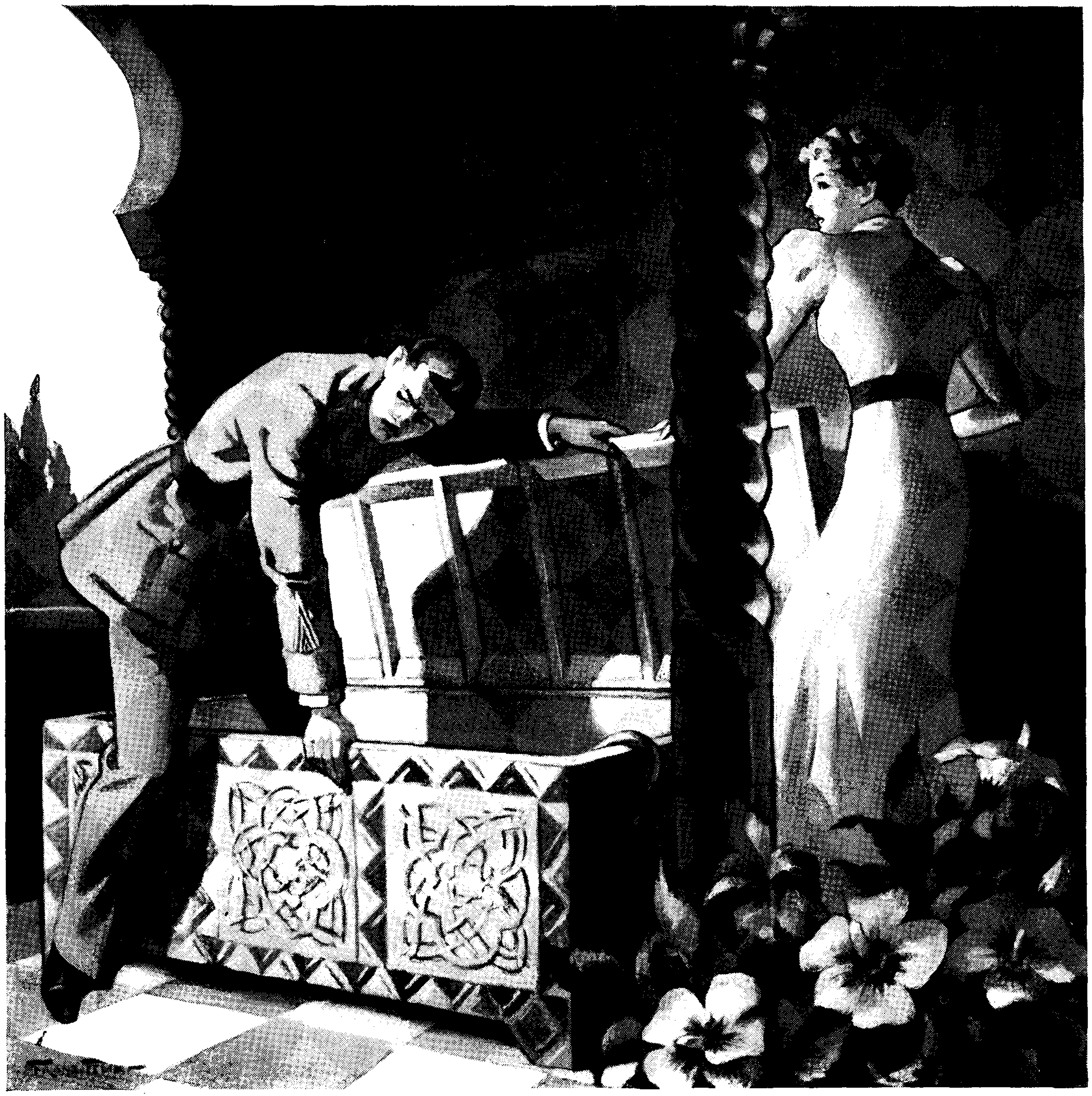
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ FELIX

The Chest

By Mary Hastings Bradley

Faithlessness betrays even the beautiful—a truth overlooked by many a lovely and luckless lady of the past. Ladies like Lili



He could not refuse her agony of appeal. Into the chest he went

IT WAS a chest large enough to hold a man. It had been created for that purpose by cunning Moorish artificers who, in carving the panels and intricately inlaying them with almond wood and mother-of-pearl in silver, had deftly arranged filigree openings through which a man might breathe.

It had been made, the story was, for the favorite wife of a certain old-fashioned pasha, and good use she made of it. One day the husband, grown suspicious, returned unexpectedly and ordered it opened. The key could not be found. The wife, indignant, swore by all her holies that there was no one in it and that she would never forgive the insult if her husband forced the lock. Thereupon he declared that he would act upon his belief in her word and had the chest taken out the water gate of the palace and dumped into the river. After a day or so it came to the surface and a fisherman towed it ashore and discovered its ghastly contents.

That was the story told by the silk-robed Arab in the little shop where the chest lay now for sale.

"*Quelle histoire!*" said Lili. She added, delightedly, "But that is amusing! I must have this chest. It would look well in the little pavilion in my garden."

Lili was very slight and very fair; her hair was dark and her eyes as green as peridot. At one side of her was her husband, a large and equable person, with eyes the color of clear coffee and hair turning the silver suitable to his years; at her other side was a young and handsome captain wearing a decoration for bravery.

He said amusedly, "One hears a thousand such stories. They are in books everywhere."

"But many must be true," said the husband. He had a slow, comical smile. "I am credulous—I confess I like to believe. And it is such a beautiful chest."

"Isn't it?" said his wife. "I may have it then? For the pavilion?"

"But yet it is an ominous chest," said the husband, more comically yet, eying the chest with exaggerated distaste. "An unlucky chest—a warning to husbands. Let us keep it out of our paradise."

Lili gave him an enchanting smile. "I want it," she declared. "It is a Moorish chest. It belongs in my pavilion."

De Brindeville shrugged. "I have no resistance when she is like that—! But he is asking a ridiculous price."

"Oh, the price!"

"Listen to her, Raoul—one would think she had been accustomed to the palace of Versailles." Only in such light words did he ever allude to the poverty of his wife's origin. "I suppose I must make what terms I can—she has let her eagerness be apparent. They know I am going to buy it for her. You see what it is to be *fou* about a woman. Certainly it is a handicap. I would commit any folly to please her—or to keep her. I suppose you do not understand that?"

Said the young man stiffly, "Even a bachelor has imagination."

The coffee-clear eyes rested thoughtfully on him, then passed slowly to the chest.

"Excellent," he murmured.

Lili was thrilling with the excitement born of danger and the command of danger. She knew that Raoul loved her to madness; she knew that she loved him. She knew that her husband was far from a fool, but she would dare much to keep Raoul attached to her.

HOW much she would dare she had never owned to herself or to Raoul, but now as she stood in that dim shop, looking at the big, commodious chest with its lovely length and accommodating airholes, it seemed to her that in acquiring it she was unquestioningly fulfilling some inner law of her being, which could now have its way with her.

She reflected that her maid, though not overly devoted to anyone but herself, was bold and keen-eyed and avid for finery.

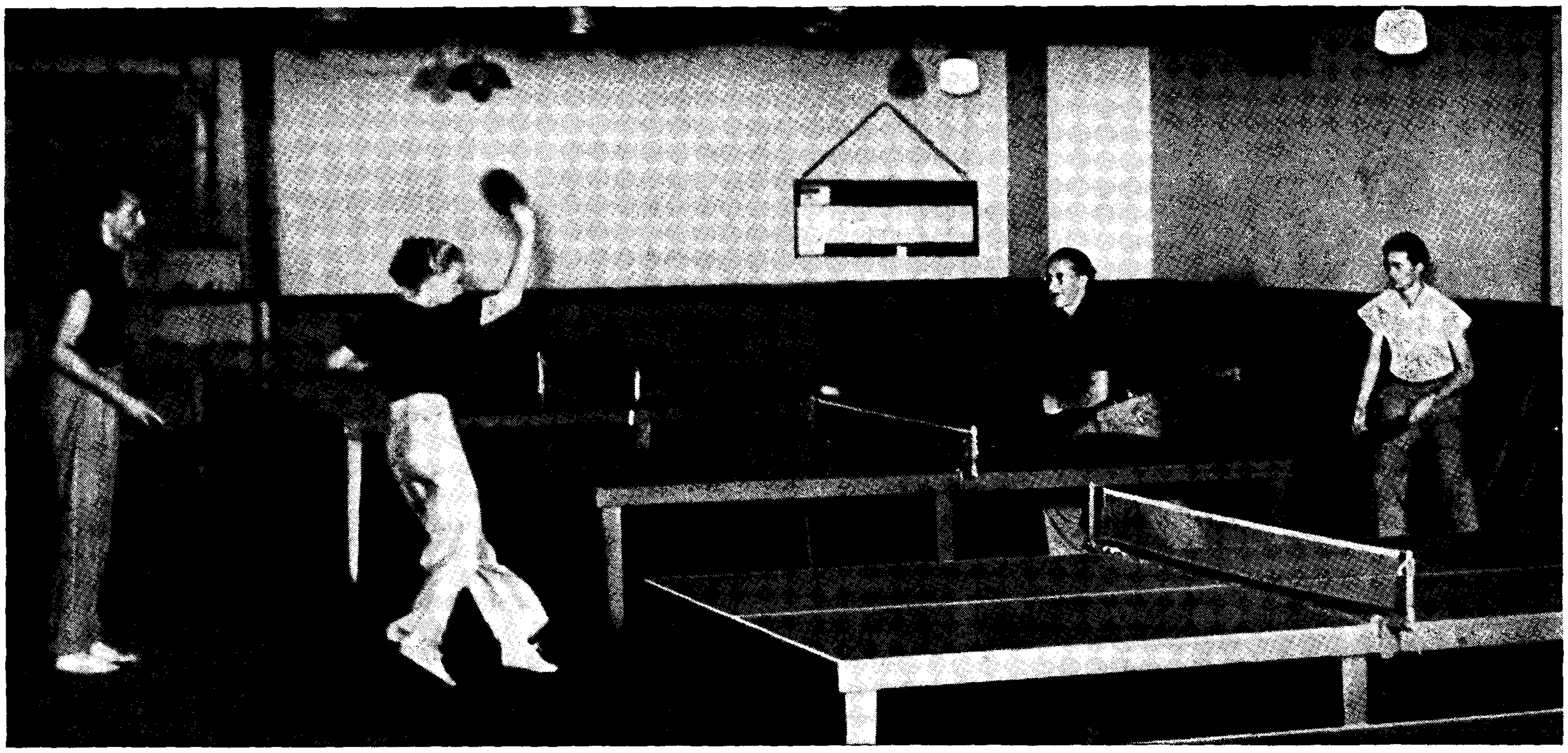
The chest was brought, the following afternoon, into the pavilion in the garden. It was an enchanting garden, a three-cornered bit of land, walled behind the villa, with one side open to the sea; a garden which embodied De Brindeville's almost Oriental idea of the seclusion desirable for his young wife when he was not with her. Orange trees bore globes of gold within it, lilies were white against the ilex, climbing roses and plumbago wreathed the arches of the pavilion with a fantasy of bloom. It was a still, high place, the sky above and the sky beyond, edging the unwalled rim of garden that jutted so dizzily over the sea.

When Lili stood on the brink of the open cliff and looked down into the swirl of water at the cliff's foot she shuddered. But in the days that followed she stood very often at the edge, always when from the pavilion she had seen a certain boat on the waves, and sometimes it happened that she waved a long, bright scarf at the occupant of the boat. There was a beach beyond the point where a boat might stay and up the cliff was a venturesome way, from ledge to ledge, that a young and reckless man might take—if he cared to run the risk.

Raoul Barcourt took it very often. His love for Lili was beyond his reason and the risk of the cliff as nothing to the risks they ran together in the garden. The quiet of the pavilion might enfold them with the illusion of security, but they both knew it was only an illusion, that always a watch must be kept. There were two ways into the garden, one from the grounds of the villa and another from a wing of the villa itself. When the young captain was in the pavilion the maid maintained a watch midway between those paths. At those times, for Lili, alone with her lover, the garden became the paradise that De Brindeville had often called it.

Then, on a day when she felt safest,

(*Continued on page 32*)



Stand Back and Swing

What has happened to [illegible]? The quiet pastime of invalids changed overnight into a game requiring the agility of a kangaroo and the [illegible] of a [illegible]. The champions, however, are still few

By Kyle Crichton

[illegible] U.S. [illegible] champions

PHOTOGRAPH BY
[illegible] THOMAS
[illegible] Staff
Photographer

THE trouble with all nice family games such as table tennis (ping-pong) is that just when the folks are getting good at pat-pat, a young man from the neighborhood comes in and starts hitting the ball as if he were shooting it from a trench mortar. There is still no law against having a table in the cellar and being just as terrible as you please, but if you start out in tournament play you'll find that the contestants are belaboring the little celluloid pellet with all the vigor of a man hacking a garter snake with a niblick. In short, very discouraging for the elderly people who had hoped that one game was to be left sacred.

The present United States champion is a young southpaw from New York named Abe Berenbaum. He won the title at Cleveland last year in a match lasting two hours and a half. The old way of playing table tennis was to stand up close and bunt it back as it came over. This is awful. The real players stand anywhere from five to ten feet away from the table and either drop the ball over the net with long chop shots or smash it a mile a minute toward the far opposite corners.

The experience of Mr. Robert V. Maleeny may be taken as typical. Mr. Maleeny works in Wall Street, which is located in New York City, and was of the opinion that table tennis was something slightly more masculine than tiddly winks. From here on, Mr. Maleeny himself: "Somebody in the office dragged me up to see a national table tennis championship and I got there just in time to see Schussheim, the former champion, fall through a door twenty feet away from the table. This seemed very inept of the gentleman and it was only later that I realized he had made a remarkable save. Still later I started playing the game and it was annoying and quite wearing to swing that paddle at balls which seemed to go past me like fireflies in the dark. I think I mean fireflies. I mean they just went on by while I waved."

America Looks On

But table tennis is not a great triumph for America. The champions come from Hungary, with Viktor Barna so far ahead of all his rivals that there is little competition. Barna and his teammate Sandor Glancz were over here last season and mopped up on our boys. But the first eye-opener came in 1933 when the American champion, Mark Schussheim, went abroad to show them how the native stock was faring. Mr. Schussheim got the beating of his life. The crowning insult was when a woman player spotted him ten points (twenty-one is what wins a game) and licked the living by-heck out of him. When he got back he had things to tell his pals. They had been using the driving game before this but it was apparent that, compared with European standards, the American experts were in the primary stages.

"Gentlemen," began Mr. Schussheim in agonized tones and then broke down, overcome by the terrible thing that had happened to him. Conditions have been steadily getting better since.

To be strictly historical, table tennis started in India sometime before 1900. Like most pastimes, it was the outcome of boredom. English officers, tired of tinkling their drinks on the veranda before dinner, made a ball out of a wad of assorted feathers packed tightly in a woven cloth cover and began batting it around with hollow vellum rackets. They stacked books across the library table to serve as a net and made indoor tennis of the thing. The imprint of that original emphasis was so lasting that the game was still being played in tennis terms (love-fifteen and all that nonsense) up until 1929.

In the early period, the game was all pat-pat, but because the old shuttlecock was heavy the players learned to drive it. This went on until the celluloid ball was generally adopted, necessitating a change in tactics. The next innovation was the bat, which up to that time had been a plain wooden paddle. It was in 1902 in London that a man named Good walked into an apothecary shop to get a headache powder and came away with the rubber mat on which the druggist counted out the change. He glued the rubber mat to the smooth wooden paddle and proceeded to make himself champion of England, spinning the ball past the old masters with the utmost aplomb. Since Mr. Good had hitherto had difficulty in beating anybody but his younger daughter, Margaret, it was immediately realized that he had discovered something excellent in the rubber-faced bat and it became standard equipment.

What makes Viktor Barna, the young Hungarian, the best player in the world is his amazing accuracy, but, even more, his generalship. He plays almost entirely off his backhand and is the possessor of a shot, the flick shot, which is so devastating that all the stars in America are giving their spare moments to perfecting it. Barna maneuvers his opponent around the table until he has him completely out of position. It is simple then to turn an angled shot in the opposite direction. But the flick shot is something else. It is a shot which makes a monkey of the chop shot, which has become such a favorite among American players and such a bore to all spectators.

When they chop at Barna, he gives them the flick. It is a backhand which takes the chop on the rise before it has time to twist and pokes it back at the sender so sharply that he looks silly when it passes him. Because it gets the chop before it breaks, the flick has both the advantage of the original twist and the speed Barna gives it.

The Champ of Champs

Barna's accuracy is so uncanny that he can place shots all around a dime placed on the other side of the net and finally hit it squarely when he is tired of the trick. Sol Schiff, red-headed southpaw who was American champion in 1934, made the mistake of becoming a trifle cocky in his match against Barna's teammate Glancz in New York last winter. When Barna got round to him he was in a competitive mood. He slaughtered Schiff. Barna's only defeat in three years was at the hands of Finberg of Latvia in London during the Swathling Cup matches last year. America, represented by Schiff and

(Continued on page 36)

The Chest

Continued from page 30

when her husband had left for a yachting trip over the week end and the garden seemed a very Eden for the lovers, the maid came, quick-breathed, into the pavilion, to say that De Brindeville had suddenly returned to the villa. In that moment Lili knew that she had always counted on the chest.

"Quick, Raoul—hide in it!" she besought. She waved the maid back toward the house, then raised the lid. "Hide here!"

He hated the ignominy; his impulse was to face the husband, to tear his Lili from her prison and dash with her into the oblivion that such dashing would produce, but he could not refuse her agony of appeal. He would have hidden in hell rather than compromise her, so into the chest he went and she lowered the lid and turned the key and hid it in her dress. Then she started along the path to the house.

Her husband was not on it. In the villa she learned that he had gone into the garden, so back she went to the pavilion. It appeared untenanted save for that invisible occupant of the chest, but as she stood there, uncertain, she heard steps coming on the other path. Instantly she sank into a chair, picking up a book, from which she raised her eyes as carelessly as she could, when De Brindeville appeared.

She could not see that he looked either suspicious or unsuspicious. She said, "Marie said you were here. I went along the path, then came back."

COMPOSEDLY he kissed her hand. "A charming attention, my dear. I made a slight circle of the garden."

"But why did you return?" she inquired, because not to inquire would have been strange. "You were going on the yacht."

"So I was, my dear. But it was a stupid trip—since you have not the taste for yachting."

"But you are so fond of it."

"And so I am. But what matter if a little is lost so one does not lose the greater—the pleasure of your society?"

She smiled, but not with too much softness, for softness was not her way.

He asked, "You are glad to see me back?"

"But of course." Her smile deepened. It was not her way, either, to be aloof or difficult; she was always pliant and pleasant.

"With me," he observed, almost apologetically, "your society has become a passion, and when one has not many years left why deprive oneself of the truest joy? Youth can wait—youth has an infinite expectancy—but when one is old one does not deny oneself a moment."

"You are a philosopher," she said.

"Something of one," he acknowledged negligently. "But I am original. I arrange—that my system shall come to pass."

"What do you mean?"

"What should I mean? Have I not arranged our life together—this garden, this beauty? It did not come by itself. And our marriage—"

"That is true," she interrupted nervously. "You have done much."

"But have I done well? You love it here—this isolation? You are not lonely?"

"Lonely!" She managed a surprise. "Why should I be? You are seldom absent—"

"And when I am gone you have your thoughts of me—yes? You are not one with whom to be out of sight is to be out of mind?"

"You are never out of my mind," she said a little dryly.

"Nor out of your heart?"

"You are sentimental today, Rudolphe."

She tried to say it lightly but her lips were stiffening.

His eyes were on her, intent, speculative, full of an odd, lambent brightness. It was as though a light were shining through coffee-colored glass.

"I am always sentimental about you, Lili," he said very quietly. "I am an old man—with an old man's fancies. Perhaps an old man's distrust. I imagine things."

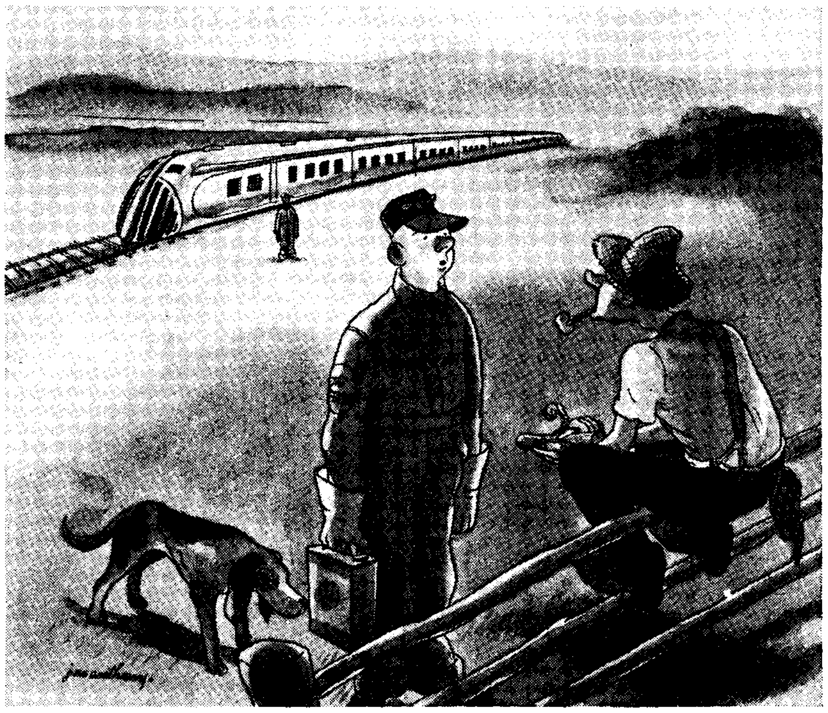
"Nothing wrong of me, I hope?" she said boldly.

HE MADE a mild gesture with his big hands. "Of you. Of everyone. The world whispers—it is full of whisperers. I may think they lie, but one needs reassurance. One needs the presence of the beloved, her words—I am waiting for your words, Lili."

"What words? What do you want me to tell you?"

"That you love me. That you love me alone. That you are incapable of deceiving me."

She lifted her chin and looked at him, her eyes a steady brightness under her long lashes. "I love you, Rudolphe. I love you alone. I am incapable of deceiving you."



"You haven't any gasoline handy, have you?" J. M. ANTHONY

She broke off into a laugh. "What nonsense! As if such a thing could enter my head! Or yours." She grew braver. "I dislike even the sound of the words."

"So do I. Let us forget them." He smiled easily. "It is the chest, I think, which put it into my mind," he said, and her heart stood still in her breast.

"That old Moorish chest with its horror of a history. The chest which the husband flung into the water. That chest for which you had a fancy. . . . I forget what you keep in it, my dear?"

A coil was tightening about her stilled heart. A cold, paralyzing coil like the tightening of a serpent. It was all that she could do to say briefly, "Books—"

"Let us open the thing and see how commodious it is."

Her freezing lips smiled. "Like the lady in the story, I have mislaid the key."

He glanced at the chest. "That lock is difficult to force."

"Oh, I would not have it touched! The wood is too lovely to have scratched. The key will be found. It can be opened any day."

His glance continued to dwell upon it, in slow speculation. Then he looked at her and she saw there was something very definite in his eyes. "I hate the thing," he said slowly. "Let us be rid of it."

"I will do so. Tomorrow."

"Today. It reminds me of things—it suggests too much. I know I am a fool with whims, but let us gratify them."

"By all means," she cried vivaciously. "But why bother about the poor chest now? We will have it taken away tomorrow. Now let us have some tea and a game of cards—"

"I am not in the mood. Something weighs upon me. I think it is the chest. Let us have it carried away."

"But where would you put it? It is all right there—until tomorrow. Forget the chest—"

"That is precisely what I cannot do, my little Lili." There was a change in his voice. "It disturbs me. Let us have done with it."

"What do you want done?" she said desperately.

"I should like to hurl it over the cliff. Into the water. To stay this time. A whim. But why not?"

HIS voice was confessedly amused. But his eyes never left her.

"Why not, indeed?" she said, laughing a little. She perceived that the end of everything was upon her and the extremity of her plight gave her courage. She must choose—if, indeed, she had a choice left.

"You consent, then?" His voice was curiously intent.

"Why not? If that is your whim. The chest was amusing—it seems a pity to destroy a thing of beauty—but if you have a notion to hurl chests over cliffs—!"

She laughed again, more easily. "How are you going to do it?"

"Orson," he called. The chauffeur, who must have been standing at a distance, waiting some call, approached. "Get the gardener, Orson, and bring him here."

They were silent till the two men came up. "I am tired of this chest," said De Brindeville. "You men take hold of it and heave it over the cliff."

"Into the water?" asked the gardener.

"But naturally, imbecile. Where else is it to go?"

"It is heavy," said the gardener, grunting, as they lifted it.

"It is full of books," said De Brindeville.

The gardener and the chauffeur, puffing, put their muscles to the strain, and with the chest between them took the few necessary steps to the edge of the cliff. There they paused and cast their eyes back on the master as if waiting further word.

De Brindeville was sitting, his head thrust forward, a pleased, half-incredulous smile on his face, watching the woman. She sat, frozen, incapable of doing more than look down at the hands in her lap. Presently, in the pause, she understood that she must lift her head and look up, interestedly. She must even say something. So she said, lightly, "Silly!"

"What are you waiting for?" said her husband to the two men.

They heaved; they thrust; the chest toppled forward out of sight. They craned forward, looking down. "There she goes," said the gardener. The chauffeur whistled under his breath, rubbing his red hands. The chest had been heavy.

"That is all," said De Brindeville. They went away. He stretched back in his chair and looked again at the woman sitting so quietly opposite him.

"A bad dream, my Lili."

"I hope you feel better," she said, rallying. He must understand that she understood his suspicions and was amused.

"Women are marvelous!" he murmured. "One might expect you to cry out—you seemed to care so for the thing. But when it is your husband's will—not a word! Ah, I knew you would be like that. In fact, I wagered on it—I wagered you would not oppose me. The captain lost. . . . Are you convinced now, Captain?" he said, raising his voice.

FROM a niche, where a small faun was hidden by a mass of bougainvilleas, there stepped a most erect young figure. The Captain Barcourt came slowly forward and stood stiffly before them both.

Lili kept herself from a cry. She stared at the face which would not turn to her.

"I met the captain as I came—he must have been shown in by one gate as I came in another," said the husband suavely. "And upon seeing the chest our conversation ran to your fancy for it, and I insisted that, despite that fancy, you would permit it to be thrown away at a word from me—without a protest. The captain did not believe in the existence of such wifely devotion. . . . I trust you are converted, Captain?"

The young man bowed a stiff bow from the waist. "Completely. . . . May I be permitted now to withdraw and not further interfere in the reunion of so devoted a wife and husband?"

"It is what I should have expected of your delicacy," said De Brindeville.

Lili looked after the young man. Her eyes, green as peridot, were intent with the understanding suddenly vouchsafed her. She knew now that her husband had reached the pavilion before her, that he possessed another key. . . .

For a moment her understanding faltered, so hard was the grip of the pain that held her. She had courage; she had told herself that she could bear the loss, could live on in a world in which Raoul was not—but how could she live on in a world in which he was but was not for her?

"I couldn't believe my eyes!"

Says GRAHAM McNAMEE

"Why, I found men and machines doing things that CAN'T *be done!"*

A Broadcast in Print by Graham McNamee

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA. How do you do, ladies and gentlemen? In the last twelve years I've traveled more than 500,000 miles. So it takes something out of the ordinary to surprise me. But surprised I was . . . when I went through this Hammermill plant today.

I found men and machines doing things that "can't be done." Imagine a steaming kettle four stories high . . . cooking wood into pulp, with the temperature controlled *within a fraction of a degree!*

Think of being able to decide *in advance* how much moisture to put into a five-mile roll of paper . . . and then secure that amount of moisture in *every foot* . . . within a tenth of one per cent!

Now, picture a third of a million pounds of paper a day . . . handled with this precision in every step of its manufacture . . . and you can appreciate why every sheet of Hammermill Bond not only *looks* the same, but *is* the same.

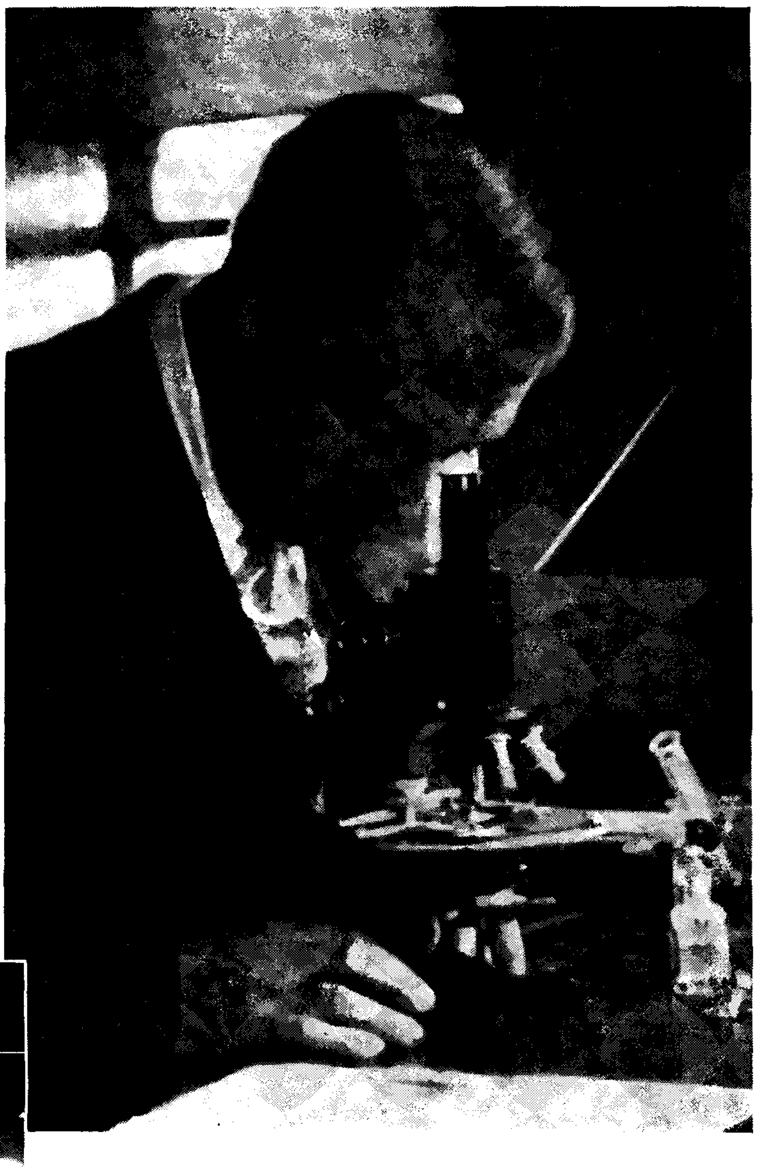
How is it all done? Here's how it struck me: You know, prize fights are won, football games are won, races are won . . . by months of training in advance.

And Hammermill Bond is the winner in its field because of that very training . . . the technical control over every process.

Why, those roaring paper machines, those guillotines that cut ten million sheets of paper a day . . . those more-than-human control devices . . . they are in there winning the fight for Hammermill *at the point of action.*

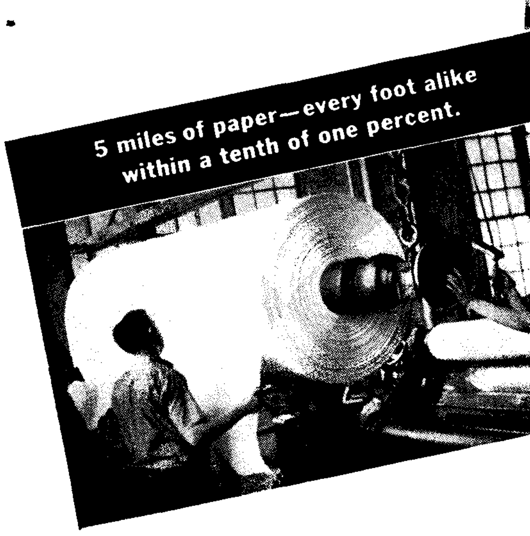
One look at sales records shows that Hammermill Bond leads its field.

But back of it all . . . back of each process, each improvement . . . have been months and years of patient testing and research by Hammermill scientists and technical men. They find the ways to do the things that "can't be done."



High-speed, spinning discs . . . one test for whiteness.

Stretching paper until it breaks.



5 miles of paper—every foot alike within a tenth of one percent.

Thank you, Graham. We have just one thing to add: This laboratory control you speak about works two ways. First, it maintains the high standard in every sheet of Hammermill Bond. And second, it makes possible improvements year after year. So when you buy Hammermill Bond you know you're getting the newest development in paper—every sheet is identical. Hammermill Bond is available through printers everywhere in white and thirteen colors, envelopes to match, from wholesale stocks of paper merchants in 101 cities.

HAMMERMILL BOND

LOOK FOR THIS WATERMARK . . . IT IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

FREE TO PAPER BUYERS. Send for new sample book of Hammermill Bond . . . a convenient desk reference manual showing colors, finishes, envelopes to match—in actual samples you can see and feel. We'll send you also "Safeguarding Uniformity," showing laboratory tests that insure Hammermill quality. Free if you attach coupon at right to your business letterhead.

Safeguarding Uniformity

Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me FREE your Hammermill Bond Sample Book and the story of the Hammermill tests "Safeguarding Uniformity."

Name____________________

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Please attach to your business letterhead

A SMART PLACE TO PUT

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

Valve-in-head Straight-Eight Engine, *gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression*

Anolite Pistons, *durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter, increase bearing life 150%*

Sealed Chassis, *keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion*

Luxurious "Turret Top" Body by Fisher, *with No-Draft Ventilation—the smartest, safest, strongest body built*

Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes, *giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures*

Knee-Action Comfort and Safety, *the true gliding ride*

Torque-Tube Drive, *for steadier, more stable roadability*

Automatic Starting, Spark and Heat Control, *for convenience, efficiency, economy*

Built-in Luggage Compartments, *with ample capacity for necessary luggage*

Ride Stabilizer, *for elimination of side-sway at speed or on curves*

A FEW EXTRA DOLLARS!

THE difference in first-cost between the lowest-priced cars and the sensational new Buick Special is relatively small.

Spread over time payments the difference amounts to little more than two or three dollars a week.

And when you match that small difference against the pleasure and usefulness and satisfaction you'll get from this great car, we're certain you'll say it is the finest investment you ever made.

You get in the brilliant Buick Special a car engineered to a new dimension in luxurious long-time economical service to the owner.

You get a car that benefits from the facilities not only of the largest single self-contained motor car factory in the world, but also from the scientific, technical and engineering resources of General Motors.

You get the dazzling smartness and safety and comfort of the world-famed Turret Top Body by Fisher, and you know what that means.

You get a car of phenomenal performance that stays dependable and smooth and quiet long after the "first youth" of many cars has spun under the wheels.

Buick gives you in the spirited Special a 93-horsepower valve-in-head straight-eight engine that even competitive engineers admit is 10% abler, size for size, than other types.

Buick offsets the surging power of that engine with perfected tiptoe-pressure hydraulic brakes.

Buick gives you the gliding ride of Knee-Action — one-finger steering ease with full stability — all-day-long effortless travel — fat gas and oil mileages.

Buick gives you a durable solidity in every part that is the very essence of dependability and safety.

These are only highlights of the stunning, rugged, flashing-action car that costs so little more; it takes a ride to tell you the full story.

So come enjoy that ride as our guest — in the car that is the ideal "step up" to the realm of modern first-class travel.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM
A 28 170

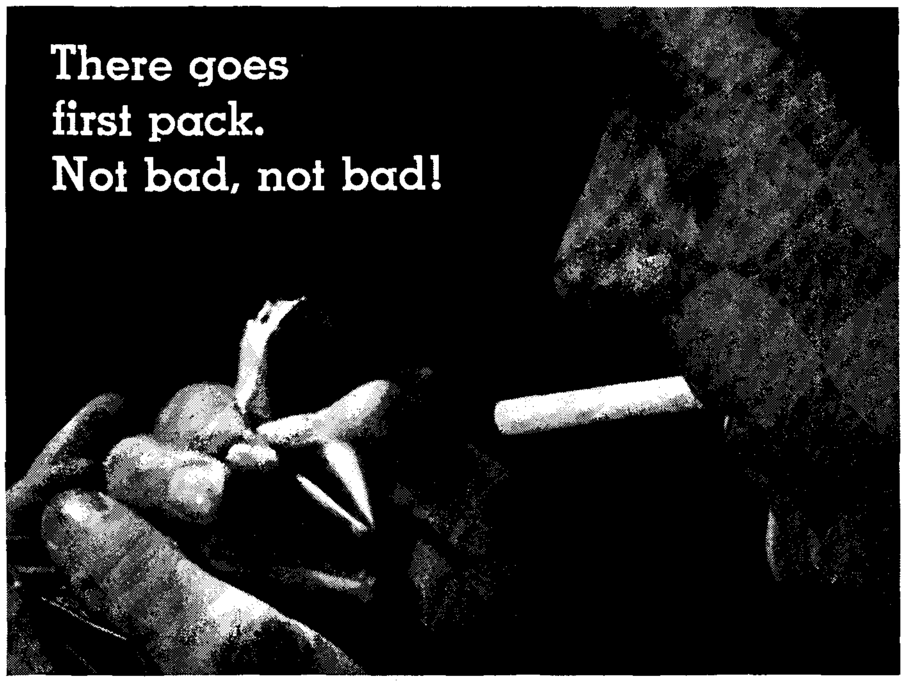
The list price of the Buick SPECIAL Series 40 four-door Sedan pictured here is $885 at Flint, Michigan

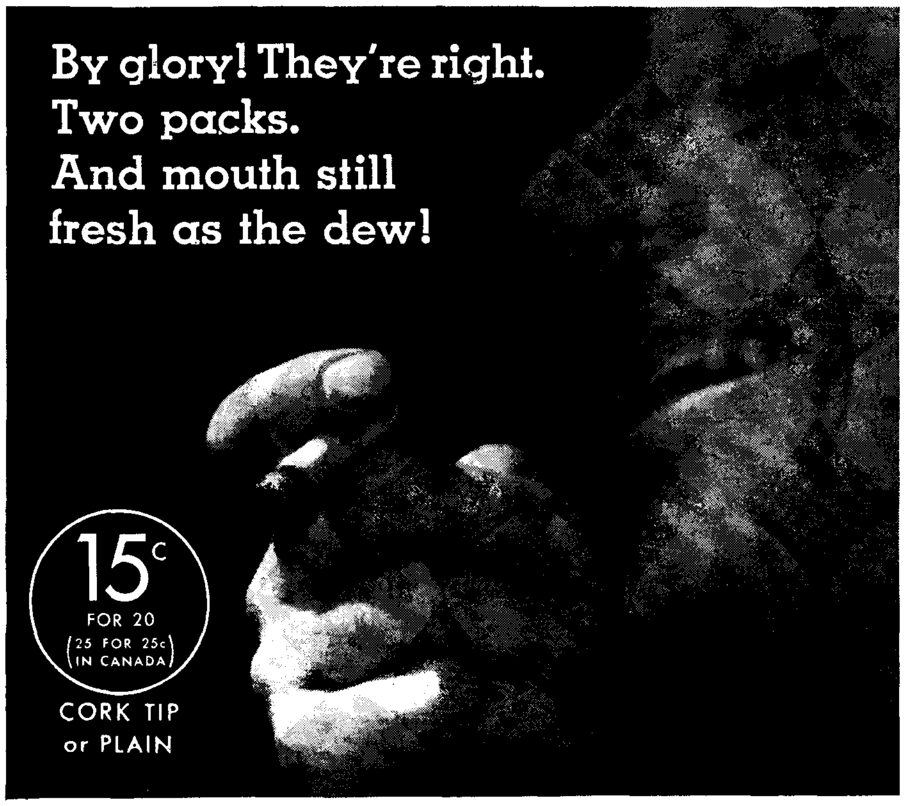
List prices for the new series Buicks start at $765 *at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment. Convenient GMAC time payment plan.*

Buick 8

FIRST OF THE GENERAL MOTORS CARS

Wonder what about this "fresh mouth" business?
Spud
Menthol Co
CIGARE


There goes first pack. Not bad, not bad!


By glory! They're right. Two packs. And mouth still fresh as the dew!
15c FOR 20 (25 FOR 25c IN CANADA)
CORK TIP or PLAIN

It's more than mere menthol. Spud has a secret process that takes the bad manners out of fragrant tobacco.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Stand Back and Swing

Continued from page 31

Jimmy McClure of Indianapolis, finished twelfth among eighteen nations.

McClure is the crowd pleaser among the better players. After a losing game or a particularly bad shot, he takes another roll in his trousers, the suggestion being that if he wasn't disturbed by the hang of the things he would be invincible. By the end of three losing sets, he looks as if he were playing in kilts.

The prima donna of the sport is Max Rushakoff, of Chicago, who has the same effect upon a table tennis audience as Leo Durocher has upon opposing baseball teams. It is Mr. Rushakoff's habit to stop in the middle of furious proceedings to run a comb leisurely through his locks or to untie his shoe laces and tie them up again in more compact fashion. After several repetitions of this, there is general agreement among the spectators that it would be pleasant if one of the drives by Mr. Rushakoff's opponent should knock Mr. Rushakoff through a twenty-story window, but nothing of the kind ever happens, because Mr. Rushakoff is very excellent at the game and invariably among the last eight at national tournaments.

Competition Was Limited

The game started as a home amusement, with the ladies wearing bustles and huge coiffures suggesting the presence of rats, poking the ball demurely across the net at gentlemen garbed in gates-ajar collars and shiny shirt fronts. There were spurts of the sport abroad in which it gained some general popularity but they were short-lived and up to 1920 the game in this country was confined to Y. M. C. A.'s and the homes of the genteel.

Cedric Major was accounted the best player in the country at that time. He was playing at the Brooklyn Casino and competition was limited. Among the players he defeated was George Whiteman of Boston, who felt so keenly about it that he looked around for a player capable of knocking Major off. Finally he found him and issued a challenge.

"I have a young man up here named Smith who can bat the ears off you," wrote Mr. Whiteman. "He can bat the ears off you to the tune of $2,000, which we will post at any time you say the word, the match to be played wherever you like."

The match was played at the Cavendish Club in New York and the mysterious Mr. Smith, who turned out to be a young man from Princeton who was actually named Smith, did just that very thing to Mr. Major. It was an event of some importance and it was felt that ping-pong (table tennis) was at last to have its chance. It began petering out again, however, almost immediately and it was not until 1929 that it took on any real tournament life.

This is as good a time as any to clear up the matter of ping-pong *vs.* table tennis, which fight was carried on for years. Since ping-pong was the trade-marked name of the equipment, it was felt by various elements that the game could never progress while it restricted itself in that manner. As a result there were a Ping-pong Association and a Table Tennis Association in all parts of the world. Table tennis won the battle earlier in Europe and has now won it in this country.

The most startling development after Mr. Good's discovery of the rubber mat was the trick serves, which began in Chicago about five years ago and threatened to drive everybody insane. Whether they were discovered by Bill Condy is a matter of dispute, but it is certain that he brought them to their highest state of development. The trick—or finger—services consisted in flipping the ball onto the bat with a twist of the fingers and thence onto the table and over the net. If done properly, the ball on reaching the opponent's court would either skitter off at an abrupt angle, pop back over the net or crawl up the gentleman's arm.

The Table Tennis Association barred trick serves from the start but they created havoc in the National Ping-pong tournaments.

"The fellow who got the last five serves (they come in groups of five) had you on the hip," says Sidney Biddell, who was a ping-ponger and is now a valiant table tenniser. "He'd simply twirl that thing over at you and you might as well hang your paddle up on a nail in the dressing-room. There wasn't any chance of returning the ball at all."

Women players in America are dominated by Ruth Hughes Aarons, who occupies the same position as was formerly held in tennis by Helen Wills Moody. She has never lost a tournament match and is considered by the visiting Hungarian to belong among the best five women players in the world.

New York has the largest number of ranking players but St. Louis is a close second, with Schlude, Richard Tindall & Robert Blattner ranked among the first ten in the country, with Price and Nix close up.

George Hendry, the thirteen-year-old St. Louis sensation, is national boys' champion and high hopes are held for his future.

What the future will be depends upon the type of game played. In the international tournament last year in London, Haguenauer, French champion, and Kohn, Austrian champion, rallied for twenty minutes for one point, the ball crossing the net 1,590 times. In an earlier rally the ball crossed the net 950 times. They consumed two hours' time and the patience of everybody in that section of England. "Needless to say," commented the London Mail, with typical British reticence, "table tennis would be dead in a week if such long rallies were frequent."

Schiff, the Smasher

The American defensive style, using the monotonous chop shot, is almost as deadly and it was a godsend when Barna came along with his flick shot and massacred the local boys. Schiff, the skinny southpaw, is a smasher and one of the most interesting players to watch. He monkeys around a while until he gets one he likes and then kills it, bringing his left hand around with a terrific wallop and denting the far corners as accurately as if he were shooting with a rifle.

Table tennis fans are always gratified at hearing about the middleweight boxing champion who took up ping-pong for exercise, played a hard five-set match in the finals of a local tournament and then declared he was through with the game.

"Well, it's about time," cried his manager. "What do you want to fool around with a sissy game like that for?"

"Sissy," said the fighter with his last breath. "Listen, do you want to carry me back to the dressing-room or should I die right here at your feet?"

We're too old to learn how to hurry

SURE—we're old-fashioned. We admit it. In fact, we're proud of it. And we believe the millions who like our whiskey are glad of it, too.

For we're old-fashioned for a very good reason. You see, we've been in business for a long, long time—*through four straight generations.*

During that time we've experimented with about every distilling and ageing method known to man. In our laboratory—the first ever established by an American distiller—we've put countless schemes and short-cuts to the acid test. And we've always come back to this basic belief: —*To make fine old-fashioned American whiskey* (*and that's the only kind of whiskey we're interested in*), *you've got to stick to the old ways of doing things.* You've got to let Time and Nature take their course.

That's why all our whiskey is distilled by the *old-fashioned method* of letting the grain ferment naturally. This takes one-third longer in time. And it takes nearly an extra pint of grain to produce every quart of liquor. But the whiskey that results is worth the extra cost—worth it in rich, full body, in mellow, hearty flavor.

When it comes to ageing the whiskey, we again stick to the only two things we know of that will produce the mellow softness and honey-smoothness that we feel sure whiskey-drinkers want. *Those two things are charred oak barrels and summer heat.*

To let the charred oak work its magic better, we put our whiskey in half barrels, which nearly doubles the contact with the oak. And to give the liquor the full advantage of summer heat, we keep our warehouses at mid-July temperature every day in the year. *We make every season do the work of summer.*

That's why we urge you to compare any Frankfort whiskey with any other whiskey near it in price. We are confident of the result.

You will find Frankfort whiskies—four of the most popular are listed below—on sale at all reputable liquor stores, and featured at the better hotels, restaurants and bars.

Frankfort Distilleries

LOUISVILLE ★ BALTIMORE

Makers of these fine *American* whiskies

FOUR ROSES
Compare it with any other whiskey of any age or price

★

PAUL JONES
Since 1865—the American whiskey for the American taste

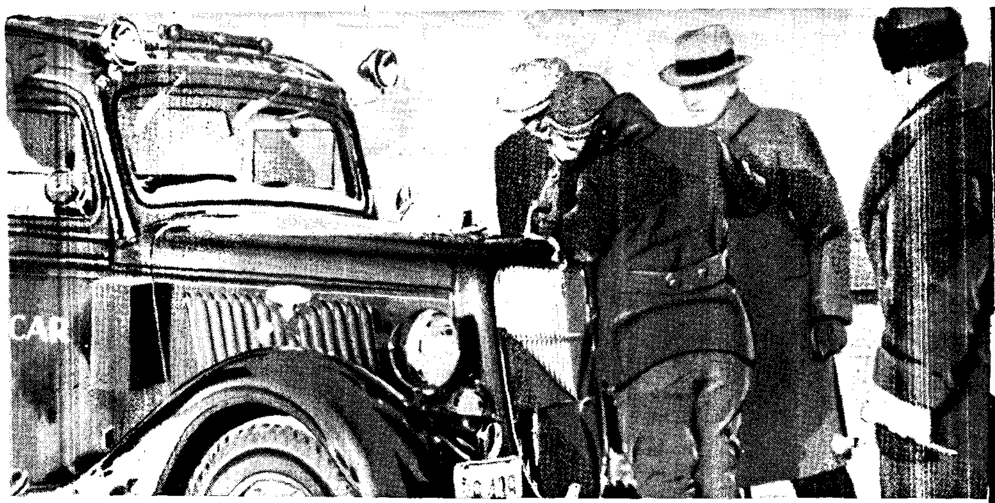
★

OLD OSCAR PEPPER
An old-fashioned whiskey at an old-fashioned price

★

MATTINGLY & MOORE
The highest quality whiskey ever sold at so low a price

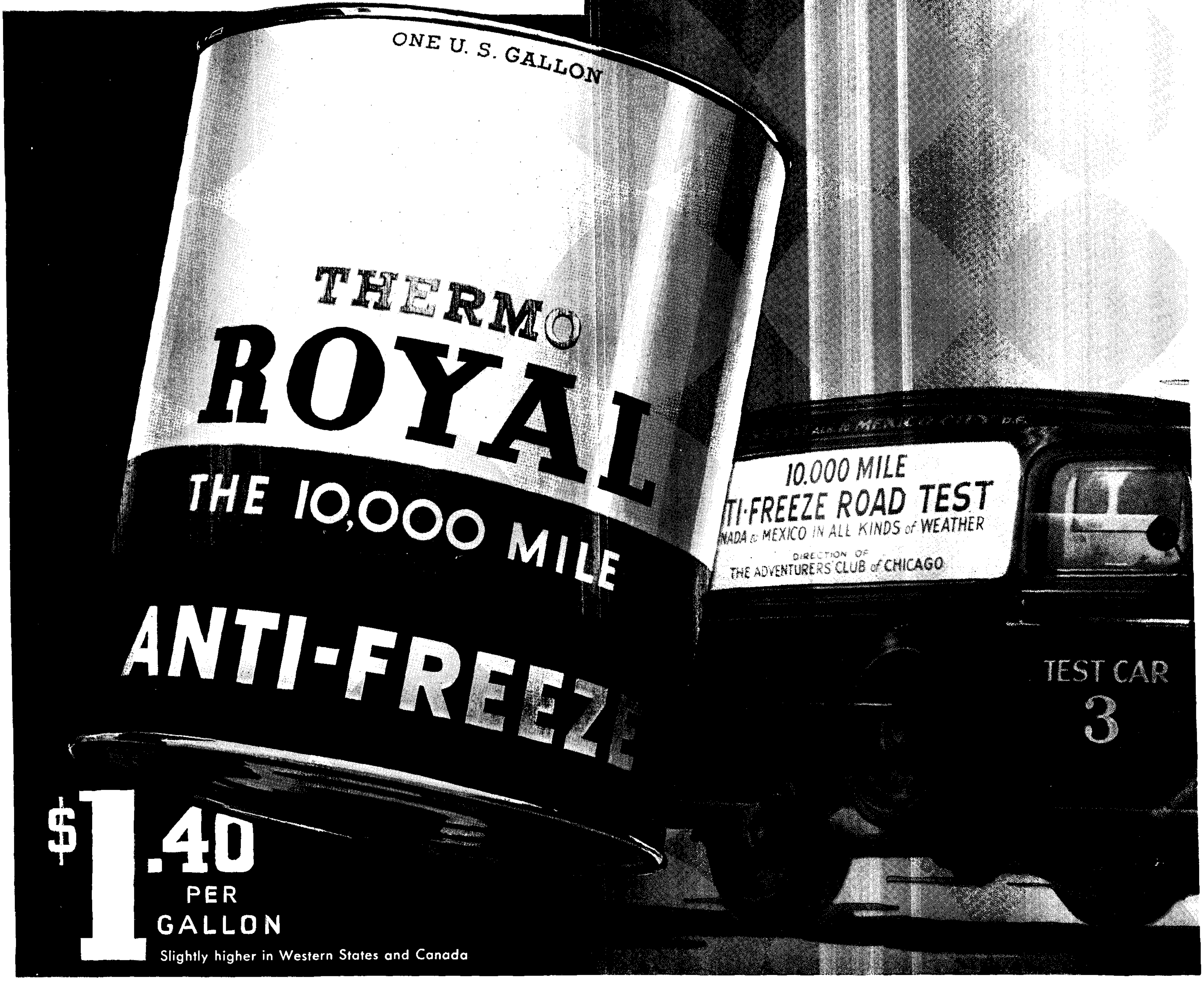
[*ALL BLENDS OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—AND THAT MEANS* ALL *WHISKEY!*]



THE START: Medicine Hat, Alberta. January 12, 1935. Radiator of Test Car 3 is filled with solution of THERMO ROYAL to protect to 60° below zero as Weatherman Charles Pickering and Chief Constable James Taylor look on.

Radiator being padlocked by Chief Constable Taylor. (Key was mailed to Divisional Superintendent, Pan-American Airways, Mexico City.)

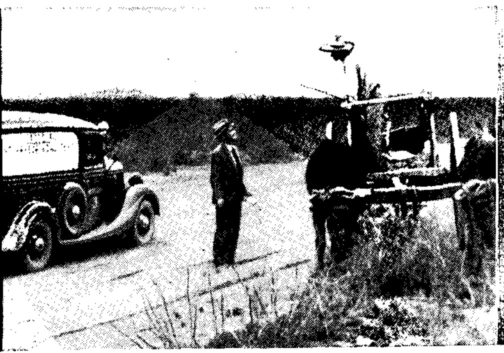
Test Car 3 bogs down in first snowdrift outside of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.


ONE U. S. GALLON
THERMO
ROYAL
THE 10,000 MILE
ANTI-FREEZE
MEXICO CITY D.F.
10,000 MILE
TI-FREEZE ROAD TEST
NADA to MEXICO IN ALL KINDS of WEATHER
DIRECTION OF
THE ADVENTURERS' CLUB of CHICAGO
TEST CAR
3

$1.40 PER GALLON

Slightly higher in Western States and Canada

In the back lands of Mexico. Roads are hard on car, men and radiator solution.

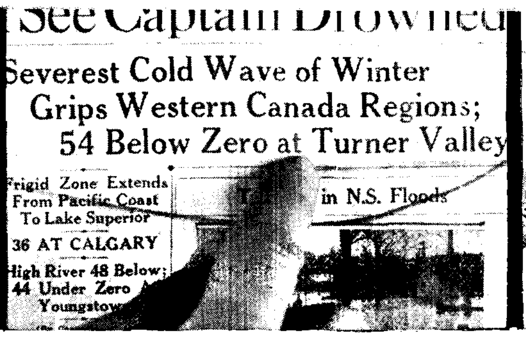


Asking the way. The Mexican says, "You just keep on going 'til you get there."

Pounding through the chilly night on a mountain road near San Luis Potosi.

A burro train pulls aside to let Test Car 3 wriggle by.

rs of the Test Crew looking for
ely road to "colder weather".



See Captain Drowned

Severest Cold Wave of Winter
Grips Western Canada Regions;
54 Below Zero at Turner Valley

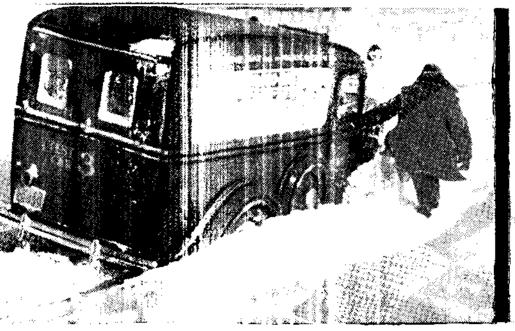
rigid Zone Extends
From Pacific Coast
To Lake Superior

36 AT CALGARY

igh River 48 Below;
44 Under Zero
Youngstow

in N.S. Floods

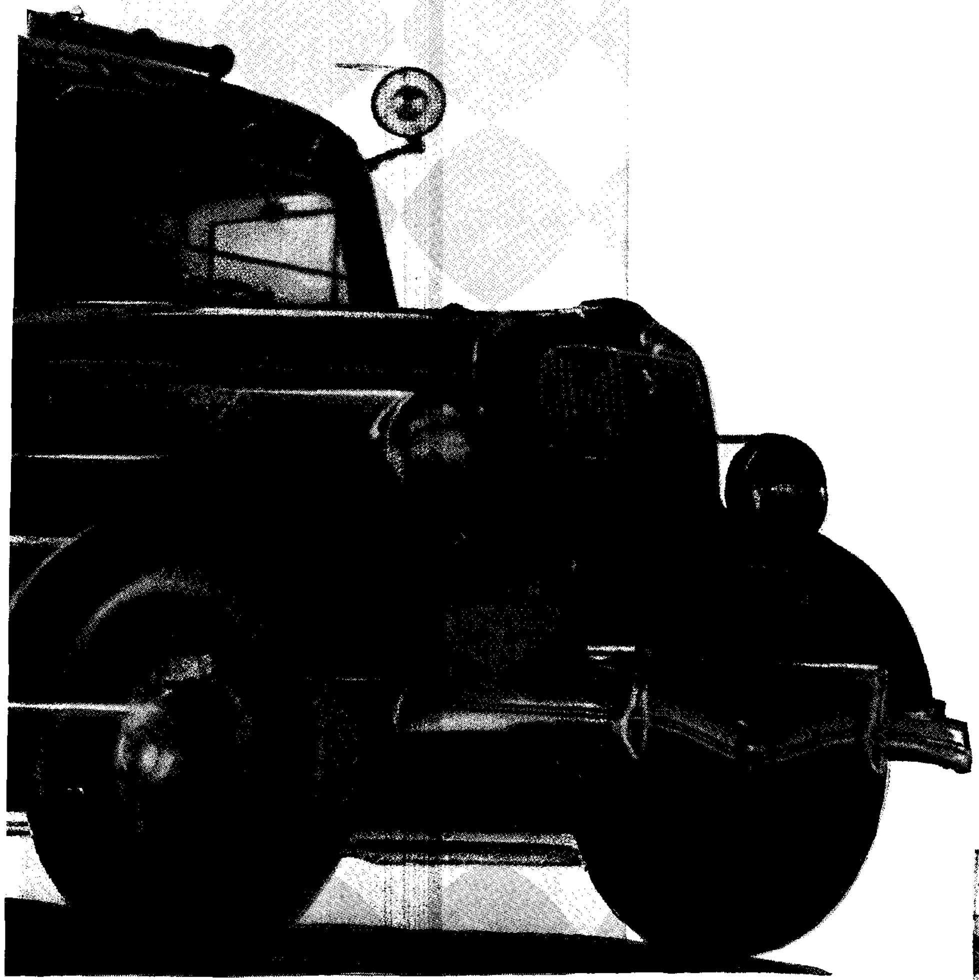
They found it! The record low of the trip.
But no trouble with THERMO ROYAL.



Test Car 3 snowbound overnight at 49°
below. Still no trouble with radiator.

Bucking drifts for mile after mile. Chilly
work with a snow shovel on a day like this.

IT WAS
54 BELOW IN CANADA
but *the Radiator did not* FREEZE *or*



THAT'S the amazing stock car record made with THERMO ROYAL—the modern anti-freeze liquid for the modern automobile.

10,000 miles of the toughest kind of driving from Medicine Hat, Alberta, to Mexico City, D. F. One of the most grueling tests ever applied to ANY automotive product. And yet this new chemical triumph showed an operating loss of only 17 ounces.

Try this remarkable anti-freeze liquid in *your* car. It has the easy-flowing characteristics of water itself. See how it "fits in" with the cool-running performance of the modern motor. Note how it stubbornly "stays put" under all driving conditions.

THERMO ROYAL contains no harmful salt, nor any other ingredients which attack motor metals, rubber or gaskets. Thus, its use requires no special attention to water pump, hose connections or packing. Guaranteed not to turn gummy or rancid. Prevents formation of rust; helps keep the cooling system operating at full efficiency at all times.

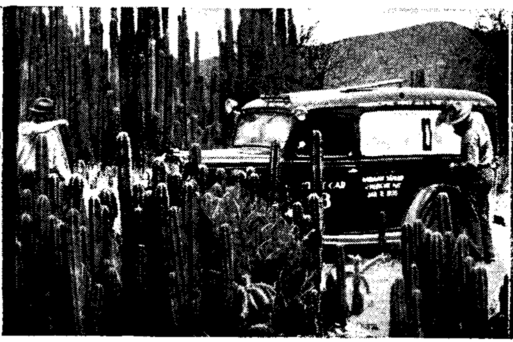
THERMO ROYAL is on sale at reputable local dealers everywhere. Offered to you on its honest merits. It is not claimed to "last forever". (We know of no anti-freeze that will.) But under the severest operating conditions THERMO ROYAL has proved itself to be one of the longest-lasting, greatest anti-freeze values ever offered to the motoring public. PUBLICKER, 260 SO. BROAD ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THERMO ROYAL

THE 10,000 MILE ANTI-FREEZE

ver two miles high and still the THERMO
ROYAL solution "stays put".

The hot spot of the trip! 102° above on
the desert near Ciudad del Maiz.



THE FINISH: Mexico City, February 18, 1935. Division Superintendents D. J. Mallet and E. J. Kennebeck of Pan-American Airways unseal radiator with key received from Medicine Hat. Only 17 ounces lost in 10,000 miles of hard driving. Victory for THERMO ROYAL!

Willard
Willard
MADE IN U.S.A.
WST-1-110AH
Willard
134 AMPS

THIS BATTERY STARTED A ZERO-COLD MOTOR *in 15 Seconds!**

And if you own a Willard "110" you, too, can count on it to start *your* motor quickly *in any kind of weather.* Its cranking ability is exceptional. The records *prove* that.

But, in addition, the "110" has the tremendous *Reserve Capacity* so necessary to operate your radio, your heater, your cigarette lighter, and other accessories without the expense of frequent recharging. A *thrifty* battery to own.

It fits the popular makes of cars. Extremely reasonable in cost. Carries a two-year or 24,000 mile guarantee and adjustment policy in passenger car service. And any one of Willard's 42,000 dealers can install it for you.

**In accurate laboratory tests the Willard "110" repeatedly started a standard eight cylinder motor —at zero—in the amazing time of 15 seconds.*

IF YOUR CAR WON'T START call the nearest Willard Dealer. Look for this emblem in your 'phone book under *Batteries.*

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland • Los Angeles • Toronto, Canada

Willard "110"

They'd Rather Work

Continued from page 9

damn it, Hopkins, we've *got* to have this project for our community."

Talk about "heat." I've had it applied until I'm a rich biscuit-brown. But what other decision can be made? A small town may be in imperative need of a new school building, but if we have no unemployed on the relief rolls in that town, or if the man-year cost is abnormally high, then it simply does not fit into this program at this time. It is a decision that has nothing to do with the merits of the case, being based entirely on the fact that we've got a job to do, and mean to do it.

Not a Political Asset

It gives me a laugh when I hear partisans declare that the President obtained the four billions for no other purpose than to buy the election, for I have said from the first that the appropriation was a political liability rather than an asset. Every community that gets nothing will nourish a sense of grievance, and those that get something will always feel that they should have had more.

Al Smith was all wrong when he said that "nobody wanted to shoot Santa Claus." What the old boy really needs is a bullet-proof vest.

Another source of attack is a fairly large group honest in the belief that there is no unemployment problem, and that if the federal government would only quit its policy of "pampering," all the "lazy riffraff" would go back to work. How I wish these people could see what I have seen, and hear what I have heard. One case that I can never forget is that of the half-grown boy who was shot and killed while stealing milk for his baby sister. This was back in the days before FERA, when private charity was still on the job. Just a youngster who couldn't stand the whimperings of a hungry baby, and sneaked out in the morning to lift a bottle of milk from a neighborhood doorstep.

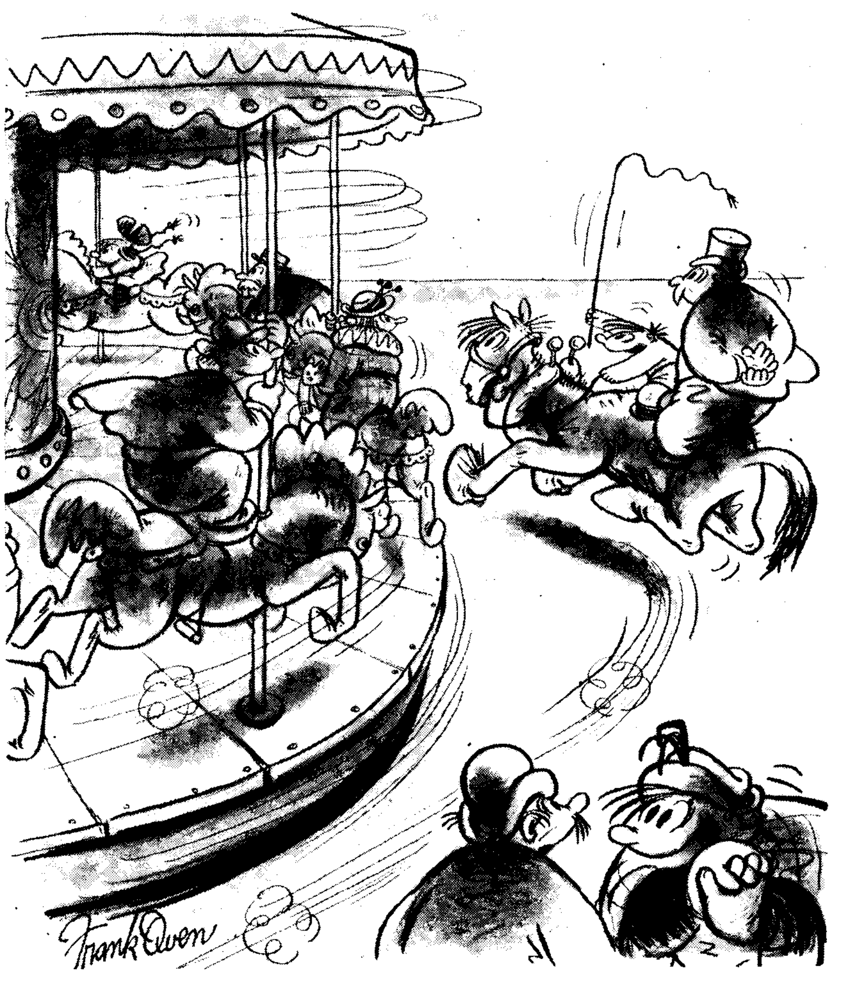
Another picture that will never leave my mind was that of some fifteen hundred people—evicted people, homeless people—sent to live in basements in a river bottom. I was about to give the name of the state and the governor, but I won't. High water made for constant dampness, and three hundred died miserably of various diseases. Every afternoon the gaunt survivors stood in line, often for hours, waiting for their one meal of the day. And what was it? A half loaf of bread and a cup of slumgullion served from big garbage cans transformed into soup containers. How can anybody think that human beings prefer this sort of horror to a job?

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, the wretched millions that we have kept from starving by baskets of groceries and driblets of cash are neither organized nor articulate. They control no newspapers, they cannot get out daily statements to the press on costly stationery, and they are without clever, plausible spokesmen to present their case.

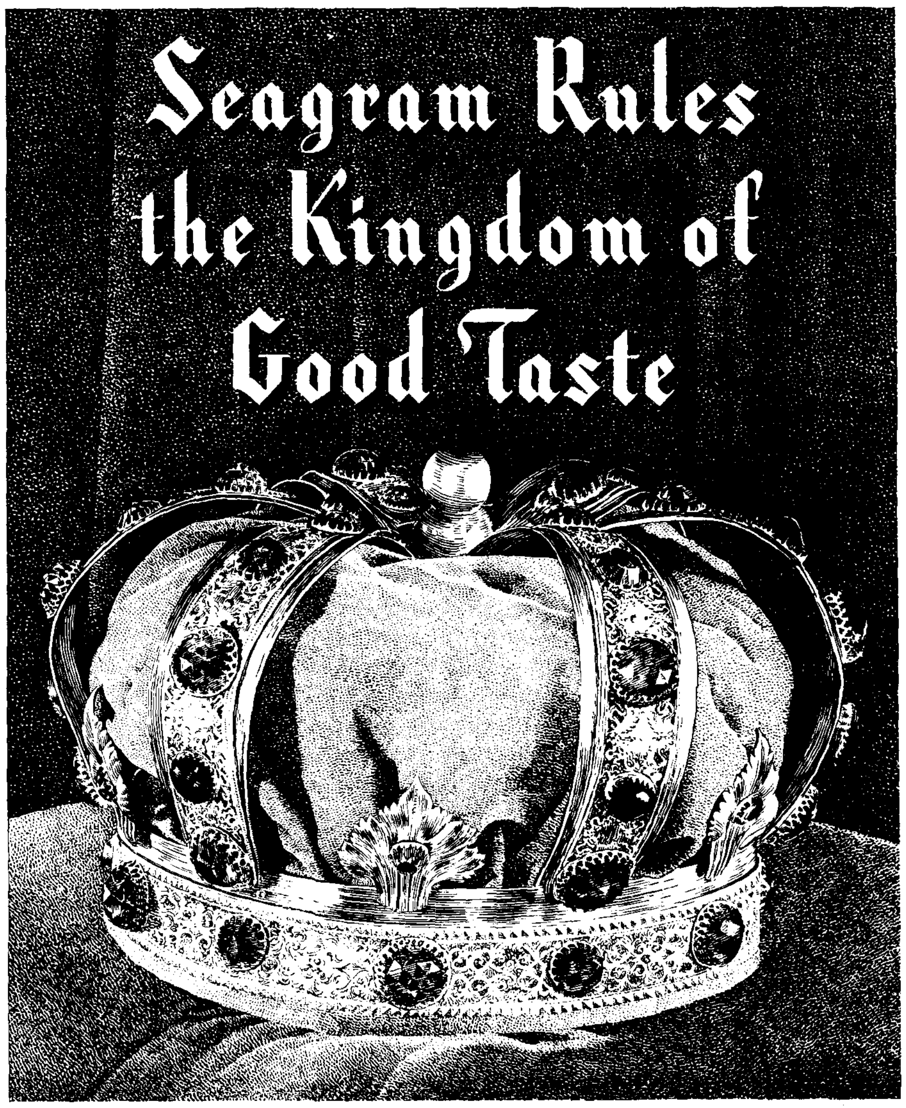
Just plain, everyday Americans—what office-seekers love to refer to as the bone and sinew of the nation—dazed and unhappy, but still fighting to keep their courage and pride, and all, with a few exceptions, heartsick for the jobs that will restore them to independence and self-respect.

Philbert
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"Philbert's gone into business! He's competing with the merry-go-round!"


Seagram Rules the Kingdom of Good Taste

Finer Taste has placed Seagram's Crown Whiskies in a "Kingdom All Their Own"... It has made them America's Favorites... Crown Whiskies are made with Seagram's traditional skill in distilling and blending—gained through more than three generations of experience. And—to insure this taste—now, and for years to come—Seagram's holds in reserve a vast treasure—millions of gallons of rare whiskey.

Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
5
7

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

Blended for Taste with a Master's Touch

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York

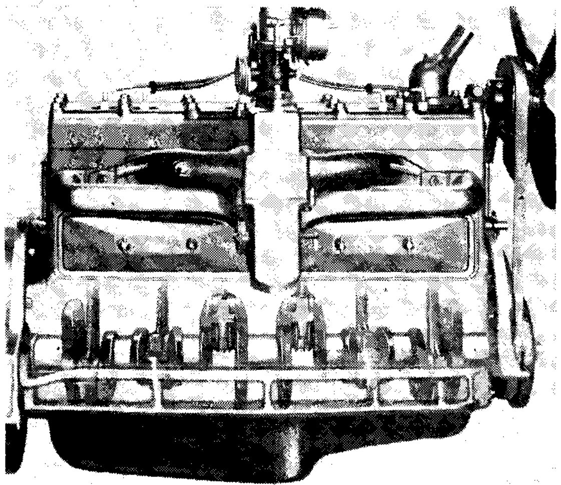
SALES OF LaFAYETTE COMPARE IT WITH

Sales double and triple in cities and towns across America as X-Ray System lets buyers see, with their own eyes, the amazing extra value and the higher-priced engineering in the 1936 LaFayette

MANDERS 225 lbs.
RONZANI 215 lbs.
NAGURSKI 235 lbs.

EVEN TWO OF THESE HUMAN PILE-DRIVERS, from Chicago Bears' mammoth backfield, would fill any other low-priced car. LaFayette front seat is wider than cars costing 3 times as much!

OVERSIZED HYDRAULIC BRAKES BIG ENOUGH TO STOP A TRUCK! Hydraulic brakes as large as those on one of America's fastest-selling 1½ ton trucks. Safer . . . and so big they won't need relining for years.



FINEST ENGINE EVER PUT IN A LOW-PRICED CAR Only LaFayette and more expensive cars have such long-life engineering features as 7-bearing crankshafts and rifle-drilled connecting rods!

MORE HEADROOM THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER $2,000 This picture shows you how MUCH more headroom you get in LaFayette! It's safer . . . more comfortable.

WORLD'S FIRST COMPLETE SEAMLESS ONE-PIECE STEEL BODY LaFayette and the New Nash "400" have a seamless all-steel top, steel floor and steel body with girder-steel frame! Safer . . . will stand up years longer.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF SIX PASSENGER SEDAN

ANNOUNCED just 9 short weeks before this story went to press, the remarkable new 1936 LaFayette is already a sensational success! Even during an off-season period (August-September) sales have doubled and even tripled in cities and towns from coast to coast!

There's just one big reason for this instantaneous success of the 1936 LaFayette.

Without regard to present profits, Nash—one of the four financially-strongest manufacturers in the industry—is out to win a large share of the low-priced car business on value alone! And to do this *quickly*, we made LaFayette the first car . . . the ONLY car . . . in the lowest-price field with all of the vital engineering features of the highest-priced cars!

We didn't ask buyers to accept our claims that this was true. Instead, we developed the X-Ray System . . . so that

ON DISPLAY AT ALL AUTO SHOWS . . . IMMEDIATE DELIVERY AT ALL DEALERS

The new 1936

A • PRODUCT

DOUBLE AS BUYERS OTHER LOW-PRICED CARS

OUT TO WIN AMERICA
ON VALUE ALONE!

you could SEE with your own eyes the surprising, hidden differences INSIDE all cars, high-priced and low-priced. So that you could see that LaFayette has vital, long-life engineering features that manufacturers *leave out of their LOW-priced cars but always include in their HIGH-priced cars!*

The whole story in pictures!

It's no longer necessary to wade through a mass of complicated figures and specifications to see exactly what you get for your money in a low-priced car. In fascinating pictures, fun to look at and easy to understand, the X-Ray shows you, beyond all doubt, that LaFayette is the ONE car in the lowest-price field that's built, powered and lubricated exactly like high-priced cars. That it's bound to last longer and run "sweeter" for 40,000 additional miles or more!

It will show you, too, LaFayette's SEAMLESS, one-piece, all-steel body compared with bodies usually referred to as ALL-steel. LaFayette's oversized hydraulic brakes; super safe, and so big they won't need relining for years. And you will see, without taking measurements, that this is a great big SIX PASSENGER automobile. With a MUCH wider front seat than your present car's back seat! With more headroom than you'll find in cars costing over $2,000! With a world of extra legroom!

Perhaps you don't *expect* all of these vital, big-car features in a low-priced car? But perhaps you've been expecting *too little* all along? The public—you car buyers—are the real winners in this fight Nash is waging for dominance in the lowest-price field. So see the new LaFayette in the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom . . . before you put the same amount of money into any other car. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

AUTO DEALERS BY THE HUNDREDS SWITCHING TO NASH-LAFAYETTE "OUT-TO-WIN-AMERICA" FRANCHISE!

Since the announcement of the Nash "Out-to-win-America" drive, hundreds of automobile dealers all over the country are switching to Nash-LaFayette. In addition to the sensational, new LaFayette in the *lowest*-price field, the new 1936 Nash "400" and Nash Ambassador Series offer dealers, beyond all doubt, the greatest automobile values in EVERY price field!

See these amazing new cars. Then decide whether you'd rather SELL them or sell AGAINST them.

LAFAYETTE $595

and up f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. All prices subject to change without notice. Convenient terms, new low rates through the Authorized Nash-C.I.T. Finance Plan.

OF • THE • NASH • MOTORS • COMPANY

"Policyholder's interest comes *first* with THE Mutual Benefit"

R.E. OLDS

Pioneer automobile manufacturer and industrialist

MR. OLDS continues:

"It may sound conservative but your liberal treatment of policyholders makes your company most desirable, and you certainly have a wonderful record.

"I took out my first policy and later my limit with your company because I found that the policyholder's interest came first and because of The Mutual Benefit's far-sighted financial program."

Far-sighted. That's the key word. And far-sighted *in the interests of the policyholder*. Men who look ahead to the establishment of an estate, that will assure the specific purposes to which their lives have been dedicated, indorse and invest in Mutual Benefit protection.

Security first. Content to "make haste slowly," The Mutual Benefit has always frowned on superficially spectacular methods. No stockholders—this is a group of people banded together for mutual protection. Honor and fairness in the administration of claims. These are a few of the highlights in a 90-year record that includes a dividend for every single year.

Over a half-million policies reflect The Mutual Benefit's conception of life insurance as nothing less than an inviolable trust.

Retired—and free from worry

He's all smiles today because, years before, he'd had the vision to realize that Father Time would overtake him somewhere along the road of life. A Mutual Benefit Retirement policy will bring you every month a check for $50, $100, $200, when you're past the earning stage. Write for free booklet, **"The Sufficient Years,"** that tells how men can retire at sixty-five without financial risk.

The MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
302 BROADWAY, NEWARK, N. J.
1845 • LIBERAL CONTRACTS FOR NINETY YEARS • 1935

Luck in Strange Places

Continued from page 19

he read the notices of The Informer. Then he knew what it was he had always been chasing, and he knew, too, that he had finally found it. It was a little thing called Success. And he was almost fifty when he caught up with it.

I sat with McLaglen in his dressing-room between scenes of a picture he was doing with Mae West. McLaglen took off the heavy blue sweater he'd been wearing and he lit a cigarette. He sat down and the sweat rolled down his body like quicksilver running down a rock. McLaglen has the kind of torso that sculptors dream about. He stretched out his right arm and the muscles under the skin rippled and the arm looked like a snake that has just swallowed a rabbit. I said, "How did you ever get that role in The Informer?"

McLaglen got up and walked to the window. "It's a hell of a long story," he said, "and it starts way back when I was fourteen. I ran away from home to enlist in the Army. If I hadn't done that I wouldn't have learned boxing from Chesty Wright. If my parents hadn't been afraid that I was going to be a prizefighter they wouldn't have sent me to Canada and then I wouldn't have met Jack Crow. If I hadn't met Crow I wouldn't have gone north to the mining fields and wrestled a man named Hume Duvel and later met Biddy Bishop, who managed me as a fighter. And if that hadn't happened I never would have fought a man named Townley. That was important because I. B. Davidson was in the audience and it was he who made a film actor out of me. So that's how I got the role in The Informer and if you want to hear the whole story sit down, though I warn you it's a hell of a long story."

He told me his story and it was the story of a Jeffery Farnol hero, a man who was born lucky and who found his luck in the oddest places. It is a story of a man who was always looking for the world which was just around the corner.

On a Cold, Star-Speckled Night

The Bishop of Claremont and his gentle wife lived in Tunbridge Wells, which isn't far from London. There were eight boys and a girl and often the bishop would shake his head in bewilderment at the way those boys behaved. Forever fighting they were and how, he pondered, could he and his gentle wife have such pugnacious children. If Fred, the eldest, won the middleweight championship of his school, why Victor and Arthur would immediately start training to win lighter titles. Fred was their god. At seventeen Fred thought that boxing was the greatest thing in the world. The other brothers fell docilely into line.

One morning the family awoke to find Fred's bed empty. He had gone away to fight the Boers. His brothers were filled with speechless pride. Victor, in addition, felt a great loneliness. He and Fred had been inseparable. Victor, fourteen then, finished his school term automatically but his thoughts were with Fred, who had gone to fight the Boers. Then he conceived a bold plan. He, too, would fight the Boers. Sure he was only fourteen but he was big for his age and he could hit very well with a right hand. Not as well, of course, as he would hit later when he had to fight a man named Emil Shock in Aberdeen or the time he fought Jack Johnson in Vancouver, or the time he wrecked a poolroom in Port Arthur. But for a fourteen-year-old kid he knew a lot of answers. And like every English child he knew the story of Dick Whittington and his cat, and of how Dick became Lord Mayor of London.

He didn't have a cat, but he had a dog, a dog named Binge. Binge wanted to go with him but Victor sternly told him to remain home. Then one cold, star-speckled night with a golden moon beckoning, Victor set out to find the world—the world that was just around the corner.

Singing for Silver

Two days later he arrived in London and the day after that he said blithely, "Eighteen," when the recruiting officer asked him his age. He was now a member of the Life Guards and for many many months he would live in Knightsbridge Barracks and he would learn to drink his gallon of bitter on pay day and he would learn that boxing was more than merely throwing a right hand at a man and he would learn, too, to watch the mess sergeant, who had a habit of skimping on rations. He would learn of the glory of the Guards and would at all times be ready to fight anyone who challenged their greatness.

He sent home a telegram. It was the first of a long series which he would send home during the next twenty years. It said, "Have joined the Life Guards. All is well. Love. Victor."

Victor was fifteen—then sixteen, and Chesty Wright was teaching him to box. He could always fight—but now he was learning to lead with a left, to counter and to draw away from punches. He was getting quite good, too. In an argument over a plate of meat he knocked out Daggy Cooper and Cooper, until then, had been considered one of the best scrappers in the regiment.

The Informer? These are all steps which led McLaglen to Hollywood many years later. And besides this isn't the story of the picture. It's the story of a man who was born lucky and who found his luck in the oddest places.

The bishop and his gentle wife finally persuaded Victor to get out of the Army. The bishop suggested Canada. Victor wondered why he hadn't thought of that before. The world was never where you were. It was always just around the corner. If you wanted to see it you had to go after it. He went to Canada.

On the boat he met Jack Crow, an ex-Navy man, tough as a twenty-cent steak. A man who looked sardonically at life and who enjoyed kicking it around. Crow and young McLaglen formed a strange partnership. They would farm together and become rich in Canada. They did farm together for a while but they didn't become rich and they didn't enjoy it. They were wanderers born and wanderers make poor nursemaids to land.

They had fifteen dollars between them when they heard of a silver strike in North Cobalt. Blithely they started off but they got only as far as North Bay when their money ran out.

"We'll sing," Jack Crow said. "We'll sing in barrooms and you take up a collection and we'll do all right."

"I can't sing," McLaglen protested.

"Neither can I, but these mugs won't know the difference," Jack said calmly. "And I'll tell the story of how I got my wounds."

"What wounds?" Vic asked and Jack took off his shirt. On his body were the marks of what looked to be a hundred knife gashes.

"The Chinese did it," Jack explained.

"They call it the death of a thousand cuts. Pirates captured me in the China Sea and tortured me. They wanted to know where a treasure was hidden but I wouldn't tell. They cut me to pieces. . . ."

The story made McLaglen's blood run cold. They sang for the men of North Bay and then Jack would take his shirt off and spin his yarn. McLaglen would walk among them taking up a collection. In three days they made five dollars. Jack took the five dollars, got into a poker game, made sixty-five dollars and the partners were rolling again. They rolled to the silver strike at Cobalt.

They worked hard but they couldn't get anywhere. One day Vic noticed that Jack wasn't feeling or looking well. He had a fever—complained of pains in his head.

"I want to confess something, Vic," he said. "That story of the Chinese torturing me was a lie. Those marks are burns I got in a fire when I was a kid."

Then Jack Crow died. McLaglen was alone in northern Canada nursing a dull ache in his heart, for he and Crow had been close. Lefebre was a professional wrestler who made the rounds of the mining towns offering forty pounds to anyone who could throw him three out of five falls. McLaglen knew that he could fight. Anyone who could fight could wrestle, he argued. He'd throw this Lefebre even though he'd never wrestled in his life. But he didn't throw Lefebre. The wrestler threw him.

"You're no wrestler," Lefebre told him. "You're a fighter. You could make money fighting. I'll give you a job though if you need one—painting handbills for me."

So the ex-soldier — ex-miner — ex-wrestler became a sign painter. Lefebre's words about fighting kept ringing in his ears. He would leave Cobalt and go to Winnipeg. There he'd fight. He stopped off at Owen Sound to pick up some eating money. He got a job as railway stevedore. He worked hard, too, and now his frame filled out and the length of his chest deepened. His conscientious work attracted the attention of the railway bosses. They liked him and they called him into conference.

"We need a new chief of railroad police," they told him. "How would you like the job?"

It seemed soft and he took it. He cabled home:

"Appointed head Owen Sound Police. Love. Victor."

"Grand," the bishop thought and he immediately wrote to Victor telling him of the noble work the police did, of their importance in maintaining the forces of righteousness and of how proud the family was of him.

Back on the Trail

Officer McLaglen became a big shot in little Owen Sound. He broke up a fur-stealing gang and he enjoyed the respect of the community. But he wasn't a copper at heart. He liked to fight with his fists—not with summonses and court orders. He was on his way to Winnipeg to fight. This stop-off had only been for a week. Now it had stretched to months. The world was around the corner. He had to get along. So again he hit the trail for Winnipeg.

He stopped off at Port Arthur. There was a local champion fighter there who had about run out of opponents. He was a ring-wise veteran, a crafty boxer who knew the tricks—but whose legs were gone and whose eyes were beginning to dim. McLaglen knew he could beat him. It was really his first professional fight. He hired a local manager whose name was really Smith, and he signed up to fight the local champion.

They climbed into the ring and just before the gong rang Smith said to Vic, "McLaglen, if you throw this fight it means four hundred dollars for us. The champion knows you can beat him. You're just passing through this town. Beat him and it means his livelihood is ruined. Let him beat you and you get four hundred dollars and you've done a fine thing."

McLaglen refused indignantly—at first. The fight went along with both sparring easily. The local champ was a mug for a right-hand punch. Vic could have put him away any time. But he held back. He couldn't feel vicious toward this man. Between rounds his manager kept it up: "Four hundred dollars, McLaglen. That's plenty of money. Losing this fight doesn't mean a thing to you."

When the Sabers Rattled

He convinced Vic. In the sixth round McLaglen caught a light jab on the chin and he went down. The crowd roared as the referee counted ten. McLaglen had fought his first and last crooked fight. They gave him the money in his dressing-room. His manager suggested that they celebrate. They did.

They were drinking in a barroom and a mild-faced stranger came up to McLaglen. "That was a rotten thing to do," he said. "To throw that fight like you did. You could knock that man out in a round. You'll never get anywhere in the game faking fights."

Smith threw a punch at the stranger. Soon the whole barroom was in a turmoil. People took sides and then the police arrived. McLaglen was hustled off to jail, charged with a dozen crimes from inciting a riot up. The stranger somehow had disappeared. In the morning they told Vic that someone had furnished bail for him. He walked out a free man—and the stranger was waiting for him.

He lectured Vic as a father would lecture a son. Told him that honesty was the only policy. He had Vic weeping and he made Vic promise never to do another dishonest thing.

"Drinking and carousing are all right for some," the mild-voiced stranger said. "But not for a fighting man. Now promise me, son, you'll behave and never throw a fight again."

"I promise," McLaglen said soberly and he meant it. Then he added:

"Goodby, I'll be seeing you."

"I don't think you will," the stranger said—and he was gone.

Two days later the police came to see McLaglen. They wanted to know where the mysterious stranger was. Vic didn't know. Didn't even know who he was.

"I'll tell you," the sergeant said dryly. "He is a train robber who is wanted for murder. There's a reward of $5,000 out for him."

McLaglen was shocked. The stranger had seemed so decent, so intent upon convincing Vic that a moral, decent life was the only life.

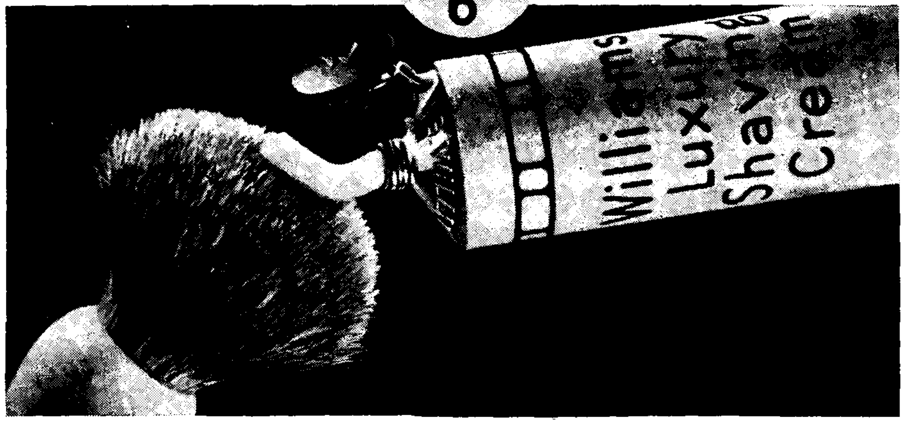
"It gave me something to think about," McLaglen said. "If a murderer thought that taking part in faked fights was a contemptible thing—a contemptible thing it must be. I resolved never again to touch the shady side of boxing. And I never did."

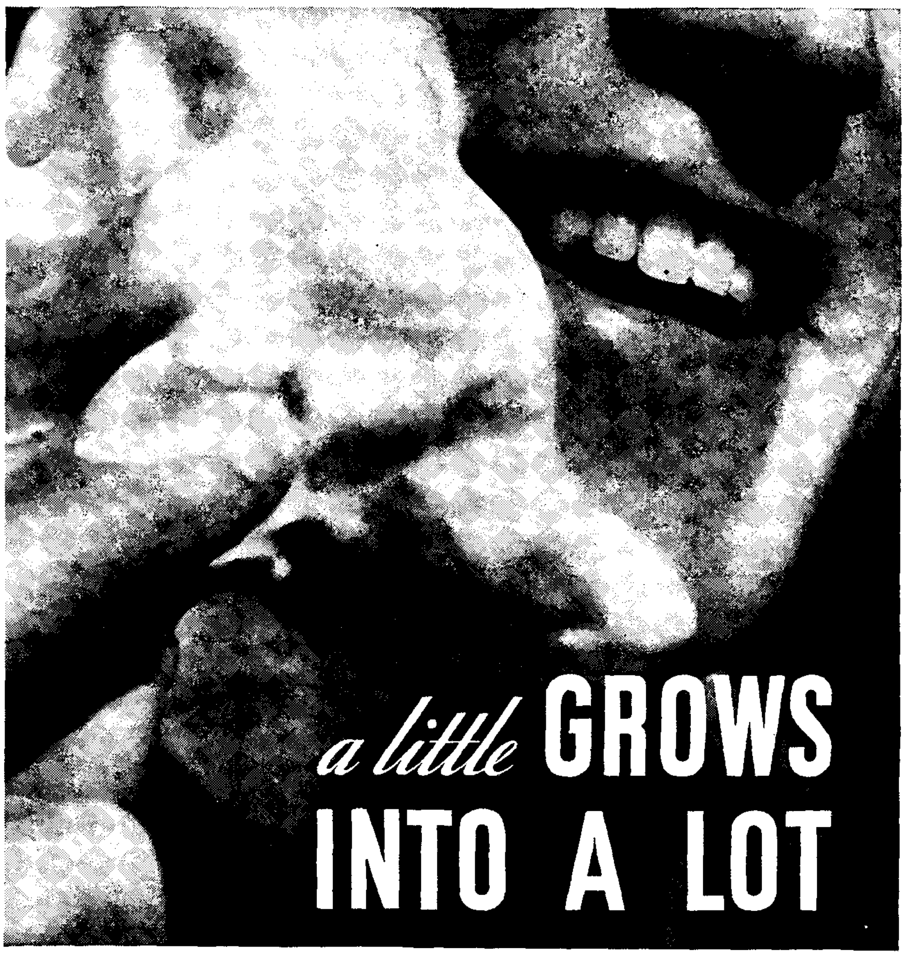
Vic left Port Arthur and went to Victoria. Here he grew up as a professional boxer. He became the local champion after beating Hume Duvel. He took his place and challenged all comers. There is no need to chronicle the events of the next year. He was the rolling stone always looking for the world that was just around the corner. Fights, brawls and poverty and sudden affluence were but incidents in his life.

He found himself in Seattle, Washington, and he met a man of whom he

(Continued on page 48)

NO. 6 IN A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS ON WILLIAMS





a little GROWS INTO A LOT

Takes just a tiny squeeze of the tube. (Money saved!) Takes just a moment with the brush. (Time saved!)

But it takes the choicest ingredients *and* 100 years of know-how to put so many pleasant shaves in that plump white Williams tube.

That's why so *little* Williams cream billows up into so *much* rich, thick, moist lather . . . why your face feels so soft, supple, fit, after a Williams shave.

And remember, after every shave, a dash of sparkling Aqua Velva.

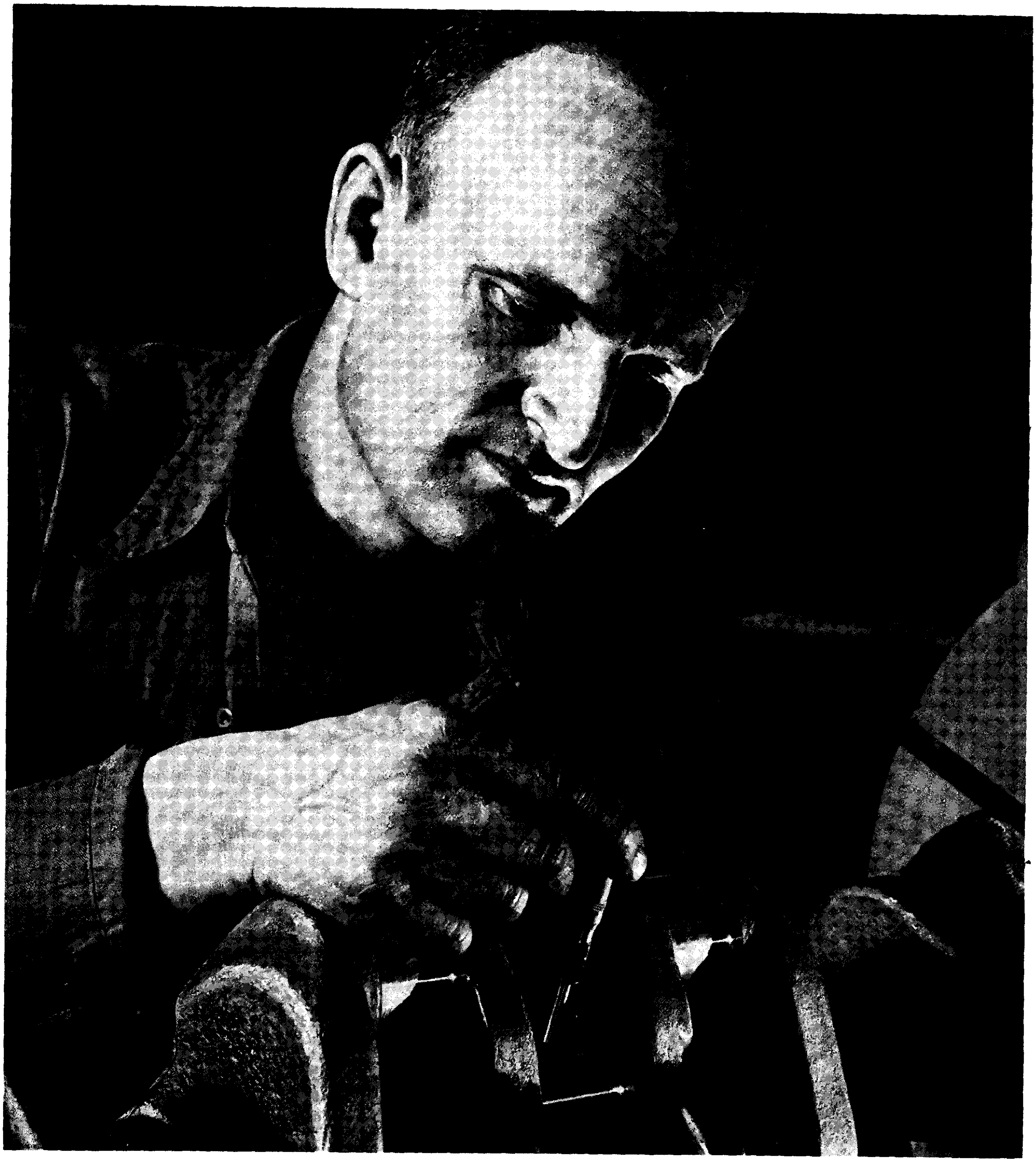
• JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams Shaving Cream

You can't lose this cap
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
W
LARGE SIZE

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada

Bob Miller will



have a job this winter...

and so will a million others like him, because of the automobile industry's courage and vision in departing from a 35-year-old tradition.

FOR 35 YEARS it has been a tradition of the automobile business to hold the annual Automobile Show in January.

This tradition started in the days when all cars were open cars and there was no winter driving. January was picked because manufacturers were not busy then and the public could have plenty of time to make up its mind before ordering in the spring.

Even after the closed car changed motoring to an all-the-year-round, all-weather service, the tradition of the January Show remained.

Result—factories working overtime in the spring . . . dealers clamoring for cars . . . sales lost through late deliveries . . . too much work for Bob Miller and his fellow workers in some months, not enough work the rest of the year.

This year the manufacturers had the courage to try an experiment. They have advanced the Automobile Show two months, from January to November. If it works out, everybody should benefit . . . the manufacturers, the Bob Millers, the dealers, the workers in many allied industries like steel, glass, rubber, textiles, and last but not least—the public.

For it is obvious that if car sales can be spread out through the year, instead of being jammed into a few months in the spring, every buyer will have a wider choice of models and colors, and no one will need to wait for delivery.

The new models for the coming year are now on display. They are the finest cars the industry has ever produced. Consider the pleasure of driving a *new* car. Think of the money saved. No tires or batteries to buy. No repairs. No annoying breakdowns or delays. And remember that all winter and all next year you will still have the satisfaction of driving the latest current yearly model.

Why is United States Steel so interested in this forward-looking move of the automobile companies? Simply this. Half the material in a motor car is steel. Twenty per cent of the country's entire steel output goes into automobiles. We are the world's largest producers of steel—making every kind of steel used in a car. When the automobile workers have steady jobs, the steel workers have steady jobs. When they prosper, we prosper. What is good for the automobile is good for steel. And what is good for steel, the basic industry, is good for the nation.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN SHEET & TIN PLATE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
CANADIAN BRIDGE COMPANY, LTD. • CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY
CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY • FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY
OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY
U. S. STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

US STEEL

UNITED STATES STEEL

An Advertising Agency President writes—

"We'd just as soon go back to 'Town Crier Days' as do without Ediphone Voice Writing. It has increased our business capacity at least 30%!"

(From Edison Records of the World's Business)

The President of an advertising agency writes—"Ediphones stand beside the desks of our account executives, giving each man complete dictation freedom. By this I mean that no one ever has to wait for secretarial service. At any hour—letters, telephone call confirmations, memos, plans, conference reports, etc., can be dictated. (Yes, advertising executives do a lot of work after 5 o'clock!)

"Our Copy-writers and Radio-writers voicewrite a lot of the advertising that you see and hear. Furthermore, whenever ideas 'flash,' they are voicewritten immediately. Ideas are worth money in our business and, thanks to the ease of dictating to the Ediphone, none are lost.

"The Merchandising, Research, Media, Forwarding, Checking, Mechanical and Billing Departments use Ediphones, too. All work flows without duplication of effort.

"The total average increase in our business capacity amounts to at least 30%—thanks to the Ediphone!"

Your business is different . . . of course. But the Pro-technic Ediphone positively will increase your firm's business capacity 20% to 50%. Get the proof! Telephone The Ediphone, Your City; or write direct to—

Pro-technic Ediphone

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED
ORANGE, N. J. U. S. A.

THE "5-POINT" DICTATING MACHINE

DUST-PROOF · DIGNIFIED DESIGN · SANITARY
TAILORED IN STEEL · "BALANCED" VOICE WRITING

Luck in Strange Places

Continued from page 45

still speaks with veneration: Biddy Bishop. Bishop was a sports writer and boxing czar of the northwest. He managed a string of boxers and he added Vic to his collection. "He was a great sports writer," McLaglen says. "When he wrote a story of a fight he was penning a harsh, vivid poem."

McLaglen beat Emil Shock, the champion of the northwest, and he beat Curley Carr, the man with the iron jaw, and he beat others and became one of the ten or twelve best heavyweights in the United States. Then he fought Champion Jack Johnson in a no-decision bout at Vancouver, B. C.

"I remember that Jack had a bright, innocent, childlike smile," McLaglen says, "and he wore bright blue trunks. We boxed six fast rounds and neither of us had a mark on us. He was the most gentlemanly opponent I ever faced. There was nothing savage about him. When he hit you he seemed to smile an apology. The greatest?—No, I think Jim Jeffries was the greatest of all fighters, but Johnson was very, very good."

The years went by and McLaglen kept on looking for something or other—always moving, never liking a place well enough to settle down.

Then the sabers rattled and the war drums rolled. He was in Cape Town when war was declared and he hurried to England, for he remembered that he was once a member of the Guards. His seven brothers were all there when he arrived. One had come from China, another from New York, a third from South America and a fourth, like himself, had come from Africa. They were an English family and their place was with England when danger threatened. The bishop must have been rather proud of his sons. All enlisted save the heartbroken Kenneth, who was too young.

Victor was made a captain in a Cheshire battalion and soon he was lurching down the Mediterranean in a troop ship bound for Mesopotamia.

In Bursa he was made head of the civil and military police and his job during most of the way was checking enemy espionage. When the British took Bagdad he was made Provost Marshal of the city. This was in the days when a man called Lawrence was organizing the Arabs. McLaglen learned Arabic and before the war was finished he had passed an interpreter's examination in the difficult language.

"There's Nothing Else"

The war was over. London was an economic desert and officers who had marched to the war to the blaring of bands were now playing fiddles in the streets for pennies. McLaglen was thirty-three and he had already lived three men's lives. But what did he know? He knew only boxing—and he was thirty-three.

He managed to get a fight. It was with a second-rater named Townley, a man he could have smothered in a round five years before. Townley cut him to ribbons, smashed him from pillar to post. McLaglen lay on a table in his dressing-room suffering from his wounds but suffering, too, from the realization that he was all done. You can't stay away from boxing for five years and then come back. Even Jim Jeffries couldn't do that. What could McLaglen do? He lay there and for the first time in his life despair gripped him. He was all washed up—through at thirty-three.

I. R. Davidson, one of the leading British film producers, had seen the fight. He came into the dressing-room.

"McLaglen, you've tried everything else," he said, "how would you like to be a film actor?"

McLaglen laughed. "Don't be silly, man," he said.

Davidson explained that he was about to make a picture, The Call of the Road. He had searched and searched but couldn't find the rugged type that he wanted for his lead.

McLaglen thought for a while, then said wearily, "I'll try it. There's nothing else." That was in 1920.

It was only a matter of time when Hollywood would call. McLaglen was great in the rough, tough, swaggering parts he played and finally in 1924 Hollywood summoned him.

Ready for Earthquakes and Fires

He worked in several pictures but didn't attract much attention until he played Captain Flagg in What Price Glory? Raoul Walsh directed that picture. McLaglen asked him for the part. "But you're English," Walsh objected. "The part calls for an American marine—a tough marine."

"My regiment in England was as tough as any marine regiment," McLaglen said. "Give me a test."

They gave him a test and he got the part. Of course he was terrific—an immediate success. Why, he'd been living the part of Captain Flagg all his life. He was immediately rushed into pictures in which he portrayed similar roles. The years went by. He was married now and well off. He bought a home for himself and bought saddle horses for his two children. And he indulged in a dream he had always had. He organized his own regiment—McLaglen's Light Horse.

"In case of a flood or an earthquake or any trouble," he says, "the authorities can call us out. We're always ready and I tell you I have the grandest troopers in the world."

But that has nothing to do with how he got his role in The Informer. Everything else in this story has. He was making the Lost Patrol with Jack Ford directing. Ford told him that he wanted to direct a picture called The Informer. "If I ever get the chance to do it, Vic," he said, "I want you for the lead."

He told McLaglen the story. It captured the imagination of this Englishman who so loves to play Irish roles.

So McLaglen dreamed of this—the perfect role—while they made him and Edmund Lowe play a dozen adaptations of What Price Glory? The public grew tired of this oft-told tale of the two bickering marines. A year ago McLaglen faced the ugly thought that he was through. His last picture had been a definite flop. No one wanted to sign him. He had been typed as a roughneck—the public had tired of the type.

He picked up a newspaper one day and saw an amazing announcement. The paper said that Jack Ford was to make a picture called The Informer and that Victor McLaglen would star in it. McLaglen drew a deep breath. Truly he was a man who was born lucky and who found his luck in odd places.

It isn't often that you meet a man who has worked hard and played hard and thrown his money across bars in strange cities and who has spent nights in the jails of mining towns and who has fought the greatest fighters in the world and who can talk Arabic. When you meet such a one it is nice to know that he's doing all right and still finding his luck in strange places.

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Foot Rule

Continued from page 22

points after touchdowns by Army had swung the fortunes of the day's football war. Yet there are those who believe the power of the foot in football is losing its influence.

We coaches have not been entirely to blame for the absence of emphasis on the kicking game in the past decade or so. As developments in the running attack have come crowding in on us with bewildering rapidity, we have been tempted, sometimes almost forced, to slide over the possibilities of the kicking game. The game's tactics have advanced almost too fast. We have been so busy with spinner plays, short-side deception, the lateral pass, the forward pass, the defense against it and the general hocus-pocus, that we have tended to grow away from one of the thrilling and fundamental plays of the sport.

We are beginning to catch up with ourselves.

Look at the Wolverines

One of the truest things in football is that a team soundly taught defensively and possessed of a good kicker will always be extremely hard to defeat and will almost never be defeated badly. For interesting proof of this, glance back over the history of football at the University of Michigan. Until last season, when the material was subnormal, Michigan boasted one of the great records of modern football.

Analyze the consistently successful history of the Wolverines in Big Ten football and you will find that Michigan rarely has won by large scores against comparable opposition. But Michigan, until last season, has rarely failed to win. The reason is that Michigan almost never has been without those twin requisites—a strong defense and a superb kicker of the type represented by Harry Kipke, now head coach, and, more recently, John Regeczi. Yes, I know it is true that brilliant forward passers like Bennie Friedman and Harry Newman have been factors. Michigan has used them and others like them to drive home the victory spike—after the kickers and the defense had forced the quarry into a corner.

Let's trace sketchily the history of kicking in football. As you know, our American football is the direct offspring of the British Rugby. Football as played in England originally was a kicking game. Then came the memorable day in 1826 when William Webb Ellis, a young man of Rugby, astounded his teammates, his opponents and his elders by picking up the ball and running with it, instead of kicking. For that shocking disregard of the rules of the game, young Mr. Ellis was roundly scolded by his captain, who apologized to the opponents for the unseemly action. But it was ever thus with pioneers.

There came, however, a second thought. The impulsive action of Ellis had created a play which in the light of reflection appealed to some of the watchers and players as attractive. They experimented with the innovation of permitting players to run with the ball, thereby instituting a distinctively new phase in the game. On that day more than a century ago, was created the running, kicking, passing sport that is Rugby today and, with our variations, American football.

Our own football revolution occurred in 1905-06 with the introduction of the forward pass. The defense was loosened, and mass play, which had become a hazard and a matter of national concern, was minimized. Now there came a new school of thought regarding the punt. Percy D. Haughton, taking up the coaching of Harvard in 1908, was a leader. Haughton had been an exceptional punter as a Harvard player. As coach he visualized the punt not merely as a defensive weapon but as an offensive play. The field goal played a definite part in his scoring scheme. "Punt and play for the breaks" was an important phrase in his football philosophy. Vic Kennard, Sam Felton, Charlie Brickley—the greatest field goal kicking specialist the game has seen—and Ned Mahan became glamorous names in Harvard football history. All were great kickers of that era.

Then, with the rules changing nearly every year in some important particular governing offense and defense, the science of football tactics began to jump ahead so rapidly that the coaches could with difficulty keep pace. New formations were coming into the game. The shift began to be widely used. Mastery of the forward pass, which had been slow in approaching, now seemed to arrive all at once. Touchdowns were being scored on passes against defenses not yet properly attuned to the overhead game. This was the "get-rich-quick" period in football generalship. Why use the punt as an offensive weapon (the coaches reasoned) when spectacular touchdowns could be scored on passes and trick plays? Deception and more deception came to be the vogue.

So it was in this period, roughly from about 1915 until 1930, that the coaches let the kicking game in football shift for itself. Of course, we had to have kickers. If a great natural kicker came along, we gave thanks. If not, we picked out three or four boys, usually backs, who seemed to have some aptitude for kicking and gave them the assignment. But rarely did we devote much time to the building of the attack around them. Rarely did we have a kicker practice punting in scrimmage against a charging line. The ends and linemen were given little or no practice going downfield under kicks. The punt catchers were assigned to catch punts—or to let them roll—but rarely was any attention given to making them the center of a play.

And Kicking Was Slighted

We slighted the kick-off as a play. Most of us recognized its importance. We knew from experience how demoralizing it is to a team to have the kick-off returned for a long gain that puts the receiving team in immediate position to strike for a score. We knew that games were frequently decided by this opening play. But there were so many other things to think about—spinners and reverse plays and forward passes and the defense against all of them. So we let the kicking game slide along by itself.

In this matter of the kick-off, which is so important, Yale in 1931 was one of the leaders in the renaissance. Down South, Tennessee, under Major Neyland, had turned its attention to the return of the kick-off as a regular part of its play equipment and was having notable success. At Yale, Dr. Mal Stevens, then the head coach, gave the play similar attention, with the result that the Blue had marked success throughout the season in sending such backs as Booth, Parker and Lassiter through into enemy territory on the kick-off behind well-planned, carefully practiced and skillfully varied cross-blocking maneuvers.

You, the spectator, fail too often to appreciate the importance of the kick-off play, especially the kick-off that opens the game.

Here on the field are two teams which have been waiting for this moment for weeks, perhaps for the entire twelve months since they last met.

The whistle blows. The kicker who has worked hard in perfecting his kick-off meets the ball just right. It soars sixty yards downfield and into the end zone for a touchback. The chance of a return is cut off. The ball comes out to the twenty-yard line, but in the arms of an official, not a player. For the receiving team, this is an anticlimax. Now they get under way, as you might say, from a standing start. The chance for a long return on a play based on cross-blocking, side-blocking or the sort of fake I have described has gone glimmering.

In this reverse side of the kicking game, the catching and return of punts should and will be taught in the future as carefully as the kicking itself. Too few safety men have been trained as they should be in the art of catching punts on the run. That is the only way a punt should be caught save in the case of a fair catch. An "arm tackler"—the term is applied to the boy who attempts to tackle with his arms rather than with the drive of his body—may spill a punt catcher who must start after the ball has been caught. But the daring punt catcher who has the ability and courage to catch his ball on the dead run has momentum that carries him through the arm tackler unscathed. Vincent Stevenson, former All-America quarterback of the University of Pennsylvania, and Benny Boynton, Williams College's great quarterback of fifteen years ago, were two of the best I have ever seen at this daring but extremely valuable trick.

There is no doubt whatever in my mind that we are seeing a general revival in the development of the kicking game, both in its use as an offensive weapon and in the development of defense against it. Plays occurring more and more frequently in the past few seasons indicate that. You, the spectator, will be the beneficiary in thrills. This season and next, you'll see more and more frequently the sort of play with which Bill Morton of Dartmouth surprised Cornell at Hanover in one recent season.

Bill Morton, one of Dartmouth's best backs of a decade and an outstanding kicker, was playing the safety position for the Big Green. In the third quarter, Dartmouth led by a score of 7 to 0. Hanoverian fingers were crossed as Cornell, back in its own territory, threatened to rumble under way with its powerful running attack, was halted momentarily before reaching midfield and punted from its own 40-yard line.

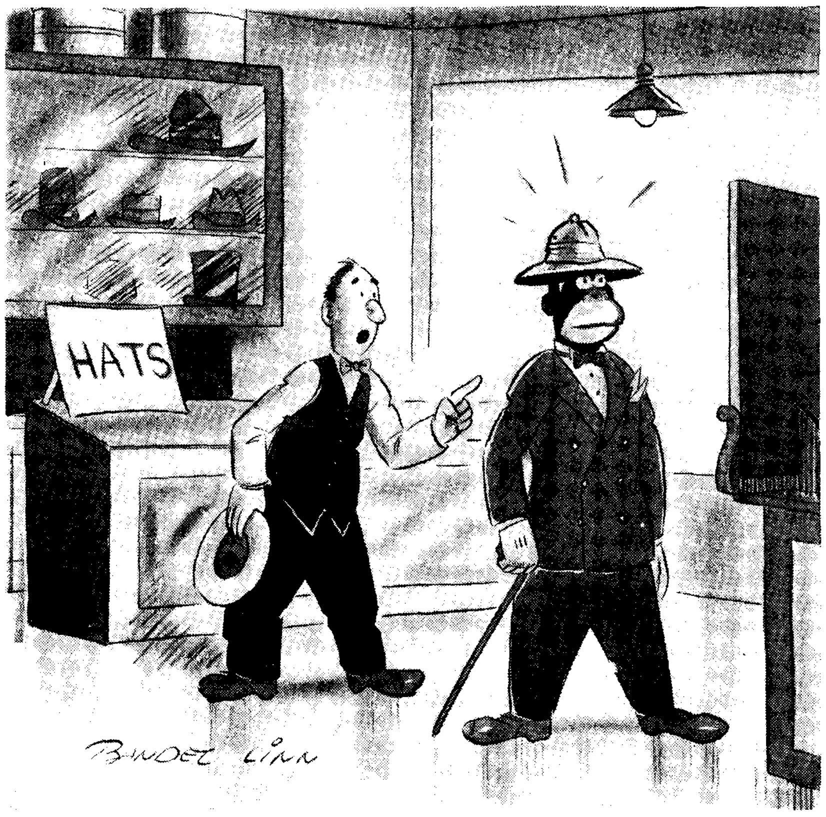
Morton caught the ball on his own twenty-yard line. The Cornell kick had been a good one, aimed at setting Dartmouth back on its heels in its own territory. Taking the ball on the run as a good back should, Morton started upfield. With the Cornell team surging down under the kick in full cry, however, Morton suddenly stopped and swung his kicking foot. Without warning, surprising his teammates as well as rivals, he booted the ball high and far over the heads of both teams.

A Victory for Dartmouth

It was an inspired play by a brilliant player and taken directly from the book of English Rugby, exactly the type of play we later saw the Cambridge University ruggers from England turn in when they visited the United States a year and a half ago. The ball struck at about Cornell's 25-yard line and rolled over the goal line for a touchback. Morton, of course, had aimed for the corner but very excusably had missed that objective. Had his ends been forewarned, they might have covered the kick and downed it close to the goal line. But the play had achieved its objective. In little more than an instant, heavy responsibility had been shifted from Dartmouth to Cornell shoulders.

The ball came out to Cornell's 20-yard line and the Cornell punt which followed was hurried, going outside at the Cornell 40-yard line. Dartmouth was now in commanding position. Dartmouth had the "lift" that is born of such a play. Cornell couldn't help being a bit shaken. Without loss of time, Dartmouth pushed to the touchdown that put the game beyond recall, 14 to 0.

(Continued on page 52)



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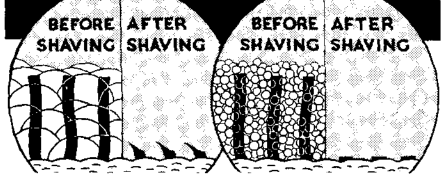

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(Continued from page 51)

Bill Morton's intelligent use of his kicking game had turned the trick.

I mentioned above the part the lateral pass is destined to take in the kicking game—that is, in the return of kicks. Thrills, spills and the most spectacular football you ever have seen await you in this phase of the game. It won't be Rugby because there are fundamentals in our game—the prescribed distance to be gained in four downs; the blocking, the forward passing, the importance laid on possession of the ball—which will always make our game distinct from England's football. But there is nothing to keep us from borrowing some of Rugby's thrilling plays for transplanting in our game and that is what we are doing in the use of the lateral pass not merely as part of the play from scrimmage but also in the return of kicks. I believe you are not likely to see the lateral pass effectively consistent when thrown behind the line of scrimmage because, with fast-charging ends and tackles and with halfbacks who come up rapidly, the runner can either be forced wide to the side line or tackled while still running laterally, before reaching the line of scrimmage.

The Lateral Pass

You will, however, see in increasing frequency the lateral pass as Colgate applied it last season against Holy Cross for a brilliant touchdown. Early in the game, Jim Hobin, Holy Cross kicker, got off a great punt which McDonough, Colgate halfback, caught on his own 17-yard line.

Holy Cross ends and tackles were downfield like a pack of beagles, and McDonough had time only to take two or three steps forward before he was engulfed by a purple wave. In the instant before he was tackled, however, things happened. McDonough turned his body sharply with that quick pivot the Rugby players use and tossed the ball to Kern, his companion halfback. Kern took two strides forward, slid through a quick hole, found himself guarded from side and back by a convoy of blocking teammates and ran eighty-three yards to a touchdown untouched by an unfriendly hand.

That, I submit, is real football, combining as it does an outstanding feature of English Rugby, the lateral pass, with a distinctive feature of the American game, the blocking. And it bears directly on our subject of the kicking game and the counter-offensive against kicking.

But let me tell you of a real thriller, a play in which the lateral figured in the return of a kick under the most unusual circumstances that ever came to my notice.

Lafayette, coached by Herb McCracken, the old Pittsburgh star and molder of some of the East's strongest teams during his early seasons at Lafayette, was playing Penn State. The teams are old rivals and this was one of their bitterest battles. Into the final quarter they came with Lafayette leading, 3-0, by virtue of a field goal. Finally into the last minute they came with Lafayette still holding that hairline advantage. The ball was Lafayette's on its own 18-yard stripe, third down, five yards to go—and fourteen seconds now left to play.

It should be explained that only one week before, against Bucknell, Lafayette's punter had waited until fourth down to punt in the late minutes of the game when his team, curiously enough, had also held a 3-0 lead. Looking directly into the rays of the setting sun, the punter had then bobbled the pass from center, Bucknell had taken the ball and surged to a last-minute touchdown and victory, 6-3. In the ensuing week, Coach McCracken had held earnest conversation with his quarterback and punter on the extreme inadvisability of waiting until fourth down to kick in such a situation.

Now, with fourteen seconds to go, the signal caller determined he would make no mistake. Kick on third down he would this time.

Third down, five yards to go, fourteen seconds to play, the signal for a punt is called in the Lafayette huddle. The team unwinds from the huddle. The seconds are ticking away. The ball comes back. Woodfin, Lafayette's punter, kicks. It's a beautiful hoist. As it reaches the top of its high arc and begins to descend, the timekeeper's gun barks. The sixty official minutes of the football game are finished, the ball still in air.

But the game is not over, you know, until the play in progress when the gun sounds is completed.

Far, far back on Penn State's own 40-yard line, Cooper French, a shifty safety man, catches the ball. Fully two seconds after the gun has sounded, he gathers it in and heads upfield. The Lafayette ends are down fast, eager for this final kill that will end the game. Two of them dive for French but just as they do so, he passes the ball to Diedrich, his teammate, who had been back with him on punt-catching patrol. Taking the pass cleanly, Diedrich zigzags his way through Lafayette's tacklers with the aid of some inspired blocking. On a run of more than half the length of the field, he scores the winning touchdown actually in the sixty-first minute of a sixty-minute contest. By 6 to 3, this is Penn State's game of football. In one of the rarest plays ever recorded in American college football, Penn State had won through intelligent counter-attack to the punt; had won on a play picked bodily from the repertoire of English Rugby.

One of the marked evidences of the new intelligence in kicking the football has been the development in the past three or four years of accurate, directional kicking, kicking away from the safety man, kicking out of bounds to preclude successful runbacks. This type of kicking is especially valuable for the mediocre punter who, unlike the Jim Mooney of Georgetown, or the Ned Mahan of Harvard or the John Regeczi of Michigan, cannot hope for exceptional distance and height.

Don't Coach a Natural Kicker

On the day that Jim Mooney of Georgetown first reported to my squad there, I watched him punt several times, then instructed the assistant coaches that on no account was anyone to attempt to coach him in kicking. The reason was that Jim Mooney, one of the greatest punters I have ever seen, was a naturally gifted performer, the football counterpart of Ty Cobb or Babe Ruth.

But the less gifted punter who must be developed can be made to learn the trick of accuracy and directional kicking, thereby being sure of the distance he does get on his kicks by punting away from the safety man, rather than chancing a runback of ten or fifteen or twenty yards or more by the shifty punt-catcher. Leroy Mills of Mount Vernon, New York, a Princeton graduate and a kicking scientist if there ever was one, has proved one of the most skillful of all teachers in this phase of the game, although he makes it nothing more than a hobby.

And how, you ask, does one recognize kicking genius as I, for instance, recognized it the afternoon Jim Mooney reported for football at Georgetown?

I can give you no formula. You must recognize it by results, by height and distance and accuracy and speed in getting the ball away against a charging defensive line. There is no set form. Just as Lou Gehrig and Al Simmons differ radically in their form at the plate as they face American League pitchers, just as Tommy Hitchcock and Pat Roark are contrasting figures in the saddle as they belt a polo ball, just as Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen differ on the golf tee, so do the great kickers of football differ. Each has been gifted with his distinctive style and trick of timing. And wouldn't it be foolish for the super-expert to come along and attempt to change any of these masters at his sport?

The Hewitt Style

Ralph Hewitt of Columbia was accustomed to strike the ball at a point distinctly lower than the average kicker as he punted. In his drop-kicking, he had a similar peculiarity. But he got the ball away, he drove it for real distance and he kicked accurately. It was not difficult for me to withstand the temptation to change him. I knew that if he once started to worry about his form, he would become self-conscious, begin to press and lose his fine edge. On the day that Hewitt kicked a 53-yard drop-kick to send Columbia away to a 3 to 0 lead over a strong Cornell team and followed by running back the second half kick-off the length of the field for a touchdown, playing intelligently his part in the kick-off play we had practiced the preceding week, I sat back and gave thanks for the presence of a young man who not only was a naturally gifted kicker but adept in the kicking game's corollary, the returning of kicks.

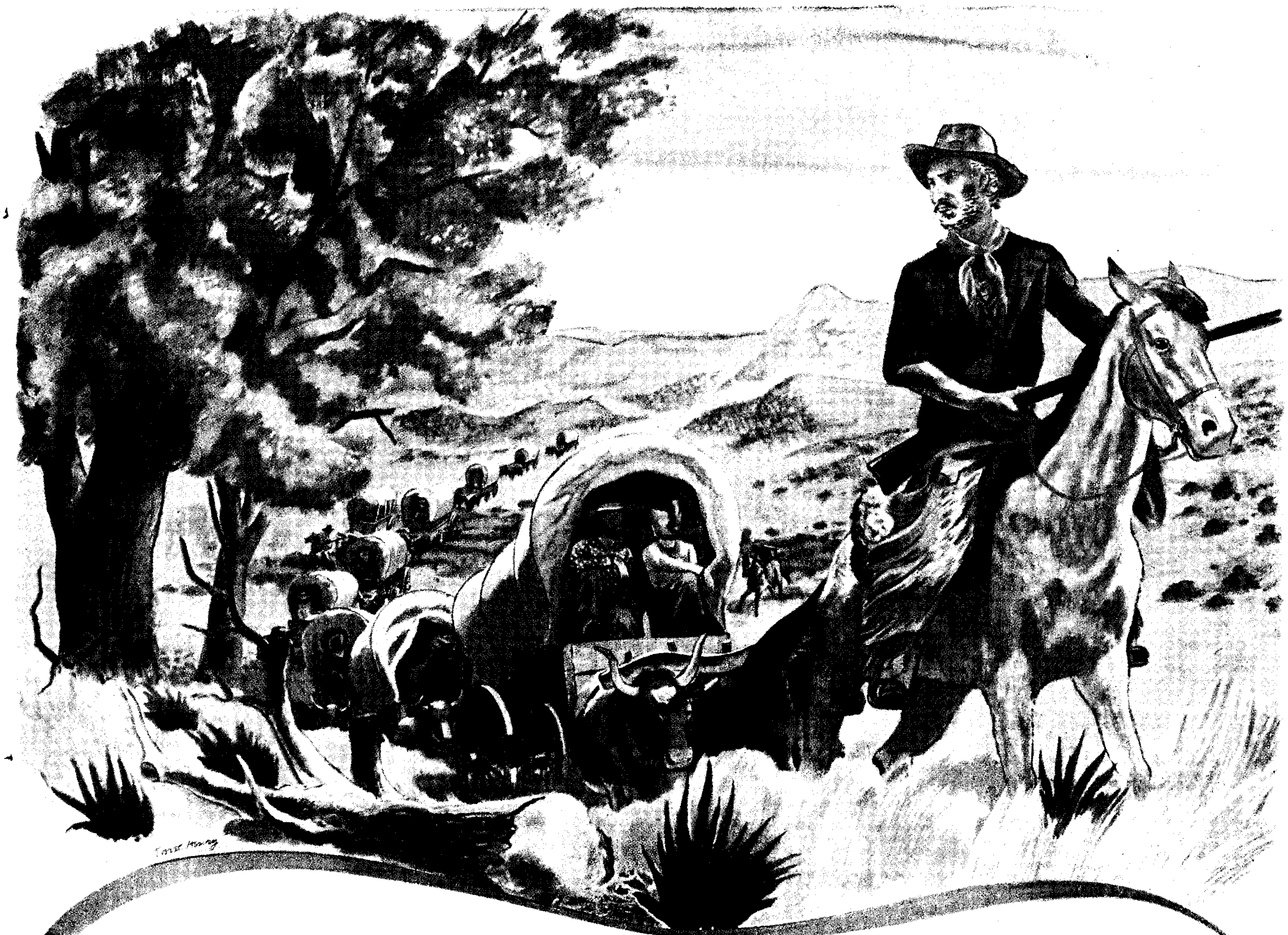
But until now, the Mooneys, the Hewitts, the Ken Strongs, the Mahans, the Regeczis, have been far too few. In too many cases, the kicker has been the football squad's stepchild, forced to shift for himself, with too few plays built around him and his ability. I admit it has been more difficult for the field-goal kicker since the rules change in 1927 set the goal posts ten yards behind the goal line. The additional ten yards make a tremendous difference. As things stand now, the ball must be on the 5-yard line for a 25-yard drop-kick, inasmuch as the kicker needs approximately ten yards between him and the scrimmage line for protection and the posts are ten yards behind the goal line. Obviously, the usual strategy calls for an attack on the goal line and the resultant six points—or seven—rather than a field goal and a possible three points. The exception comes sometimes on fourth down.

I doubt that the field goal in college football ever will come back to the halcyon days it knew when Brickley and Braden and Garbisch and their kind were emulating the earlier deeds of O'Dea and DeWitt and Eckersall. But it is certain that thoughtful, intelligent use of the kicking game as it refers to the punt, the kick-off and their counter tactics, will have a fuller sway in American football in the next few years than at any time in the past fifteen years. There will be new tactics, new strategy, new deception built around the kicking game, tactics of which we have now only an inkling.

Some of this strategy we shall have borrowed from the old parent, English Rugby. Much of it we shall invent on our own responsibility. All of it will make for a more interesting and more aptly named game of "football" instead of what was tending not so long ago to be a combination of "carry ball" and "forward-pass ball." We need the foot in football and we're coming back to it.

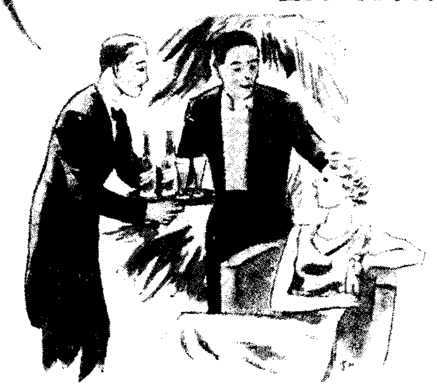
In other words, the college football player still has a kick coming.

And you, the spectator, may expect bigger and better thrills.



Schlitz was a '49-er too!

In that year it was first brewed in Milwaukee



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The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

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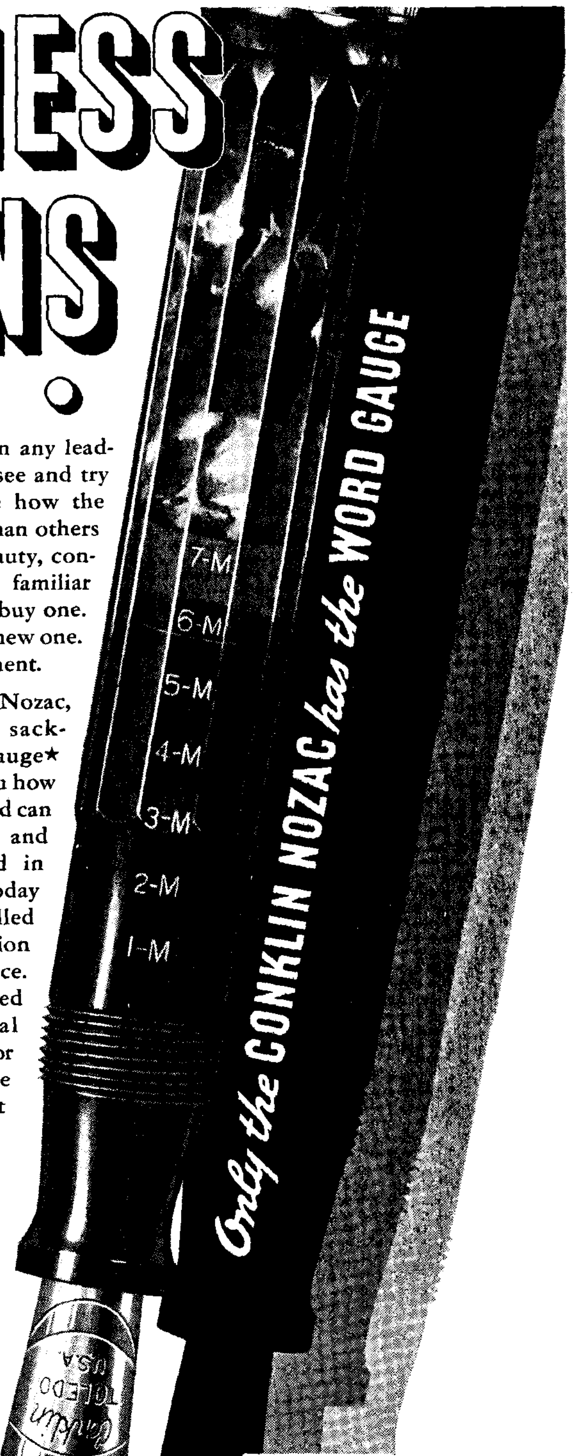
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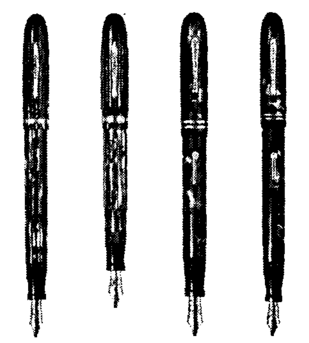

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A THERMOMETER NEEDS A SCALE
...AND A PEN NEEDS A WORD GAUGE

Conklin
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The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 21

the All-America pickers when they write in."

"I don't know. I had quite a chat with Brad Anthony today and all he wanted to talk about was Clark."

"Well, wise guy, I talked to Anthony myself Saturday night."

"You must have talked your way out, then."

Clark asked: "What did you tell him about me?"

Spike laughed confidently. "I told him everything he needed to know and nothing he didn't." He grinned at Cal. "I'd hate to tell you what I'd have told him about you, dress suit, but he never asked me."

"Okay. One of these days when you come to my office to interview me, I'll tell the boy I don't talk to thirty-dollar-a-week guys."

"You'll probably be bumming from thirty-dollar-a-week guys by that time. Well, guess I'll go unpack my dress suit."

CLARK did not rest well that night. His sleep was full of the terrifying images which pile upon a troubled mind in the defenseless zone between slumber and awareness. Everything should have been so pleasant; instead, he could not escape the pounding in his head.

He was up early and on his way to the cafeteria. The morning papers would be there. He passed friendly faces on the campus lawns, heard pleasant words; he wondered if this might be the last time he would walk across these acres and receive such greetings.

Now that it all might be lost to him, he treasured the years he had spent at Atlantic. Here he was somebody. He stood out above the crowd. Young schoolmates respected him, admired him; he felt it even from those he did not know.

Life was short enough. The future was uncertain, at best. When they took his football away and he went on his way without the glare of the spotlight, he might even be a failure. Clark knew he was not brilliant. He was steady and had common sense; he was healthy; ambitious; eager to try. He could sink his teeth into something and stay with it.

If these things were enough in the outside world, he would do all right. If they were not enough, he would be just another misfit, yanked from his natural environment to serve a peculiar talent and then, when that talent was no longer useful, left to grope in the fog, unable to go forward, unwilling to go back.

Clark realized that he wasn't ready to give it all up yet. It was something to be a big man on the campus, to stand out, even if it were chiefly due to his muscle. These kids who smiled at him, looked up to him, were rich, mostly; they had family backgrounds and cultural training. It was something to have beaten them so far, and to have earned their respect. There were few of them who wouldn't have been willing to change places with him this morning, before breakfast—

After breakfast, after they had read the papers—

This glory meant something to Clark but it meant more to his mother, working with her fingers back there to make ends meet; and to his father, lying in pain. Seeing his pictures, reading about him, feeling the admiration of the town, must have made their moments easier.

Saturday night he had sat with the Baileys. He felt that they liked him, respected him for what he was. It wasn't just muscle, either. There were plenty of muscle people. To hit the top, even in football, required other things—courage, brains, resourcefulness, personality—

The things which made a good football player could make a good man—that was what was behind the respect and admiration of people. It wasn't all artificial, all superficial, as Cal thought.

It *was* something to have a chance for All-America. It meant that, as far as he had gone, he had the stuff. It meant that he might go further.

Clark Jenkins, coal-mine boy, had begun to feel the confidence of achievement. That evening with the Baileys and their friends had begun to bring it out.

Now, as he walked toward the crucial moment of his life, he desperately wanted to hold it. He didn't want to discover that there were no short cuts over the mountains, to find that he had been lifted so high only that he might have a longer fall.

Only a few students were in the cafeteria—the early risers, studious ones. Football was not so important to these as Phi Beta Kappa keys. Brad Anthony would not be interested in whether Tony Scotti had given money to any of them.

The boy at the newsstand was friendly. There was nothing different in his face.

The New York papers had not arrived.

Clark ordered his breakfast, ate it slowly. When the bundle of newspapers came, he waited until it was opened, bought the first Globe and walked outside.

His picture was on the front page.

HE LEANED against a tree as if he were reading a weather report, and read the story. Brad Anthony had marshaled his evidence with terrifying logic.

A definite link had been revealed between college football and crooked gamblers.

The sudden shifting of odds on the Atlantic-Midwest classic had been explained. A gambling coup on that big game had been engineered by Wayne Harlow and Blackie Dawson, notorious Broadway operators.

Inside information of a leg injury to Clark Jenkins, keystone of the Atlantic team, had been furnished the racketeers by Tony Scotti, a small-time gambler who had access to the inner sanctum of Atlantic athletics.

Scotti had sent Jenkins to Atlantic; had admitted furnishing him money out of gambling winnings.

Scotti had boasted of "cleaning up" on the Midwest game at the expense of Atlantic students. Pete Jenkins, ex-pugilist, associate of Scotti and brother of Clark Jenkins, had also bet against his brother's team and won.

There had been no previous publicity regarding the injury to Jenkins. He had been carried from the field in the first half. The next week, against Knickerbocker, he had shown no trace of the injury.

Harlow and Dawson had been at the Atlantic practice field on the day before the Knickerbocker game, with Scotti and Pete Jenkins. They had talked with Clark Jenkins there but photographers had been unable to get consent for a photograph of the group.

Clark Jenkins was the chief support of his mother and crippled father. He carried a full schedule of classes in the difficult philosophy course.

The story asked how a boy who gave

most of his leisure time to football could do all this. Inquiry had revealed that the only employment he had had was some vague "work" about the gymnasium.

"Under the circumstances," Anthony concluded, "the students and alumni of Atlantic who lost money on the Midwest game can be excused for wondering just how serious was the injury which caused Jenkins to leave that contest."

CLARK fell back against the tree as if he had been struck by a padded fist. Nobody had as yet left the cafeteria.

He hurried across the campus, smiling grimly at cheerful greetings from the students hurrying to breakfast—and the morning Globe.

He climbed the stairs to the office of the football coach, knocked.

"Come in," Gates shouted.

When Clark opened the door and stood, hesitant, the young Skipper shook his head.

"Nice morning, isn't it?"

"Have you read—"

"They called me up in the middle of the night. Phone's been ringing ever since."

Clark sat down. "I'm sorry—"

The Skipper said: "You haven't done a thing wrong. Don't forget that."

Clark waited.

"Now, listen. You go to classes, come to practice and do everything you would do normally. Only one thing—don't answer phone calls and don't talk to newspapermen. Don't talk to anybody about it—I mean outsiders. I'll handle this."

He snorted. "They've got nothing on us. It'll blow over. Keep your head and don't talk. Try to keep that Tony from spilling anything and make your brother disappear and stay away from here the rest of the year." . . .

As a varsity regular almost from the first day he went out for the team, Clark had become accustomed to attention. He had never, since his freshman year, walked on the campus without being conscious of furtive inspection.

It had been pleasant, mostly; but now he wished for the anonymity of the humblest little bookworm. The news had gotten around, had spread quickly through the halls and the classrooms.

Did you read about Clark Jenkins? What do you think? You don't think he would—

He tried to walk to his eight-o'clock class as he had always walked, quietly, friendly, with a word for all who had a word for him. It was difficult. He could not pretend absorption nor could he look too closely or too aggressively.

They were trying to pretend nothing had happened.

AT THE entrance to the class, those outside whom he knew greeted him with more gusto than usual. It was a lecture class, an elective he had chosen, on Shakespeare, Dante and the Bible.

When it was over, Spike was waiting. He took Clark's arm and steered him toward the lake. Little Spike was heartily loyal to his friend and profanely critical of his chosen profession.

"They'll be after news. I want to talk to you first and then I'll know better what to say. As far as I can see, it's just one of those things with the exception that that damned Tony Scotti had to pop off. He's a publicity hound and he'd die to see that round mush of his in the paper. Nothing for you to worry about. Just one thing—who told Tony about your leg?"

"I didn't."

"Who did—Pete?"

"No."

Spike stopped abruptly. "Now, listen. I'm your pal—you know that."

"The fellow who told him didn't mean any harm. There's no point in dragging him in."

"Okay. Then don't tell me—never mind."

They walked slowly through the sharp wind, over the dead leaves, along the round curve of the lake.

They reached the steps of Dormont Hall.

Cal was dressing. He said tartly: "A thousand phone calls for you this morning. New York calling. New York calling. Did you come into dough or something?"

"Haven't you been out?" Spike asked.

"No—I've been trying to sleep."

"Well, he came into plenty. Take a look."

Cal dropped his tie, chosen to match the blue in his eyes, and read. He swore softly. He shook his head several times.

"Why, that dirty—"

"Who?" Spike asked quickly.

"Tony." Cal turned to Clark. "You're not going to bring me into this, are you?"

Spike sneered. "Always thinking of somebody else. How could he bring you into it? What did you do?"

"Nothing."

"Then why bring it up—"

"I'm his roommate. Tony's been here."

"And he might have heard you say something, huh?"

Cal turned angrily: "Who the hell are you—the district attorney or somebody?"

Spike grinned. "Just a dumb thirty-dollar-a-week guy."

AT TWELVE o'clock a group of football players waited on the porch of Dormont Hall.

"Not too many," Tom Vavra said, "don't make it look too conspicuous. Just about six. Make it look natural."

Clark Jenkins stepped out. "Hi, Clark," Vavra said. "Going to eat?"

"Yes."

"Guess I'll go over, too. Any of you guys ready?"

There was a mass movement. Clark laughed. It was his first laugh of the day. "Bodyguard, Tom?"

Tom Vavra grinned. "Aw, well," he said, "nuts."

So they all went, laughing at themselves. The tension was broken. Other students, passing, waved and called loudly. The word went on ahead. When they reached the cafeteria a crowd had gathered.

Margaret Bailey waited after the one-o'clock biology class. They walked to the path about the lake.

"I tried to get you this morning but they said you were out."

"Coach told me not to answer calls."

"I was in the cafeteria at noon but thought I'd wait."

"Everybody's been fine."

"Why shouldn't they be?"

"It must look bad."

"That was a cruel story. Aren't you going to answer it?"

"I'm under orders not to. The faculty board is meeting this afternoon and they'll issue a statement."

"What time are they meeting?"

"Four o'clock. I have to be there."

She spoke angrily. "A trial."

"They have to investigate."

"All they're thinking about is the fair name of the school. Does your mother read the papers?"

"Not much—but my father reads every word that's printed about me."

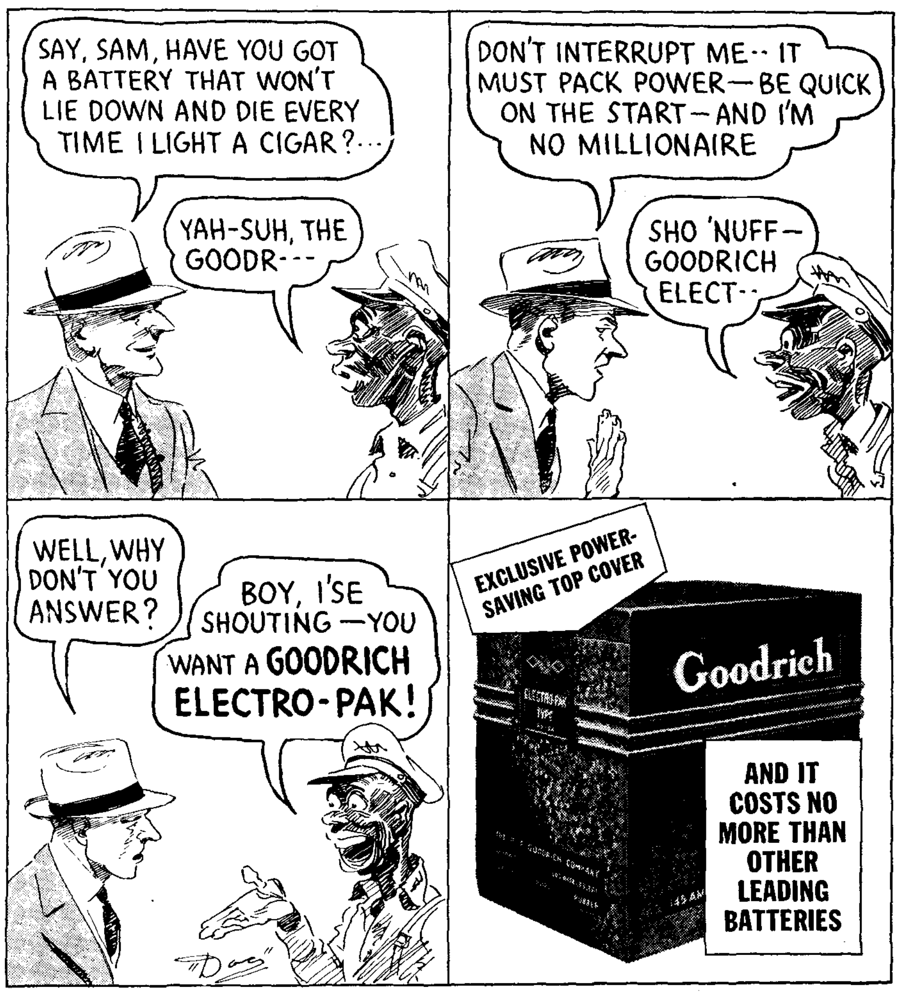
"And he's subject to heart attacks. I think it's outrageous. They don't have to treat you like a criminal. Have you seen the afternoon New York papers?"

"No. I didn't know they were out yet."

"I talked to Dad just before class. He said they're terrible. He's bringing some with him."

(Continued on page 56)

"POWER-HOUSE" SAM . . . By "Doc"


SAY, SAM, HAVE YOU GOT A BATTERY THAT WON'T LIE DOWN AND DIE EVERY TIME I LIGHT A CIGAR?...
YAH-SUH, THE GOODR---
DON'T INTERRUPT ME-- IT MUST PACK POWER—BE QUICK ON THE START—AND I'M NO MILLIONAIRE
SHO 'NUFF—GOODRICH ELECT--
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?
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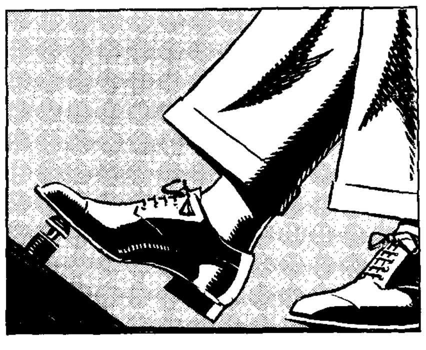

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He needed the low-powered Audiphone equipped with air conduction receiver.

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In some cases, hearing is easier, clearer through the bones of the head.

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This Audiphone amplifies sound enough to offset almost all hearing defects.

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(Continued from page 55)

"Is he coming down?"

"Yes. I asked him to."

"You shouldn't—"

"Why not? He knows you've done nothing wrong. He knows how those gamblers work. He might have some influence with the faculty. You might need all the help you can get—you know that, don't you?"

"I don't think it's quite that bad."

"Well, the coach does. I talked to him this morning. He said that if it were necessary to make somebody a goat to clear the school—that you never could tell. That's why I called Dad."

"You mean they might drop me?"

"It's been done before, he said. That's why you've got to do everything to protect yourself. You've got to think of your father and mother, too. You've got to tell who told Tony."

He frowned. "What's the use? I'm hooked in the thing. The person who told Tony did it innocently enough. There's no use pulling him in, too."

"But if he did it innocently, why doesn't he say so?"

"If he wants to—"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"If he wants to, he will."

She was annoyed. "Why should you take the whole blame?"

"Because Tony is my headache—nobody else's."

She stopped. "You don't seem to see. If you didn't tell Tony, you are just the victim of circumstances. If you did tell him—"

"Do you think I did?" he interrupted quickly.

"Of course I don't. But I'm not the public—or the faculty. If they don't know who did, you'll be under suspicion."

"I seem to be under suspicion, anyhow."

"But if somebody else told him, somebody who did not know him, who just said it without thinking and had nothing to gain, then there would be a break in the chain."

"Maybe; and maybe not. If I drag another fellow into the mess then the papers will build it up that much more—the first thing you know they'll be writing that the whole team was in on it."

"If you don't tell, and if he doesn't, the faculty might make you the goat—and there'd be a cloud on you for the rest of your life."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I guess you don't understand, Margaret. You've been fine about it—but I just can't do that."

"That's the gangster's code."

They turned back. The leaves crackled under their feet, making loud noises in the silence.

AT FIVE minutes to four, Clark Jenkins and Coach Joe Gates entered the administration building through a rear entrance and went directly to the office of the president. As they entered there was a mass movement of reporters, a hurried questioning and the quick, quiet sounds of camera shutters.

"You'll have to wait, men," Coach Gates explained pleasantly, "it's like I told you before. After the faculty meeting we may have a statement."

The room was large, with a high ceiling, dark furnishings, soft carpets and an atmosphere of quiet dignity. There were stern faces on the wall paintings and sober faces on the members of the board who sat in comfortable chairs in a semicircle. President Lowden, a tall, spare man with a severe, graven face, was seated back of a desk at the top of the circle.

He greeted them. His tones were sonorous but unaffected. He pointed to two empty seats near him. Clark sat down, glanced hastily about. He saw Spike, Jim Bailey, Tom Vavra and Cal Calhoun.

The president spoke:

"Gentlemen, we face an unpleasant situation. I am assuming that you have all read the newspapers—the morning Globe and these afternoon sheets. Editorials, headlines, pictures, charges, innuendoes, insinuations—all the hunters of sensational journalism loose on a fresh scent."

He clamped his lips tightly and looked about the room. "We are all here with the exception of the individual who seems to have been the active agent of this disturbance—one Tony Scotti, whose acquaintance I have made through the newspapers but who seems to have been quite prominently identified with our athletics."

The firm underjaw of Coach Joe Gates quivered. His eyes narrowed and he looked about the room as if to search the minds of the members of the board.

"I wired this person, Tony Scotti, to honor us with his presence but he seems to have grown strangely coy. Has anybody else, by any chance, been in communication with him today?"

He looked at the coach. "I have not, sir," Gates answered firmly. "And Clark has not—I told him this morning to talk to nobody until we had met with you, sir."

"Very wise advice, Joe—it's too bad you hadn't thought of something like that before." The speaker was a big man, vice-president of the board, Charles Cormack, Dean of Law.

THE young coach's chin began to jut. Jim Bailey, genial and soft-spoken, interposed:

"If I may interrupt, Dr. Lowden, I may be able to explain Tony's absence. If Harlow and Dawson, or their kind, were in with him, they have undoubtedly warned him not to talk to anybody. That is routine procedure. They shun publicity."

"Thank you, Mr. Bailey." The president picked up some clippings before him, adjusted his spectacles, cleared his throat and said: "I have three items from this journalistic carousal which seem to me important enough to read."

He read first:

"Racketeers, deprived of bootlegging profits and frightened away from kidnapping, have turned en masse to gambling. There will be many millions of dollars wagered on college football games this year. Gambling operators, from Wall Street brokers down to the shoestring bookies who run the pasteboard cards racket, have gradually been injecting into this haphazard wagering their 'business' methods, which invariably give the house the big edge in the odds.

"Into this virgin field of fresh sucker money, the sure-thing boys like Harlow and Dawson have turned avidly."

The president cleared his throat, looked about him slowly, paused for what seemed to Clark to be a long time. "This situation cannot be ignored. It calls for quick, decisive action, for the well-being of this university and of intercollegiate sports. If, in the process, we discover diseased organisms in our own body, we must not shirk our plain duty; we must not hesitate to operate."

His words beat slowly into Clark's head, remained there, drumming away on the nerves which carried to all parts of his body. He felt, for the first time in his life, as if he might faint. He saw no friendly face on the jury, no mercy in the judge.

His own witnesses were obviously concerned. Spike gave a gesture of courage with his small right hand, Tom Vavra gazed steadily back.

Cal Calhoun looked at one of the paintings.

(To be continued next week)

Medical Authorities say:

The researches of prominent physicians, as reported in a leading medical journal, indicate that a cold is a lowering of the alkaline balance, or reserve... in other words a mild acidosis.

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Except for the addition of this natural alkaline factor, there is no other change in the famous Luden's formula. Same pleasant taste, same quick relief from coughs. But it pays more than ever to Ludenize—for now it contributes to your alkaline reserve!

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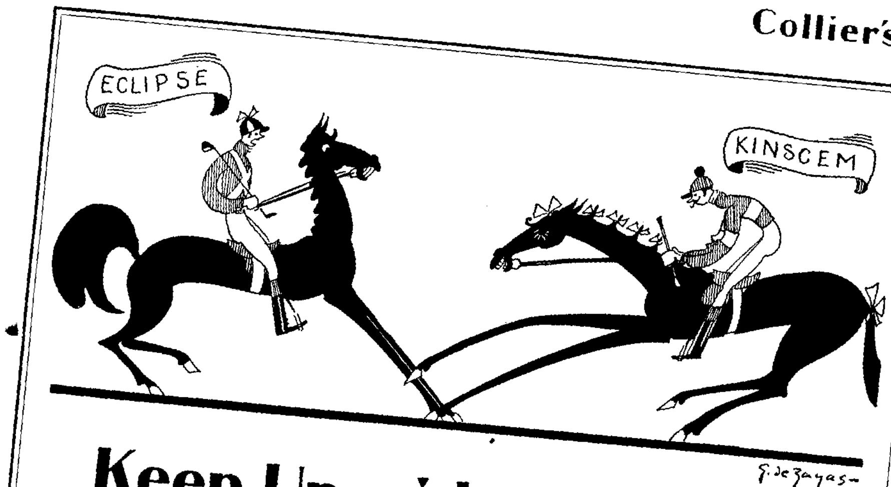

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Although Eclipse, foaled in England in 1764, is considered to be the greatest horse in racing history because he won every one of his 20 races and sired 344 winners, the "unbeaten" record belongs to Kinscem, foaled in Hungary in 1874. This mare won 57 consecutive important races, an achievement never equaled.—*By Arthur C. Norris, Chicago, Illinois.*

One of the world's oddest orchestras is composed of a group of native women of the Tonga Islands in the south Pacific. Without the aid of instruments, they imitate musical notes solely through the clapping and pressing of their hands, and have performed before enthusiastic audiences in New Zealand and Australia.

Man-traps, resembling large rat-traps, with steel jaws armed with teeth that sank into a victim's leg, were at one time used extensively on thousands of farms and estates of England to catch poachers and trespassers. But so many innocent persons were caught and badly hurt in them that they were made illegal in 1827.

Moscow wields more influence in the Soviet Union than any other capital wields in its respective nation. Moscow finances, controls and operates all banks, factories, power plants, mines, oil fields, railroads and other economic enterprises throughout its vast country which, incidentally, reaches almost halfway around the globe.

The greatest mass fist fight in history took place in Queretaro, Mexico, in 1531, when the Indians persuaded the invading Spaniards to lay down their arms and fight like men. So the next day at dawn thousands lined up on each side and the battle began—and raged for 12 hours before a Spaniard knocked out the last Indian and took over the city in the name of Charles V of Spain.—*By Mrs. C. S. Aiken, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

Many states have potential weapons against "whispering campaigns" in statutes similar to that enacted in New York providing a $5,000 fine or three years' imprisonment, or both, for persons convicted of knowingly circulating a false or malicious rumor.

Sneezing is not always caused by an irritation of the sensitive nerve endings of the mucous membrane of the nose. In many persons a sneeze may result from stimulation of the optic nerve by strong light.—*By Helmi Numela, Aberdeen, Washington.*

A unique electric rate schedule is in force on the farms of Massachusetts. This table of rates is based on the number of cows that the farm "is capable of carrying if operated as a dairy farm." In case the consumer and the company fail to agree on this hypothetical number of cows, each appoints a referee and abides by the decision.—*By J. D. Williamson, Cheswick, Pennsylvania.*

Less than one third of the entire population of the world today uses beds, although these articles of furniture have been in existence for several thousand years. Even such modern people as the Japanese, and countless thousands in Europe, sleep on floors.

The world still possesses people who believe that dwarfs and midgets are children who never grow up, tribes that cannot "see" or understand a photograph, and individuals who are under the impression that they can stimulate their ability to sing by drinking water in which phonograph needles have been immersed for several days.—*By Mrs. H. C. Steele, Olympia, Washington.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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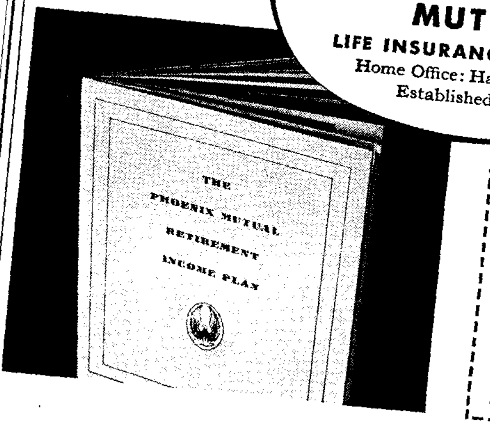

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Song of Love

Continued from page 11

Yes, sure, he'd been married. Married to a show girl, third road company, Love of Mike. In 1916. Two children. No. Only one, now. Second one died when it was born. Died with its mother. A little girl. Yes. Yes, it was. Little girls, little girls were nice. Well. Show her a picture of his kid, would she like to see a picture of his kid?

He had the air of a junior salesman showing samples.

"Why—why, good heavens, Peter—he's—he's wonderful! He's perfectly beautiful!" said Eleanor.

Well. Not a bad-looking kid. Looked like his mother. His mother was—his mother was a very good-looking woman. Fine woman, too. No. Didn't call him Pete. Called him Stephen. Steve, yes, that was right. In school now. St. Alexander's, near Boston. Going to Harvard, probably, afterwards. Not much interested in athletics, a little track, that was all. Edited the school paper. He had a copy of that, somewhere. No, didn't have it. He had a piece the kid wrote about final exams, anyhow.

That was in his wallet, too. It didn't seem to Eleanor as remarkable as the picture, but she didn't say so.

"WHAT business are you in, Peter?" she asked. And his blue eyes opened wide, and he blinked.

Oh, he had stores. Department stores. Didn't she ever see his store, on Michigan Boulevard? That was the best store. He had one in Indianapolis, too, and one in Terre Haute. But this one was the good one, the others didn't amount to much.

"Well, for heaven's sake, Peter," said Eleanor, again.

Well, it was like this. Business was the only thing he was any good at. In the war, he wasn't any good at all—oh, yes, sure, buck private. Yes, Soissons, but Soissons was all. Got a little gas, little gas, didn't amount to anything. Base hospital at Tours. Easy war. Didn't like it, didn't like any of it. Didn't like the Limeys, didn't like the Fro—the French. No good at anything but business. Had a good store, a swell store. Business pretty bad last couple of years, picking up again.

Eleanor murmured something, and Peter Abbott began to wind up for his peroration.

"Could I have that drink now, please?" he said. He'd only had the one.

"Certainly, Peter."

"Don't ring. I'll help myself. I'll have this one plain."

He had it.

"Nell, you got a boy friend?" he said.

"No." She wasn't surprised.

"That's all I want to know. I made a mistake years ago, trying to rush you. I was only a kid; kids have no patience. I knew what I wanted, then. I still want it. I'm not saying anything about my wife. She was a fine woman. She gave me the best thing I've got. My kid. I'm just telling you this: I'm either going to marry you, or nobody."

"Peter, you . . ."

"Wait just a minute. I said I wouldn't rush you. All I'm asking you is to give me a chance. Look me up. Find out about me. I'm all right. My word is good, my credit is good. I don't have any affairs with women—it would look good, wouldn't it? I'm hiring women all the time, half of the buyers are women. I don't say I never had, but all I say is, find some woman in my life now. There isn't any, hasn't been for—for some time."

"I believe that—you don't ask, about—about me."

"I did ask you."

"But you haven't seen me for twenty years."

"I asked you if you had anybody now. You said no. That's enough, isn't it?"

"I've been married twice. You know that?"

"Of course I know it. What of it? We're not kids. I'm forty-one."

"I'm thirty-eight."

"Sure you are. On the twentieth of September last."

"My goodness—Peter, that's—that's nicer than your flowers. See here. I have—I have business engagements to meet, for one thing. I couldn't even consider this, until they are finished. You wouldn't do it yourself. Would you?"

"I don't know. I might. You couldn't cancel this tour?"

"And you said you wouldn't rush me—Peter, I do like you, I like you so much. I don't think I'm in love with you, dear; I don't know if I ever was in love with anyone, truly in love. And you seem to be so well-off, and I've got to be sure it isn't that. Oh, it isn't—I'm not penniless. If I married you, I'd feel secure; I'd feel so safe. I know you don't run around; your kind doesn't. But I can't marry just for safety's sake, don't you see? It isn't right. It isn't fair."

"Fair to me, you mean? I'll worry about that, not you. And don't think I got such a barrel of money, either. I mean, don't let it stand in your way. I've got half a million dollars' worth of life insurance. With you, I'd live a long time—I'll ask you just one thing: will you let me have a copy of your—what would you call it? Your itinerary?"

"Yes. I'll send it to you."

"And you'll see me, on your way back from the Coast?"

"Yes. I'll see you, and have dinner with you. I'm leaving for Des Moines in—good heavens, Peter, what time is it? Oh, that's all right. That's plenty of time."

"Well. Good luck, then. I'll—I'll—Thanks, Nell. I . . ."

"I'm—I'm awfully fond of you, Peter. And—and I don't see what harm it would do if you'd kiss me goodby—oh! Oh, you must go, darling, please, please!"

"You'll write to me? You'll drop me a line once in a while?"

"Yes. Yes, dear."

"I'll always love you," he said, and kissed her again quickly, and was gone.

HE SENT her telegrams for every concert, and flowers almost always, and letters and letters and letters. These were like himself, short, and direct, and a little dull. He always said, "I love you." Eleanor would say "Love" or "Much love." Much love was truly what she had for him; she wasn't at all sure that this was enough. His letters didn't thrill her, though they were beginning to be a comfortable habit; she'd sit down and answer them in his own style, simply and plainly and without flourishes. She was no great letter writer any more than he was.

She continued out to the Coast, and fulfilled her engagements satisfactorily enough; her audiences were pleasant, but she herself was rather less than pleased. Peter Abbott was on her mind; she knew she'd have to make a decision soon, and she wasn't at all sure what that decision would be.

Swinging back, she gave a recital at Kansas City, and thought she was far from her best and was glad that she was almost finished. She was tired; she was irritable. There were two more engagements, both in the East. Very well; she'd go to Chicago, and see Peter, as she had promised.

She wired him, and at four he presented himself. They kissed each other, formally and shyly, and he beamed at her.

"Look, Nell," he said. "The—the boy is home. I was wondering if—if you'd—if you'd have dinner with us."

"Why, surely, Peter," she said. "I'd love to."

"And then, afterwards, I've—I'm expecting a few people to drop in. You won't mind?"

"Good Lord, Peter, I just got in—Yes—Yes, certainly, of course. But, my goodness, you'll have to get out. If you're having a party, *I'll* have to have a few things done to me, between now and dinnertime."

"I'll be back, at—six? Would that do? Will that be too soon?"

"No. That will be all right, dear."

WHEN he had gone, she laughed. Was he really so timid, so afraid to be alone with her? Or did he want the boy to see her, or his friends? Well, if he wanted to show her off to them, she didn't really mind.

The phone rang. It was Peter Abbott again. "Nell? Pete. What color dress are you wearing? Forgot to ask. What kind of flowers go with it?"

"I never wear flowers, darling—Peter—Do you want me to sing, tonight?"

A pause. "I—I— Will you, Nell?"

"Of course. Then I'd better get my young man, for my accompaniments."

"Oh—Walter Dietrich said he'd drop around, Nell."

"Not really! Not Dietrich! Goodness! It must be a party, Peter. Well. At six, then."

He came promptly at six, looking quite distinguished: she'd never seen him in evening clothes before. "Where are we going, Peter?" she said.

"Why, we're going home. Wait till you see the kid. He has a new tux. He thinks he's John Barrymore."

A starter blew a whistle, and Mr. Abbott's car was brought around, and the chauffeur opened the door. Peter nodded. "All right, Frank," he said. He turned to Eleanor. "I don't drive myself," he said. "I'm a rotten driver."

Mr. Abbott's car was big. His house was big. His dinner was elaborate, though there were only three people to eat it. And his son Steve was altogether the most beautiful young man Eleanor had ever seen. He was a head taller than his father, and slim and dark and with eager coal-black eyes. He gave her a beautiful bow, when his father introduced him, and Eleanor reached out her hand. In ten minutes she was calling him Stephen, and all through dinner they were talking and his father hardly saying a word, but looking from one of them to the other, and being so pleased and proud of both of them. And at eight-thirty Eleanor said, "Stephen, will you do me a favor? Let me tie that bow, for you. There! I haven't tied a bow tie for years." Which, of course, is an old trick, but well enough for a sixteen-year-old boy whose eyes and voice and bearing have told a woman thirty-eight that he considers her some charming being from another and a more fascinating world.

At nine-thirty, the guests began to arrive, solid men, substantial men, bald or gray or white-headed men with old dull first wives or pretty, glittering, dull new ones. There wasn't any other woman to help Eleanor receive; Peter Abbott hadn't thought of it, apparently. She didn't care.

Walter Dietrich came, and they chatted for a moment. "What shall we do, bye and bye, Madame?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know, quite," she said. "What do you think? Ständchen, perhaps, and Der Asra and something in English. I don't know. I don't think it's polite to—to . . ."

"To sing down to people. No, nor I . . ."

"It's—it's an imposition to ask you to play accompaniments, Herr Dietrich."

"With you, Madame, it is not—I play here often, for Peter Abbott. The boy, the boy could make a musician, but he will not work. He is interested in plays, in books. In music, too. Well. Well, any time, then."

"I—I have brought some music, Herr Dietrich."

"I have brought you music, too—you are not *transposing*?"

"No— You're so kind."

"Nonsense. I know what you sing. Peter sent me your programs."

Presently, Peter Abbott made his little announcement, and Dietrich touched the piano keys and looked at her. A new accompanist, even if a master, is no joke, and Eleanor was the least bit nervous. She felt quite certain that most if not all of her audience didn't know Bach from a bull-fiddle and cared less; that they were appraising her and her relations to Peter Abbott, that they were his friends, his stodgy, money-making friends.

Dietrich played the introduction softly, insinuatingly, Dietrich, fifty-nine years old, a man who wasn't solid or reliable or even reputable except at a piano, but who had starved for the sake of music and whose art at least was incorruptible. She heard him, and nodded. The chords crashed out, and her voice leaped to meet them. This at least was hers, to sing, though no one should hear, to find a moment at the heights, a brief perfection.

She sang, and she saw white bulging shirt fronts and powdered arms, too opulent, or insolently slim. She saw the gilt and ivory of the big room, the French windows, the potted palms, banal and decorous and like a thousand others. And she saw a young boy leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and his black eyes blazing with eagerness and excitement. She sang to him, and to her pianist.

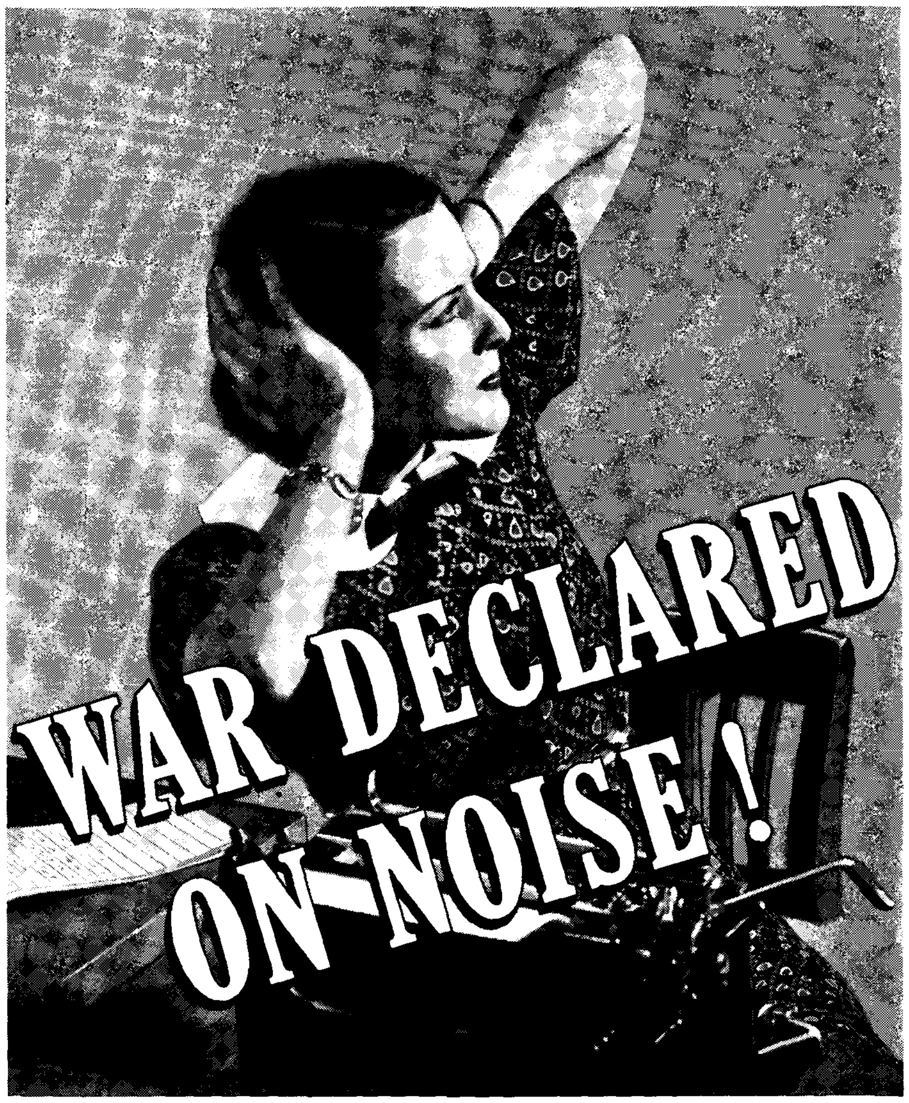
SHE turned to Dietrich, when she had finished. He nodded. "Not bad. Not bad at all, Madame. Perhaps the Grieg, now? An old war horse but always good. This time, we raise the roof." She laughed, and bowed to him. "*Ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich, durch Zeit ich liebe dich und Ewigkeit*," she sang. . . .

And she saw Peter Abbott, then, away over at the edge of his friends, and his elbows were on his knees; he was leaning forward and his round blue eyes were as eager as his son's. "Why, why, good heavens," Eleanor thought. "Why, they look alike. They're the image of each other. It's more than me they're crazy about. It's this, it's this, it's the same thing that I hear in Dietrich's music, that I've got to die if I don't answer. And I'll have it for them always, always; they'll think I'm lovely and charming, and always understand because they love me."

She bowed and smiled, and then she said, "Now, I'll sing one for you, Peter." This is what she sang:

> "'*Twas April, 'twas Sunday, the day was fair*
> *And how happy was I*
> *You wore the white dress that you loved to wear . . .*"

Suddenly she was glad that she was not nineteen years old any more. She was glad of everything that had happened to her, the good things and the bad; they had left her with great and pleasant gifts to offer a lover and a son.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Once and for All

Continued from page 13

motion, with the lash of whips and the sound of voices of the mule skinners rising. He waved at the crowd and looked again at Judith Grand. I saw the excitement fade momentarily from him. He spoke softly to her—so softly:

"It will seem a long while to me, Judith. The days will be very long." And then he trotted away to the head of the wagon line. There must have been in me as a boy a preternatural sharpness of observation, for my eyes returned to Judith Grand and I remember how straight and sober she stood and how her eyes darkened as she watched him go. He made a gallant figure on the horse; he made a picture. New Hope loved that man. I think it was because he represented the freedom and the gayety the people of our town hungered for and never could find.

SO HE faded into the west, into the deep banks of copper and powder-gray haze lying all a-smolder across that hot land. . . .

And then Peter Braley rode back through the western haze, six weeks from the time Chad Colpitt's freight caravan had started, to report Chad dead. Somewhere along the banks of the Big Cheyenne River, under the shadow of Harney Peak, the caravan had been attacked at night by renegade Sioux. There had been a battle and Chad had charged out through the darkness and vanished. At daylight they found his horse shot through the head; and beyond was Chad's hat, streaked by blood, with a bullet hole in it. They had not ventured farther to find Chad, because the Sioux kept potting at them with good agency rifles. Later a cavalry company had come up from Fort Laramie. But nothing more was to be found.

My father brought the news home that night. He came through the gate and stopped at the foot of the steps, looking over to Mother, who saw something strange in his face and stopped her rocking. He told us then, and my own little world came crashing down about me, and I sat stunned. I heard my mother crying; I heard her rise and go into the house. I think I was crying myself, for I was a boy and Chad Colpitt had been a hero with me. Father came over and put a hand to my shoulder. He said: "Never wear your heart on your sleeve, Tod. It is a thing you must learn."

It is difficult for me to describe what that news did to my town. But it was New Hope's tragedy; it was the brutal end of a dream to all those slow, grave people no less than to Judith Grand. All that they themselves hungered for was in that pair—the brightness of youth and love, the desperate hope of a happy ending that came so infrequently to their lives. But now that was done and the ending was dark. It was as my mother said a week later, so sadly, so wistfully: "It was too good to be true. I feared for them." This was the way New Hope felt.

I used to watch Judith Grand stroll down our quiet street those long evenings of late Indian summer, passing alone through the shadows where she had often before strolled with Chad Colpitt and, young as I was then, something filled me to bursting, and went away and left me very empty. I think this summer the shadowy intimations of life's mystery first disturbed my boyhood world. I think it was there and then boyhood's implicit belief in goodness and security went away. She walked alone those evenings, a fair figure in the dusk; and sometimes she stopped at the gate to speak to Mother and I saw how grave her eyes had become, how still and sober were her lips. And then one night I saw Mister Stanton walking with her.

They were married in the late fall.

I hated him then, for the loyalties of boyhood do not soon die and I still remembered Chad Colpitt. And I recall one evening, after Judith and Mister Stanton had stopped by a moment to speak to us and gone on, that Mother rose from her rocker and looked long at Father. "It isn't right!" she said, and went into the house. I can understand that now. She had nothing against Mister Stanton. She respected him. But it was the treachery of time she could never forget; it was the swift brutality of life that grieved her. I think New Hope felt that way about it, too. My elders had allowed themselves to believe in a miracle; and they were sad now.

Yet we were a practical people and believed that life was meant for use and for work. In New Hope in 1881 it was proper to grieve and to cry, and then it was necessary to be done with tears. Ours was a land that had little place for single women; it was wives we needed, and children. And so New Hope put away its dream of what might have been and Judith and Mister Stanton settled in the big stone house at the corner of Belle Plaine and Prairie streets. We paid them a formal call soon after they were married, and all uncomfortable in my good suit I sat in their high-ceilinged room and listened to the talk go on.

I remember that scene well, with Mister Stanton standing with one arm hooked to the fireplace mantel, a fine, tall figure of a man browned by the weather, with a slow and silent way about him, with a manner of looking now and then toward his new wife. Long as it had been, I still see the fairness of her features and the sweetness of those long, generous lips, and I still feel the vigor and melody that seemed to flow from her like a tune. One thing I recall my mother said as we went homeward that night. It seemed to be a reluctant admission; it seemed to come out of her under protest. "They make a perfect-looking couple."

My father went walking along with his head down. He had no answer. Mother turned her eyes to him. She said: "What are you thinking?"

He said: "They do not smile." And neither Mother nor Father spoke again on the way home.

INDIAN summer went by and the wild geese began to go south. I used to lie awake at night and hear that faint, high, wild clamor overhead; and sometimes I thought the strange, dark thoughts of a boy, my mind running out into those windy gray mists which are the mysterious boundaries of all our lives and then I would feel an ache and a fear—I knew not why—and lie staring at the dark shape of the window. We had an early winter, with ice on Beechey's pond in November. Just before Christmas, Colonel Cliff, riding back from New Hope to his ranch, thoroughly drunk, fell off his buggy and was found dead in a drift of snow. A revival meeting came to our town and unsettled it, and Miser Joe Scott's oldest daughter married without his permission.

It was on a windy afternoon in March, I remember, that I came out of the New York store with a package for my mother and found Judith and Mister

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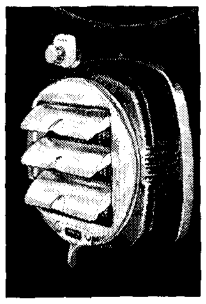

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Stanton talking there with Father. Something had been said and Father was strongly laughing, a rare thing for him to do, and I could see Mister Stanton's brown, solid face show pleasure. Judith said to me, "Why don't you visit me, Tod?" and afterward Mister Stanton half spoke and half grunted a word that turned my attention to him.

He was looking down the street; and then I observed Judith's cheeks whiten from pure pain. It thrust me about on my heels. A man yelled clear across the street, "Chad!" And I saw Chad Colpitt ride forward on a long-jawed Indian pony that had only a piece of rope for a bridle. He came up to where we stood and I saw the eagerness of his grin flash behind the full beard that covered his face. He was a thin man and his clothes were ragged and a scar ran down from one temple toward the point of his nose. But he came before us, still hugely pleased, and got down; and he said to Judith, as though he had never been away, "Hello."

Nothing in my life has ever been like that since. I heard her breathe in a strange way. She swayed toward Mister Stanton, whose own expression was all dark; and she was asking him to take her home. They turned and my father let his arm fall across Chad Colpitt, who moved to follow. I looked back to Chad. He had stopped smiling.

"You were supposed to be dead, Chad," my father said. "Mrs. Stanton thought you were." He repeated her name in a stronger voice—"Mrs. Stanton, Chad." And he looked at me and said, "Come along," and we left Colpitt standing that way. There were people running up from all parts of the street and voices were rising fast; but my father said not another word. His mouth was peculiar, being thin and dismal in its set.

I HAD another errand to do before reaching home—and so I do not know how my mother took that news. But when I did get home I saw that she had been crying again, and that the old hurt was once more fresh. My father had gone, and it was late before he returned. Something sat heavily on his mind, and he was not pleased. He said:

"Chad went up to Charley Stanton's house." And then, after a silence that was uncomfortable to me, my father burst out: "What did Chad expect? I am disappointed in him."

It was my mother who found an excuse for Chad, just as so many people in our town found excuses for him because they could not help it. "It is a hard thing to come back to, Tod. I cannot blame him very much."

But my father's sense of right was always a stern thing, many times impelling him to make decisions that were harsh, that were uncomfortable. "You would have blamed Charley Stanton six months ago if he had interfered with Judith and Chad. But Charley is a man who takes his punishment. He took it then. Chad should take it now."

My mother had a woman's answer for that. "This is different," she said.

My father looked at me and held his tongue. My parents were this way: they never argued in front of me. It was dusk, then, and I slipped away, going out around the western edge of our town where the big freight park was, and finding my young companions there. Boyhood has its own telegraph, its own sources of information and I found that Nick Fallon, one of the more knowing lads in the group, knew the story my father had withheld.

Nick Fallon said: "Chad Colpitt went up to the Stanton house. He was pretty mad. Semus Curtiz saw him go in, and heard some loud talk. Then Mister Stanton and Chad came out and crossed to the alley behind Blagg's stable. Semus Curtiz saw the fight. Mister Stanton beat hell out of Chad."

The very thought outraged me. I said, "That's a lie."

Nick Fallon was a wicked boy, the son of a teamster who let him run wild. I remember that Nick slid off the tar barrel he had been sitting on. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and came at me, and the other boys stepped backward into the shadows to give us room. I felt very cold, for I was afraid of Nick; and then he hit me and I wasn't afraid any more and I struck him on his lips and ran against him and hit him in the chest and threw him down. He got up and cursed me and his fist sliced the skin from the side of my face. I was very confused and missed him completely and stumbled past him and he caught me a hard blow on the back of my head. I remember turning with a wild swing that knocked the wind out of him, and knocked him down again, and that was all of our fight. We both stayed as we were. I wanted no more fighting, but this was one of the great moments of my boyhood. I had been afraid of Nick Fallon and now I wasn't afraid any more. It changed the night for me; it changed me in front of my crowd. It is one of those things that sometimes happen. I stood over Nick then, and I would be forever standing over him. I do not recall any other moment in my life when one long minute ever meant so much to me.

The other boys came toward us. None of them spoke of the fight. We were all crouched down in the semi-darkness and Henry Dix was speaking.

"My old man heard Chad Colpitt tell why he didn't get back sooner. The Sioux captured him and meant to kill him. But Chad said the Indian leader was superstitious about red hair. So they didn't kill Chad, because he had red hair. Chad said they were afraid the soldiers would be after them, so they went away up into Montana, almost to Canada. He was 'dopted into the tribe. Pretty soon they didn't watch him very close—and he escaped."

I got up without saying anything and went home.

It is hard for me to describe New Hope's emotions during that long winter. I felt it then and did not understand it; I feel it now—and the years have made me wiser. It was a restlessness, a sense of a thing gone wrong. It was a kind of wound that would not heal. The news of Stanton's fight with Chad soon got out—for our town was too small not to discover people's secrets—and I think New Hope thought the better of Stanton from that moment forward. He had done only what any honest man would do; and it was strange to all of us to observe how this wild Chad Colpitt turned his ways inside out.

I REMEMBER meeting him on the street one day. He stopped me and he spoke to me—and I waited for that old-time famous smile to break across his face. But I never saw it; there was a change in him. He used to play seven-up at the White Palace in the evening with old Judge Menefee and he used to take his horse and ride away from New Hope. But he was a tame man those days, a quiet-spoken man. He never went to the Stanton house again, yet we wondered about that and we always watched when Mister Stanton met him on the street. There was a kind of friendliness between them that New Hope could not understand, and sometimes the people of our town would stop and watch Judith as she passed by Chad Colpitt's stage office. I think now it must have been an ordeal for those three, yet nobody ever saw behind that strange reserve, that unsmiling serenity.

(Continued on page 62)

"Flexibility AND Simplicity
OF THE 'COMPTOMETER'–PEG-BOARD COMBINATION APPEALED TO US."
—BORDEN'S PRODUCE COMPANY, INC.

"ISN'T there a quicker and more economical way to handle our figure work?" A new answer to this question is the "Comptometer"-Peg-Board method. Because of its extreme flexibility and simplicity it is being applied with substantial savings in practically every line of business on various analyses such as sales, expense, material, costs, inventory control, and other figure work.

The experience of Borden's Produce Company, Inc., serves as an excellent illustration of the adaptability and efficiency of the "Comptometer"-Peg-Board combination:

"Because of our success with the 'Comptometer' and Peg-Board in handling our reports on fluid milk," writes Peter Campbell, Controller, "our first thought, upon entering the retail distribution field, was to investigate the possibilities of handling this additional volume of figure work on the Peg-Board.

"We were rather doubtful at first because of the fact that we have nearly 500 items in our line to analyze daily by salesmen and territories at each of our branches. A 'Comptometer' representative, however, was called in for assistance in studying our problem. The flexibility and simplicity of the 'Comptometer'–Peg-Board combination appealed to us and together we developed the Peg-Board routine we are now using.

"Our experience with the 'Comptometer'–Peg-Board method in respect to fluid milk, retail distribution from trucks, and in retail branch operations, has been highly satisfactory from the standpoint of speed, economy, and accuracy. It is our opinion that with a little study this system can be adapted to most any business where a detailed distribution of a great many items is necessary."

A representative will be happy to explain how the Peg-Board achieves speed and economy by getting *final* results from *original* figures without recopying. Telephone the District Manager of the "Comptometer" office in your locality, or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.

COMPTOMETER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

• *Tune in*—"To Arms for Peace!". Presented by E. R. Squibb & Sons in cooperation with World Peaceways. Thurs., 9:30 P.M. E.S.T.—Columbia network

1936 JANUARY 1936
1935 DECEMBER 1935
1935 NOVEMBER 1935
SUN MON TUE WED THUR FRI SAT

It's the new idea of prevention—

Building good general resistance now for the winter months ahead

The past few years sensible people haven't waited for common, winter ills to occur. *While they've been well,* they have taken advance precautions for the purpose of remaining in good health.

It's known now that common ills begin to be troublesome about September, then have a tremendous upswing. They increase in number each month, reaching their peak in January and February.

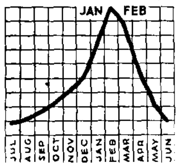
One reason they're so prevalent in midwinter is because that's the time people are most likely to have *low general resistance.* By the time late winter comes, their reserve forces may be exhausted.

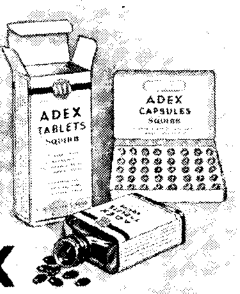
The wise thing to do, now that the peak illness months are known, is to prepare ahead by using a daily aid in building good general resistance, like *Squibb Adex.*

Adex tablets and capsules are a concentrate of the important vitamins in halibut and cod liver oils and Viosterol. They are the *only* concentrate made from all three sources. Each tablet provides not less than 3,300 units of Vitamin A, 660 units of Vitamin D.

Now's the time of year to start with Adex. The way to get best results is to take them *every day.* Any reliable drug store has *Adex.* Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U. S. Public Health Dept.





ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

(*Continued from page* 61)

Remember, ours was a strict town. We didn't know what divorce was and we believed in the hard and fast ways. Yet the winter went along and our blustery spring broke and the sense of wrongness still was strong. New Hope once had thought to see the story of young love work out. But that dream had died and New Hope had laid the memory aside. And now Chad Colpitt walked the street to mock the hope our town had put away. It was, as I say, like a wound that wouldn't heal. There was no cure, there was no answer. Young as I was, I often watched Judith walk along the street, a fair woman in all her ways, a woman vigorous and serene, with a sweetness in her lips—and I used to feel a hatred for Mister Stanton that made me old.

It is something I regret now. For in June of that year, Mister Stanton, riding out to one of his leased ranches, was thrown from a high-strung horse and fatally injured. A rider came in with the news on a noon of that day and Judith was driven out to the ranch where they had taken him. He lived to see her come, and New Hope saw that scene through the eyes of Doctor Parrish, who was there.

JUDITH came to his bedside and it must have been plain to her that he was dying. She bent over and took his hand, and she kissed him. But she didn't cry.

Mister Stanton said: "Luck was with me once, Judith. It's against me now. It comforts me to feel you will never know want. I wish I could live long enough to see our child."

She said, "Charley, I want you to know this." But we never knew any more, for Doctor Parrish turned and left the room. When he returned again Judith was kneeling at the bedside and Mister Stanton was dead.

There is so little left to tell of that story, and yet in that little lies all that is wonderful to me. It would be a cruel thing to say that New Hope felt relieved at Mister Stanton's death, and it would be an untrue thing, for our town was kinder than that. Yet I know that there was a change, and I know that people were quietly talking again of that long interrupted courtship between Judith and Chad Colpitt. I know it because my mother, gentle soul, said it to my father.

"It is almost too much to hope," she told him. "I pray God is kind this time."

When my father was deepest moved he spoke most softly, as he spoke now. He only said: "I should not pray too much."

But my mother's hope was the hope of our town. Even then I knew it. There was a kindness surrounding these two, there was a gentleness around them—and, above all that, a quiet insistence, as though my elders meant to have their way at last. Yet we were a seemly people and we held our tongues until the baby was born, a boy that some said looked like Mister Stanton and some said looked like Judith. I saw it once and could see no resemblance anywhere, but that is a way people have. And then the gentle conspiracy grew and our good matrons made it their business to have parties that included a Chad Colpitt now turned grave and a Judith whose eyes seemed to smile above those quiet lips. And once I saw them walking at dusk down our street, down it and into the yonder shadows as they had done in that past day which seemed so far back. Once. Never again. And nothing happened. That night, I like to think, they laid the pattern of their lives for the time to come.

She came to our house one day to visit Mother. I was there and heard some stray talk pass between them. Then, all by impulse and energy, Mother said: "You have a man waiting for you, Judith. A fine man to make you happy."

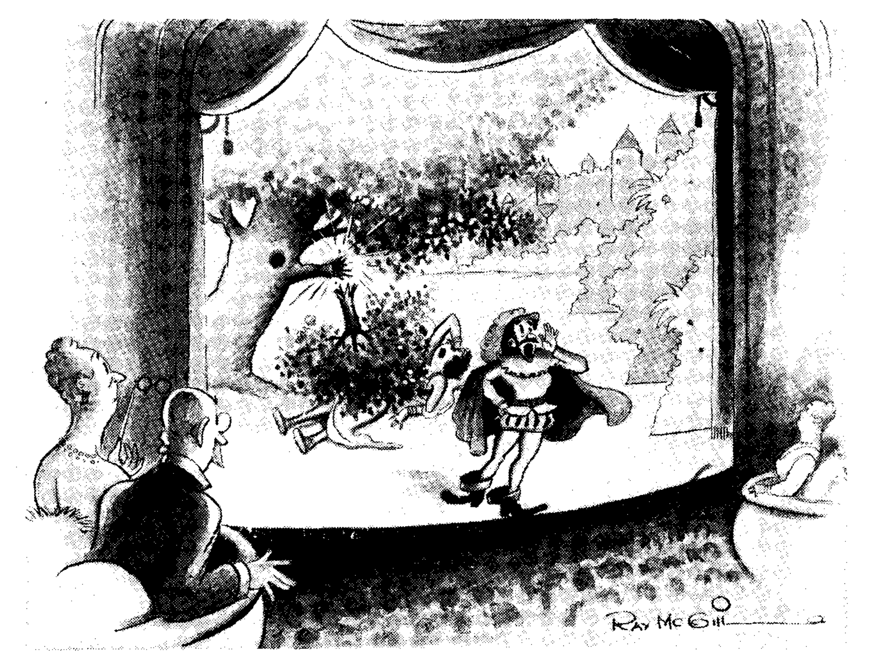
I still see Judith standing there so sweetly, with something in her eyes deeper than serenity; I still hear the soft, grave melody of her voice:

"I was Charley Stanton's wife and I have his boy. It was the choice I made. Well, we choose our parts only once. There is never a second choosing. It has to be this way."

That is all. She never married Chad.

I SEE the world so confused now, so puzzled about its way. I see people seeking happiness and crying out for it and walking a way without compass or light, eager to hear whatever little stray whisper may come to their ears. And then I think back to my boyhood and recall Judith Grand walking along our street, a woman instilled with the grace and vigor and sweetness of life. I was a man fully grown before I realized what she had done to our town, and what she had done to me. Many times, in darkness and in doubt, I have felt the touch of her personality upon me; and I know now it touched our town as well.

It was a steadfastness that somehow showed me what dignity life could hold—a shining light coming all through the long darkness of the world.



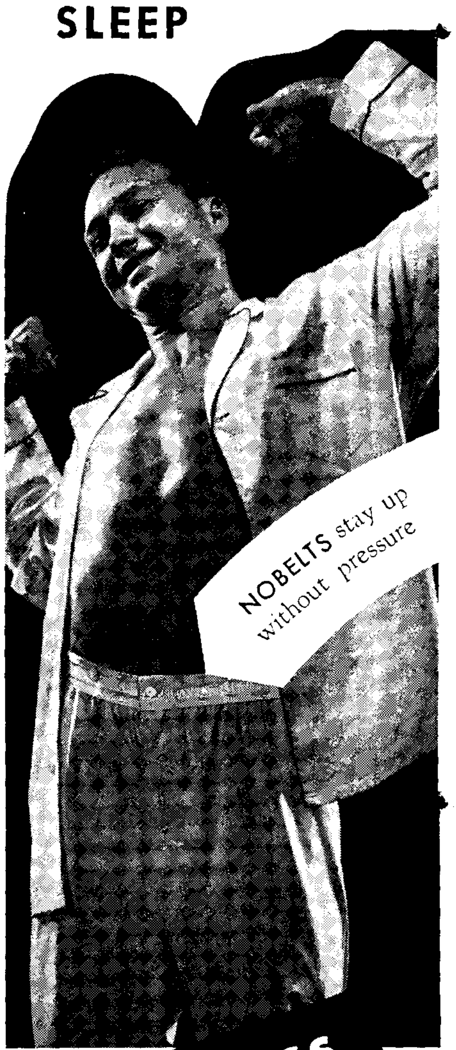
"Is there a tree surgeon in the house?"

RAY MCGILL

Wally Colbath

3 times
Intercollegiate Diving Champion
. . . shows you how to get a

BETTER NIGHT'S SLEEP


NOBELTS stay up without pressure

Faultless NOBELT Pajamas

. . . get rid of the "rope" that ruins sleep

Faultless Nobelt Pajamas don't have drawstrings—just a flat wide waistband of stre-t-c-h-able rubber that lets a man sleep in comfort all night long. This patented waistband is *guaranteed not to lose its lively stretch* during the life of the garment.

NEW LUSTERETTE . . . Faultless Nobelt Pajamas are now tailored from Lusterette, a soft new long-wearing fabric. As photographed above in white or colors, $2.50. Also in fine broadcloths, sateens and silks, from $2 to $10. Sold by leading men's wear stores everywhere.

Tailored exclusively by
WILSON BROTHERS
Chicago

Copr. 1935, Wilson Bros.

also makers of Wilson Nobelt Super Shorts, V-Shape Shirts, Buffer Hose, Skipper Sportwear and Advance Guard Neckwear.

The Where-to-go Man

Continued from page 15

Spanish ham. I suppose I took too much for granted. You needn't speak to me unless you want to."

The cook's omelet with Spanish ham was perfect, the toast was an idyll, and the coffee was precisely what she had been feeling like. The scenery was also exhilarating, and she felt better. "I'll wire Elery at the next station," she said forgivingly. "Don't those big, old haciendas look romantic? I wish I could see the inside of one. I suppose they're rather ordinary, though?"

He looked childishly pleased. "Not in the very least," he assured her. "Most of them are tremendously old and picturesque and very few tour—foreigners ever get to visit one these days. I'm sure you'd like it. In fact, I've rather arranged for you to visit one near here. I wasn't sure you'd care to. It's supposed to be haunted."

"I'd like it very much." It was rather presumptuous of him to arrange things without asking her, but he was plainly making an effort to avoid advertising terms, and he was showing her things she wouldn't have seen without him.

FROM the window she could see the engine puffing up a steep grade. A horse ran onto the track in front of it, and the engine let out a series of short whistle blasts and slowed down. It slowed almost to a stop. Then it did stop.

"You might put that in your calendar of reforms," she remarked. "Equip locomotives with bulldogs to chase livestock off right of way."

"It's an idea," he agreed. "Only, it wouldn't be picturesque. People expect tropical life and color, and bulldogs haven't got it. You've got to give 'em color or— What in thunder!"

The little locomotive moved away, puffing gallantly. The cars ahead moved with it, but their car didn't. Howard jumped for the door to yell. It opened in his face, and a fattish young man with brilliant black mustaches climbed up from the coupling-block, swept off his hat. His hat was heavily embroidered in gold, so were his tight *charro* breeches. He was rather short and wore his white linen shirt with the tail negligently out, *charro* style.

"This is a great pleasure, *señor*," he announced importantly. "In making the acquaintance of yourself and your *señora*, I gratify the ambition of a lifetime. If you will be so good as to put up your hands?"

A couple of men stood behind him with rifles, and Howard put up his hands. "I'm afraid you're wasting your time," he observed. "I have very little money, and my *señora*, of course, has none."

The fat man bowed again. "Money!" he said scornfully, and flipped imaginary treasures away with his fat fingers. "That *El Tallarin's* hut should be honored by the presence of yourself and your estimable *señora* is more than we had dared to hope for! Shall we go there now?"

Howard blanched. This wasn't an ordinary stick-up. El Tallarin, this ridiculous little man, had over a thousand men under arms in the hills, and only that week he had whipped a cavalry squadron in a stand-up fight. Howard glanced sideways at Sally, but the introduction evidently meant nothing to her. She sat looking indignant, a piece of buttered toast poised lightly in one hand as if she were about to throw it.

"There is no one else," the little man called through the window to his guards. "*Señora*, you may bring one small bag. Hurry, please. Your horses are waiting."

He stood aside for Howard to go out, and waited until Sally had tossed some things into a bag. It was not until she had descended from the train that she realized the thing was serious. There were some twenty men on horseback with rifles, and Howard's hands were being tied behind him with a *riata*. She shrieked and pulled away, and a couple of men grabbed her and lifted her onto a horse. The stirrups were too long, the saddle was too wide, and it was impossible to ride comfortably in linen slippers and a skirt. Howard looked even less at ease, having to ride with both arms roped behind him.

The ride was long and wearing, and toward the end of it the men stopped and tied a black silk blindfold over Sally's eyes, considerably mussing her sleek, smooth-wrapped hair. They also blindfolded Howard.

"You know," he said, "this is too bad, but it is going to be something to tell Elery about, isn't it?"

"Something to write advertising copy about, you mean," she said chillingly. "Please don't speak to me."

Howard was shown to a huge vaulted room that had once been a chapel. After supper, which consisted of *tortillas* and jerked beef, Tallarin strolled in and apologized for the primitive accommodations, and also for interrupting what he judged to have been a honeymoon journey.

"It was a chance chance," he said, and tossed his fat hands in dramatic helplessness. "We are slaves of chance, *señor*. Since you are guests of the railroad president, doubtless he will manifest a certain interest in having you set free? If we should write a letter explaining the circumstances, you would not object to signing it?"

"Not in the least. Only you'd be wasting a stamp. I'm nothing to the president of the railroad except an advertising manager. He can get a new one in two days, and he wouldn't give ten *centavos* to keep me from being boiled in oil. Also, I'm an American, and kidnapping me—us—is liable to get you in trouble. If you don't get us to the nearest town by tomorrow morning, I can spread this over every front page in the United States. I'll do it, too."

"*De veras! Señor*, you enchant me!" Tallarin bounced up and shook hands affectionately. "An American *periodista!* But this is superb! You will place in the American papers an account of your—ah—experiences? You will relate how the government of this country is impotent to protect its guests—its honored guests—against the forces of Tallarin, the Liberator!"

"I'M NOT an honored guest," Howard informed him. "I'm a newspaperman. I can send my papers a story about this, but I can't make 'em call you a liberator. They might not want to."

"You are an honored guest here, *señor*," Tallarin said "*Mira!* You will write about Tallarin the Liberator of his Patria, and you will send your writings to your newspapers by air. When the papers come and I have read them, you and your wife shall have escort to any town you choose. Possibly it might also be well if I should give you a signed photograph of myself to send with your story? Then, *vamos!* To work! Write!"

"I want, first, to see my wife," Howard objected.

"She told me she didn't want to see you." Tallarin shook his head sympathetically. "Women are difficult," he commented kindly. "None should know

(*Continued on page 64*)

Prest-O-Lite HiLevel offers amazing *safeguard* against battery troubles!

new principle

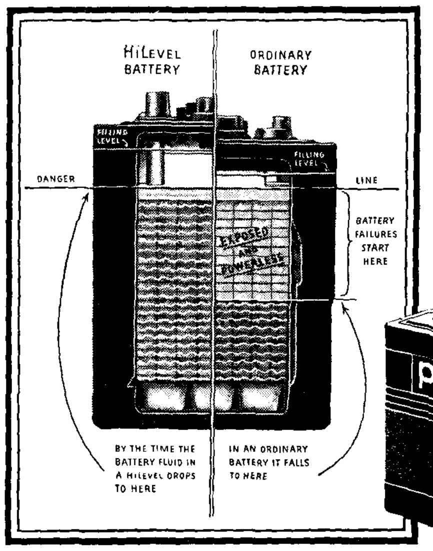
Cuts danger of *Battery failures* 75%

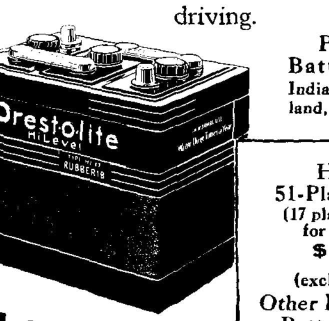
Revolutionary extra-plate battery needs water only 3 times a year. Four times the usual water reserve keeps the HiLevel at peak efficiency months longer.

BATTERY efficiency goes down with the thermometer. At zero a battery has only 40% of its summer power. Yet when the mercury falls is just the time you need all the power a battery can give. Oil is stiff. Gas is slow to vaporize. Motor much harder to start. It is under these conditions that the Prest-O-Lite HiLevel really does its stuff.

Extra plates give greater power, more vigor for the extra jobs a battery must do in your car—lighting your lamps, operating your radio, heater, and many other electrical accessories. And because most battery failures can be traced to lack of water, the exclusive HiLevel principle reduces the danger of failures 75%. The HiLevel needs water only 3 times a year in normal service.

Select your battery for the service it will give—in your car. You'll find that on this basis—months and miles of service—the HiLevel will cost you less than any battery you can buy. Thousands now in use are proof of this. Visit your nearest service station. Ask to see this amazing battery. There is one to fit the car you are now driving.


HiLEVEL BATTERY
ORDINARY BATTERY
FILLING LEVEL
FILLING LEVEL
DANGER
LINE
EXPOSED AND POWERLESS
BATTERY FAILURES START HERE
BY THE TIME THE BATTERY FLUID IN A HILEVEL DROPS TO HERE
IN AN ORDINARY BATTERY IT FALLS TO HERE



Prest-O-Lite Battery Co., Inc.,
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HiLevel
51-Plate Battery
(17 plates per cell)
for most cars
$12⁴⁵
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Other Prest-O-Lite
Batteries $5.50
and up

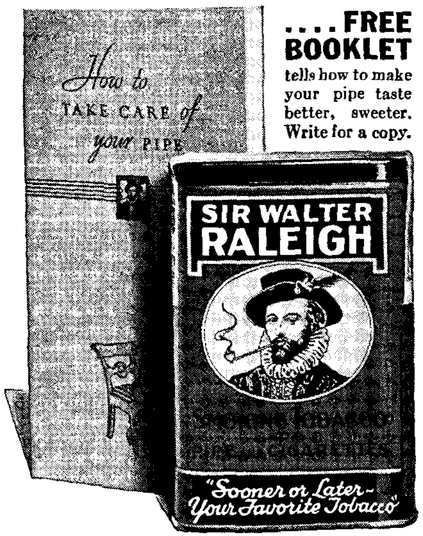
Prest-o-lite
A BATTERY FOR EVERY CAR . . . EVERY PURSE

FATAL FUMES FOILED

MADAME, if your husband's surly pipe reminds you of burning rubber, won't you please remind him to get a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco? Yes, it's that milder blend of Kentucky Burleys you've admired in other men's pipes. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool on the tongue, fragrant on the nose. It's so much milder to smoke and better to smell that you'll both be happier when he tries it. Buy him a tin this very day!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-511

. . . . FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.


How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
"Sooner or Later– Your Favorite Tobacco"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

(*Continued from page* 63)

that better than myself, but silence many times succeeds where reason has failed. And now to write for your papers?"

"I'll write for 'em, don't worry about that," Howard told him grimly. "But you'll have to get me a typewriter."

Tallarin reflected, and one of his guards remarked that there were typewriters in the pueblo of Cajutla. Several, he thought. A store had one, and a hacienda office had three.

"Then tomorrow we will take Cajutla," his chief directed. "Have the men ready at daybreak. Until then, *señor*. And would you prefer a big one or a little one?"

HOWARD sat at the desk in the great candle-lighted chancel, glaring unhappily at the battered Cajutla typewriter and trying to work out some kind of a news story that his old editors would consider lively enough to print. The job was complicated by Tallarin, who strode back and forth jingling his spurs disturbingly and offering suggestions that couldn't possibly be used. The story, he insisted, was not to be about any mere kidnapped foreigners. It must be about him.

An excellent one, he thought, might be built on the outstanding events of his career: a poor boy, the son of humble parents, infected in early life with a passion for the liberty of his people, illustrated with carefully selected photographs; or possibly a detailed history of his military exploits, with play-by-play accounts of his more sensational battles. He told about a few of them, lifting his voice and brandishing his pudgy arms in mounting excitement, and Howard lost patience.

"We can't use any of that," he said rudely. "No editor would waste space on it. Shut up and let me think."

Tallarin stopped in the middle of the gesture that had routed the minions of tyranny on the stricken field of somewhere or other. "You cannot put this story in the American papers as you *promised?*" he inquired. He looked like a child who had been told that the circus wasn't coming after all. "Then, *señor*, you force me to a disagreeable decision. We must hang you."

Howard saw that he meant it.

"I'll do my best," he promised hopelessly. "Sit down and keep still for a while. I think maybe I can work out something."

Tallarin tiptoed away, his russet boots squeaking, and trimmed the candles, and Howard bent to the machine and wrote. It was the wildest, most offensively lurid piece of writing he had ever been guilty of. It was exactly the kind of thing he had promised Sally never to perpetrate again, only ten times worse because she was in it. He felt ashamed of himself for doing it, but as a newspaper yarn it was a rip-snorter, and he couldn't help being proud of it. He put his copy in the envelope with the least ridiculous photograph of Tallarin, sealed it, and handed it to the liberator.

"You'll like this," he said bitterly. "You'll *love* it. Take this typewriter away. I never want to see it again."

BEING imprisoned, even in a room with a Roman bath, gilt cupids, and a half-ton crystal chandelier, grated on Sally's spirits. Her appetite declined, most of the carefully prepared meals brought to her by the Indian maid were sent back untouched, and the maid carried such alarming reports of her failing health that, late in the week, Tallarin himself called to warn her against neglecting her diet. She hadn't touched her breakfast, and breakfast, at that altitude, was extremely important. Was there, possibly, some species of breakfast dish that would be more to her taste? If such a thing existed, it would be got for her. Sally considered, trying to think up something difficult.

"Kippered salmon," she decided. That sounded as difficult as they came, in that country, but he merely requested her to write it down for him. He stowed the paper in a fold of his sash and sighed when she inquired about Howard.

"A very sad situation," he told her, "very embarrassing for him. He begged me for permission to write for his newspapers a few episodes from my career. To give your people an idea of the romance of our country, no? We were to have received the stories airmail. And they do not appear. Your husband is extremely worried about it."

"I can imagine how he must feel," she said, trying not to show how angry the news made her. So, after his promise to her, he was festooning a set of carefully misstated catch-phrases around this preposterous little—"I hope he hasn't worked too hard," she said, seething inside.

"Recently, no," Tallarin told her. "But he has worried much. Your husband, *señora*, is a man of much feeling."

That was more than she could stand. "He's not my husband," she said irritably. "He said he was because he thought it would protect me, I suppose. He's nothing to me, and I don't in the least care what happens to him. He kidnapped me. I am engaged to marry the—" She halted, groping for the Spanish translation of "third under-secretary," and failed to think of any. He stared and then beamed.

"But this is *magnificent!* It will enable us to—"

"Please go away, I don't feel well, and I want to be alone."

THAT was obviously true, for she had eaten almost nothing for three days. He bowed submissively and retired. It was not until morning that he knocked at her door again, and he came accompanied by two men carrying a case labeled "Best Salmon Kippers." They deposited it on her breakfast table and he bowed over it like a magician about to do sleight-of-hand tricks.

"Eat and restore your strength, *señora*," he invited, and then corrected himself. "*Señorita*, here is the food of your country, and you must not reflect upon my hospitality by refusing it."

She eyed the box nervously, noticed that a bullet had pierced one end of it, and wondered if he expected her to bite a corner off it. The bullet hole was surrounded by a smear of what looked like red paint, and the box was marked with the name of a mountain spa, where, she recalled, Elery spent his week ends. She shuddered and said she believed she didn't want any.

"This is frivolous," he informed her sternly. "It is cynical. *Que barbaro!* Two of my men were wounded acquiring this—this—" he couldn't pronounce the name, "and now you do not want it! You are making light of me, no? The American *señor* who accompanied you here made light of me also. And what is happening to him for that? Ah!"

He raised his eyebrows mysteriously, hoisted himself on tiptoe, and pushed the bullet-marked box at her. She ignored the temptation. "What is happening to him?" she demanded. "Where is he? Take me to him quickly, please!" She felt shocked at her own anxiety. She had not known this desperate fear for Elery when she learned that bullets had been flying at his mountain resort. If Tallarin didn't take her to Howard that instant, she thought she would strangle him in his own sash.

He studied her and shook his head. "You women!" he philosophized sagely. "You would not see him when he was safe, when he begged you for a word of kindness. Ah, no! But now, when he has requested you be kept away, you must be taken to him. Are you sure you wish to?"

"At once!" Howard's image stuck in her heart with the same smiling insistence with which he had kept her on that fatal train.

THEY found him standing in the midst of a circle of horsemen under some live oak trees. His hands were roped behind him, and a man was arranging the loop of a *riata* around his neck, so that the knot came squarely behind his ear. She trembled so at sight of him that she forgot to see how El Tallarin was enjoying the drama. She remembered such odd things, all at once. That she and Howard were going back to Pichihualtongo some day together. And then she thought of Elery. Poor, dear Elery. She hated Howard Gissing for disturbing her serene life. . . . She had known Elery so long, and never before had she seen anything wrong with Elery. Now she knew it could never be. Because here was Howard. He would always be grinning at her this way. She hated him.

"'Only by coming here can you experience the feel of this semi-tropic lotusland!'" she quoted. "'Winelike golden sunshine, delicious idleness, ample leisure for social life as well as the thrill of exotic customs, centuries old. . . .' Why did you break your promise to me, Howard?"

"To save our necks," he snapped. "I suppose you think it was a treat trying to make this idiot into a news story. Go on back to the house before they—well, *before they start.*"

"I won't," she said, and turned to Tallarin. "You're not going to hang him, really?"

He smiled reassuringly. "But, of course not. That is, not until the priest arrives. We are not ignorant of the refinements, *señorita.*"

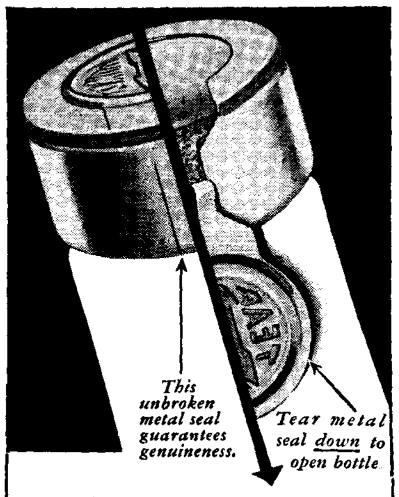
She wanted to remark that it was a fine time to be bragging about the refinements, but she got no time to. The priest rode up toward the grove, one man leading his horse, another prodding him from the rear with a rifle barrel. He was a scholarly-looking old gentleman with something of a temper, and, dismounting, he delivered himself of a brief but forceful set of opinions about the liberator, whom he was tactless enough to term a thief, a ruffian and a baboon.

"You and your entire pack of unwashed curs," he stated comprehensively, "why are you murdering this man?"

For once, Tallarin seemed at a loss. "There were several circumstances," he said, trying to think of some. His eye fell on Sally, and he brightened. "Principally, *padre*, because of his treatment of this innocent young *señorita.* He was traveling with her under compromising circumstances, and he represented to us that she was his wife. But she is not his wife, as she did me the honor to confide to me herself. So, as a matter of chivalry . . ."

THE priest turned to Sally. "I suppose he is lying?" he inquired in cultivated English. "He usually does. The young man is your husband?"

Sally took a deep breath, and stretched out her arms in sudden appeal. "No!" she cried, in a voice that made everybody jump. "No, he is not my husband! I've begged him, I've gone on my knees to him, I've humbled myself and followed him here to this awful place, thousands of miles from—from—" It didn't sound quite appropriate to drag Cincinnati into such a declamation—"from my parents, trying to persuade him to consent, and he won't! He's promised to, but he always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breaks his promise and goes back to writing advertisements! And now you're going to hang him and I'll be left a—"

She stopped, leaving what she would be left to their imaginations. The old priest squinted one eye at her suspiciously, but Tallarin produced a black silk scarf and blew his nose loudly.

"This brute will marry her," the liberator announced briefly. "Marry them now."

Howard scuffled with his guards and tried to pull his wrists loose. "Sally, you mustn't!" he pleaded. "It's—I can't let you."

"You'd better," the priest advised. "I've been brought here, blindfolded, to perform at least twenty burial services. Of course, if you are anxious to be hanged, it is my duty to offer spiritual consolation. But if I were you I wouldn't."

HOWARD bowed his head. "I'll feel like a sneak," he said clearly. "Couldn't the *padre* get a message to your—your Elery?"

"Elery! I don't know who you mean. You must be mad! Come, Father, marry us at once, before this wretch refuses me again."

To be perfectly safe, Tallarin's men left the rope on Howard's neck while the ceremony went on. The priest, sensing wrong, tried to stall by insisting on a ring, but El Tallarin was ready. He drew from his pudgy little finger a handsome gold band carved with clasped hands and a dove of peace.

"Let it never be said that Tallarin was niggardly," he said, bowing elaborately. Howard placed it, shakily, on Sally's hand. When it was over and everybody was standing around not knowing quite what to do next, a man from the railroad patrol trotted his horse into the circle and dumped a paper-wrapped bundle. "From the night train," he explained. "It was late."

It was newspapers. Tallarin ripped off the wrapper and opened them. He had only time to gaze on a front-page spread of himself, begirt with three cartridge belts, two pistols, a rifle, and a machete, a giant bread-knife sword of the *tierra caliente*, when Howard took them from him and touched his shoulder. "If you don't mind," he suggested hurriedly, "let's take these things somewhere so that we won't be disturbed reading them. There are people around here that I'd sooner not—"

He glanced at his new-found bride, who had collapsed weakly on a pile of saddles. Tallarin glanced, too, and grinned. "But of course!" he assented cordially. "You married men must be careful, no? We will bring the *padre* along to translate your English for me. I shall be sorry to have you and your *señora* leaving us so soon, but with Tallarin, a promise is sacred. Fame, you will find, has not changed the liberator. . . ."

THE white reception-room at the embassy had been a cold place, but not any colder than Elery himself. Elery had spurned her because he said she had become an international incident. Spurned her before he had even given her a chance to tell him that what she wanted of him was only the usual embassy job of attesting to the signatures on her marriage certificate. Walking the few blocks from the embassy to her hotel, she thought how detestable Howard was for sending her to Elery! Howard hadn't loved her. She had made a fool of herself trying to save his life. She should have let him hang.

Little flashes of Howard kept crossing her mind as she walked. His earnest plea for her to go away and forget him at the hacienda, his head bent studiously over his travel notes on the train, all his high spirits, his impulsive, muddling aliveness. That was it. He was too headstrong and impulsive. He needed her. She'd be worrying about him the rest of his life.

"Planes for the United States? Yes, *señorita.* At eight." Together they could have accomplished anything. Alone . . . "Have you enjoyed Mexico, *señorita?*" Yes, indeed, she had enjoyed Mexico, thank you. "Aspirin? Yes, *señorita. Momentito.* Boy!"

The lobby was jammed with tourists and more were arriving. The crowds seemed also to have changed in type. Instead of the lonely and receptive-looking males that she had noticed on her trip south, there were ranks and squadrons of earnest-faced women, all solitary, all determined-looking, and nearly all equipped either with newspapers or newspaper clippings. She glanced down at a chair and picked up the paper with the picture of Tallarin and Howard's greatest and most successful piece of type-advertising. Stunned, she read of a Cincinnati heiress who had been imprisoned in an outlaw's mountain palace and loaded with luxuries by a lawless worshiper of beauty. Then she sat down and thought it over and remembered how desperate Howard must have been when he wrote it. How could she have let him think she was still going to marry Elery?

Here were all these women who had crossed a continent in response to his blandishments. And she, foolish little Sally Pogue. . . . She caught her breath thinking what all the tourists would do if she told them who she was! "Loaded with luxuries," she read again. "The poor dear," she told herself, defending the husband she had lost. "There was the kippered salmon. . . ."

HOWARD stood over her angrily. "They called me over to the embassy," he complained. "The Foreign Relations Office wanted the embassy to find out if we had any claims against the government. On account of the—ah—" He pointed to the headlines in her lap. "And they gave me some puzzling news—"

"Do sit down," she said stiffly, "you fidget so."

He sat and looked at his feet. It seemed he could fidget as well sitting down as standing up.

"It may not be any of my business," he began, "but there was an under-strapper over there, slightly bald, with popeyes. . . ." He watched to see what effect that had.

"What did Elery tell you?" she demanded with dignity. "Elery is not popeyed."

"You haven't seen him lately," he said, twisting one leg thoughtfully around the other. "There are several things that seemed to be ruffling his aplomb. One was the fit of his coat in back, but I suppose that is chronic. Another was you. He said you were an international incident."

"I am not an international incident," she declared.

"He also said you were attempting to get a marriage certificate legalized. For such a quiet girl, you do get around. Who's the lucky man this time?"

"It's none of your affair," she told him hotly, and picked up her handbag. "My plane is leaving. If you'll excuse me—" She brushed past him and he took hold of her bag.

"You're not going until you tell me who this was!" They yanked the bag back and forth between them. Howard's hand closed once over hers. He held it firmly, staring at Tallarin's gold band with the clasped hands and the dove of peace. Then he tucked her arm into his, grabbed her bag for the final time, and they headed out the door. "The president got the car back all right. The cook was hiding in the refrigerator. They want us to do some more traveling in it. . . ."

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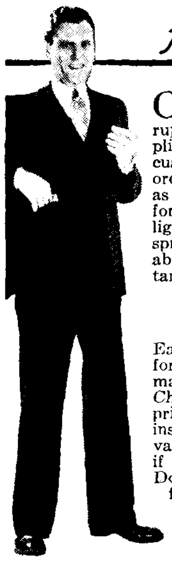

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Bound to Pará

Continued from page 17

reached gravely for the whistle rope and made traditional answer.

Captain Grisling waddled out again, growling the course as he started down the ladder. "Call me at midnight—or before if you *have* to. We'll straighten you out in the middle watch. Sign you on and all. . . . You keep your lip dry, Chief!"

The chief made an angry sound in his throat, but said nothing. The ship plodded along, rolling deeply, her bows arcing a pool of horizon blue. Andy looked her over. In the draining light she didn't look so bad. How could a ship with her eyes on the Amazon look bad to Andrew Madden?

FOR a moment longer the chief engineer remained silent, peering at the rush of water and breathing hard. Then he turned abruptly and jabbed the stem of his pipe savagely against Andy's chest.

"Now you listen to me! You stay clear of the mates' rooms. Don't let that nig put you in there. Come along to the starboard alley and I'll lay you out a cot. Don't you drink none of his water, neither. You want a drink, you come along to my room where it's boiled—or take a pull of the rum jug."

Andy looked at him, puzzled. The chief was deadly earnest about it. His wrinkled face was all screwed up. Something had happened in the ship. They were all a little daft. Andy nodded. You had to humor men like that.

"Sure, Chief," he said quietly. "Sure."

The engineer's face twitched sourly. "You *think* I'm potty? What'd he tell you? Grisling, I mean. What'd he tell your ship? Hey?"

"Lost both your mates in an Indian hurricane. You—"

"Hurricane? Hurricane, hell!"

"Well, what's it all—"

"Yellow jack! Yellow jack, that's what!"

Andy frowned. He shook his head. It couldn't be true. Yellow fever was an evil thing; it had no place there. But the chief was talking again. It was an angry voice, but a voice of hard and certain sanity, a deep melancholy bass.

"Laying in the mud for months with libels on her over Jamaica way, that's where the filth got in her. He owns her, Grisling and a couple of other West India shanties. You think he'd tell you he had fever aboard? Not with the cases of contraband he's got in the fore hatch for the rebs in Brazil. Not him! So he lets them poor devils die, and instead of asking for a doctor he gets a second mate." The chief's voice went dull as he looked ruefully down at his crippled leg. "Me, I got to sail in tubs like this, but it's no place for you. They say yellow jack don't take to blacks. I dunno. But the blacks can't bring her in. You and the Old Man's all's left on deck—and me and Drangley below. You watch your feed, Madden. You hear me? This is no place for you!"

He turned at once and left the bridge, grumbling. Andy could see his sturdy shadow as he stumped along the deck and disappeared. The green second mate looked forward where the sea and the wind poured. It rushed past him, that sailor's wind, drenching him carelessly with its strong, salt smell. Andy stared into it, upright, unblinking, listening intently to all it had to tell. Yellow fever! . . . And then quite suddenly he smiled.

He had asked for this. Well, then! Adventure didn't come dressed in gold braid, bowing and scraping. It was nobody's serving man. The face of it was hard as iron, bright with danger, cruel as a knife. You had to take what you got along with it. Even fever. He squared his shoulders. Steadily he took his first turn of the bridge. The black at the wheel lifted his head for a quick instant. The new mate smiled reassurance at that hopeless face. The helmsman couldn't understand that smile. He didn't know what it meant.

It marked the beginning of Andy's trial. At midnight the quartermaster came back, mumbling that the master was raving drunk. Andy and the chief went in to have a look at him, and they knew it wasn't the rum this time. The yellow devil had hold of his throat. He whimpered things in the cabin of his ship that weren't good to hear. He thought he was safe, he said, because he had black Jamaica blood in his veins. But the yellow devil didn't care. And he went out cursing it, with the saffron pallor of his end.

They buried him one day toward sunset when the trade wind slept, through a well-deck freeing port. The black bosun clenched his fists. His eyes bulged largely. Behind him the heads of his shipmates weaved a little from side to side, seeking escape. The ship was bewitched, and bewitched things are doomed. Black men knew better about such things. They could see the invisible cloud of evil hovering over the ship. They were in touch with primal dread.

"Who bring us now to Pará?"

"I will."

"We never get to Brah-zil!" The black's deep and guttural voice throbbed. "Get to hell maybe—but not to Brah-zil! We go."

"No!"

MADDEN did not move. His jaw was rigid. The line of his lips like a bar of iron. He opposed them with some fierce, hidden power in a secret place, and by the force of a single word.

"No!" he said again.

The flame of a dumb agony blazed in the black's eyes, and then went out. The chief stepped up.

"Get along now!" he snarled. "I'll skin the first man alive who makes trouble!"

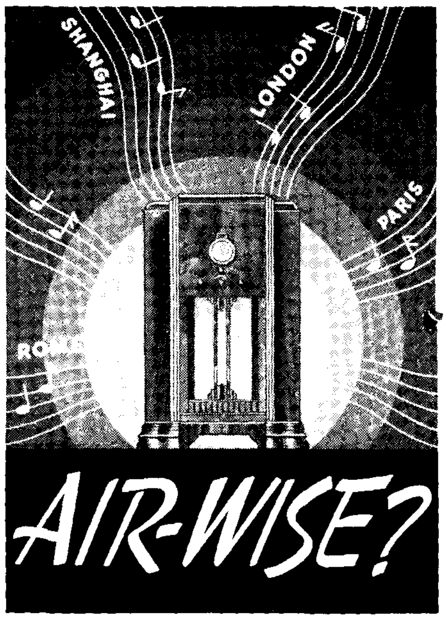
They turned without hope and shuffled off, beaten.

The chief eyed Madden. He, too, had not known hope for a very long time. A crippled leg is poor hostage to a sailor's fortune. But that lad there, he had something inside of him no one could touch; not those poor frightened blacks, or an Indian hurricane, or the Monadna's yellow jack. "No!" he said, and that was all. The chief blinked. His voice was gruff.

"Drangley and me, we'll give what help we can. It's better'n an open boat. You call on me, Andy, whenever you've a mind. You understand that? Do you?"

Andy nodded. Wearily he went along to climb the ladder to the bridge.

The stars came out. The trade wind freshened with nightfall, growling in the vessel's shrouds. Andy's brain spun round and round. An easy chair had been brought up on the bridge, and he dropped into it. His eyes were heavy and hot. He dozed restlessly, but shot to his feet again to scan the dark and indifferent ocean. Navigational instructions, Bowditch and his tables of solidly typed figures swam in his mind. Dizzily around and around. But it was no good, all that. He realized it now. You couldn't get it out of books or



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logarithmic tables: you had to get it out of your guts. Still, in the center of all that mad vortex a light burned, steady and fierce. Pará! He had to fetch Pará. Pará on a mouth of the Amazon; Pará, somewhere in a place called Brazil.

But was there really such a land? Or was it simply a tale that is told? Andy studied the ship's charts often out of the red, burning sinks of his eyes. He wanted some reassurance about that fabulous place. He was young; he had had no experience of such things, although he'd been second mate of the Monadna for centuries now, and had left the schoolship in another age entirely.

He remembered many things in the time that followed, things seen like pools of unexpected sunlight on dark water: flying fish like silver lances across the vessel's bows; the white-hot suns; the blood-red moons; the chief and his crippled leg, dragging himself aloft at all hours of day and night to bring him coffee and the growl in his dry, sour humor. He remembered a black, sullen and immense lolling in the wing of the bridge, staring dully into the horizon's eye. He, too, was looking for Pará. But he hadn't any faith in it.

But Andy did. It was marked on the charts, deep down in a gully that would be a river if ever they got to it. The sailing directions for that coast spoke of it with assurance, as though there were no doubt of it at all. And these things alone were to be trusted. They had power, if anything had, over the devils of witchery. Andy marked little crosses on the chart. They approached closer, daily fascinatingly closer, to a point of the earth that ought to be Pará.

Would it be? He kept that horrifying doubt to himself . . . until the day when the ultimate test was on him.

He was a caged creature of unrest then, struggling to pry open the horizon haze. He contended with it in silence out of a burning eye in a hollow cheek. Something vague and shadowy skulked behind that line of cloud under the equator, and the sea was lipping it in vast, oily swells. Andy understood suddenly the yarns he had heard of old clipper masters, reaching for the home landfall after weeks on end of gales and fog. How they snarled and cursed in the driving mists, waiting for a headland to shape itself that would spell victory or defeat.

He stood on the bridge, trembling a little with exhaustion, waiting for the ocean to give up its slim reward. And the old Monadna steamed steadily on, indifferent and weary, with the yellow "Q" flag at her truck to mark her for a thing of evil.

OUT of intense blue the islands loomed suddenly, vividly green and jungled. The blacks, rigid and glittering darkly at the anchor engine forward, set up a cry of amazement, or joy, or disbelief. Sweat drained from Andy's haggard face as he conned her in. The sun blazed. Canoes, floating logs, fishing craft flashed before him. He must have given orders to an unbelieving helmsman; he must have signaled the engine-room many times: he could never remember that.

He had a strange notion that somehow a pilot came aboard, a black-bearded fellow in white who looked at him oddly, and who asked strange and foolish questions. It didn't matter. He clung with his hands to the rail of the bridge, because he found he couldn't stand upright without that aid. Now that was silly, he thought. But it couldn't be helped. He peered with burning eyes at the broad, muddy estuary of a river he had somehow conjured out of immensity for the comfort of his fellows. There was a prospect of dense jungle on either hand, and the stirring fans of palm crowns edging the vault of heaven. Between the walls, the yellow river flowed, brilliant and dazzling. It was so full of sunlight it brimmed over and shot arrows into his eyes. It may have been an hour or a week, but suddenly Andy heard the anchors go down, and the rumbling clatter of cable running.

He would never forget that sound. It was good. He had never known that sound could be so good. And he flung up his arm suddenly, for he knew the chief was at his side. His gesture, fierce and commanding, embraced all the land and the white houses of men upon it. But he said nothing.

That inner trembling seized him again. Where had he brought them? Bound to Pará, he was! That's where he ought to be. But was he? Pará was a legend, a pin-prick on an engraved chart, if there were any such place at all. What did he know about Pará? The earth was two-thirds ocean. Out of all that immensity, unguided and unaided to point a ship's eyes for the head of a pin.

WHERE had he stumbled to? He wanted to ask, but it would betray him. He wanted to hear the chief say something about it. The chief would know. He had won to such places before, and ought to know whether they were worth it. What was he saying? Andy had to listen carefully or he'd miss it. The chief's voice sounded suddenly so faint and gentle. He waited, inwardly tense, with his eyes half closed against the brutal glare.

"Andy, I never knew that a lousy hole like Belém could look so good to a man."

Andy spun about savagely: Belém! He was bound to Pará! Belém wasn't what he wanted at all. He seized the chief's wrist till the engineer winced. He wanted to speak, but he couldn't. He simply stood there, staring at that hard, wrinkled face of experience.

"Steady there, Andy. What's the matter, lad? I didn't think it could be done. So help me. But here we are. Pará. They used to call it Belém. Didn't you know? . . . You're fair done in. You better get some rest."

A profound sigh passed Andy's lips. The revolving earth came to rest again in its proper place. Strange men were clambering overside, talking, wanting to know the how and the why of it. How did Andy know? He couldn't tell them. For an instant he remembered his old commander's counsel. If he had any trouble he was to see the consulate at once. Trouble? He smiled. But the black-bearded pilot and the harbor health officer could make no sense of Andrew Madden's smile. They'd better get him away before he collapsed. But before he went Andy thought of something, and he turned on the engineer.

"Look here!" he demanded. "I been calling you 'Chief' for I don't know how long. Your name! Tell me your name. I've got to know."

"John Trundly."

The old chief's sour eyes lit up as he said it. It was the first time they had done that in a very long time. Because he understood that you had to know that, at least. It was important. Andrew Madden couldn't ever forget how once he had sailed in a black ship under the yellow flag of fever in a time when he tested his strength. But you had to know the name of the steadfast man who had made the voyage with you through the blackness of inferno to reach at last to the burning heart of adventure. . . . John Trundly, it was. . . . Strange! How simple a name for courage to wear. And that, too, was good. Andy nodded quietly, and with a deep content.

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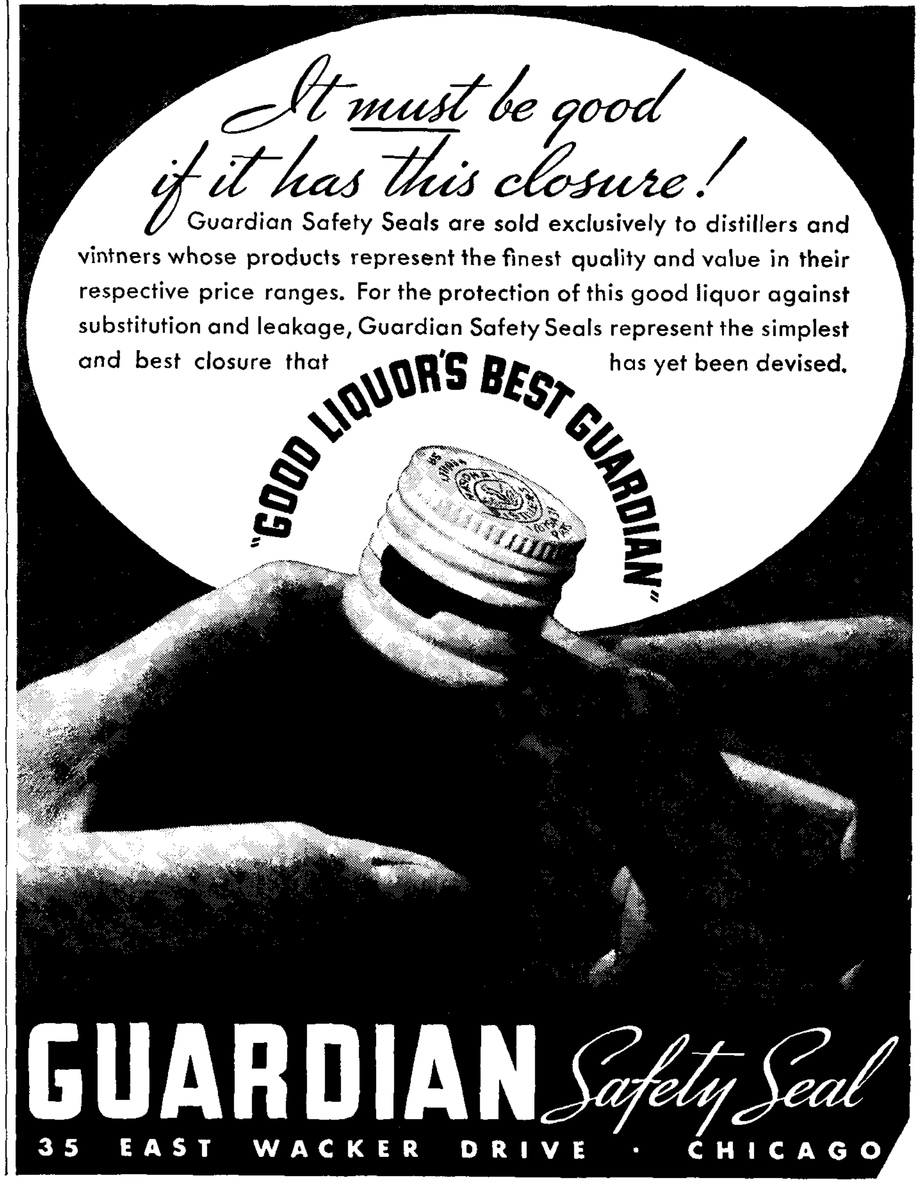
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Deepwater Island

Continued from page 28

nothing she could do to get away from the Holokai in the open sea. The Holokai had been built for sail, but she had taken to her power with a surprising surety, so that under her Diesel she went over the water like a thrown shell. Definitely and steadily, she came up on the Seal; and nothing that men's intentions or present emotions might do could affect that steady overtaking. She could overhaul the unhappy Seal tonight simply by a device of oil and iron contrived by forgotten designers, some of whom were dead. . . .

"I have to go now," Dick said to Inyashi.

"You mean—you mean—"

"Take the wheel, and throw her so close that you pick her wheelman's teeth with the buckle of your belt."

"What are you going to do?" Inyashi demanded.

"I'm going to leave this rail, and go aboard this other boat," Dick said.

"Tonga," Inyashi said, lapsing into the name under which he had first known Dick, "if I miss the swing, even by inches—it just cannot be done."

"You go ahead and do it. Take the wheel."

The Holokai's deck crew were lounging against the weather rail as Dick left the wheel. They appeared to be resting; but Dick caught the gleam of a long knife in the belt of a boy who looked the laziest of all.

"Stay back," he warned them. "Stay back until your time comes!"

NOBODY moved on the deck of the Holokai as Dick went over the rail of the Seal. Everyone of those sea-riding men must have known what inspiration was in Inyashi's hand as he drew the Holokai past the Seal, against the restless swell of the countering sea. But they stood, waiting their turn, while Dick made his jump across better than a fathom of open water; and gaining the Seal's deck, signaled Inyashi to stand clear.

The one-eyed Captain Ramey was waiting at so nearly the exact spot where Dick took the deck that he had to jump back when Dick came down over the rail.

"*What's* this? What *is* this?"

"How would you like to turn your boat?" Dick said.

"Listen—wait—listen!" There was a frantic expostulation in Ramey's voice, not without its note of appeal. "You can't do this! What are you going to do? Damn me, you can't do it! You know I hardly ever get a decent charter, and when I do, do you have to butt in, and—?"

Everyone upon the Seal had known that the Holokai was coming from behind, had seen Dick Wayne come aboard. There was a ring of faces, now, all around Ramey and Dick Wayne. Through the quick fog that action makes he saw that John Colt, too, was there.

"You can't do this," Ramey said again. "I'll hang you higher than a kite in any court—"

Dick saw now where Karen Waterson was. She was leaning against the bulkhead of the cabin, detached still, with an unreadable face.

"You don't even know what I'm going to do."

"Sure, I know," Ramey said with as much black malice as can be put through one eye. "Go ahead and do it—and see what happens to you! Will you, now?"

"You have your choice," Dick said. "You can turn back, if you're willing to turn back."

John Colt spoke then. He said, "I really don't understand—"

"Shut your head," Dick said crudely. He spoke across them all, to Karen, who stood against the bulkhead of the cabin; and although he did not raise his voice, no one could have mistaken to whom he spoke.

"You're going back now," Dick said. "You're going back, and you're not even asking why."

John Colt said, with a singularly decent poise, "Are we to understand—?"

"You wouldn't understand this. An old, dying man wants to see what his spawn looks like. I have guaranteed that he will. The girl is going back."

"If you mean Miss Waterson," Colt said, "she is going where she chooses to go."

"Sorry."

THE sound of the sea was all around them, but within it there was a peculiar silence, in which nothing human had anything to say.

John Colt stepped forward across the swaying deck, into that ring of faces.

"This isn't a hundred years ago. We're not in the days of Captain Cook; we're not even in the days of Henry Morgan. We're not living in the old days, Wayne."

"No," answered Tonga Dick, "but this is the sea."

"Am I to suppose—?"

"I don't care what you suppose. I have to take Karen Waterson back to Alakoa."

"This is an outrage," Captain Ramey put in. "I'll fight this through every court of admiralty that—"

"You will be very happy," Tonga Dick said, "not to raise your head before admiralty at all. How would you like the admiralty courts to hear what happened at Lord Randolph's Island?"

"You mean to blackmail me?" Ramey screamed.

Dick Wayne grinned. "You bet your life I'll blackmail you—if it's any good to me!"

It was singular the way Ramey faded, after that.

"I'll have you for this—this is piracy," John Colt said. "I can bring charges such as will—"

"Such as will get you laughed out of the islands. It's too bad, but those will have to wait. Turn your boat, Ramey."

"Hold your course as you go," Colt ordered.

"Are you going to turn, or not?"

"And what if I don't?" Ramey jittered.

"The Holokai has orders to come alongside, lash fast, and board, in just about another two minutes. You can turn your boat or my crew will turn your boat, I don't care a damn which."

"He's bluffing," Colt said. "Hold your course, and I promise—"

"No, he isn't," Ramey whimpered. The little one-eyed skipper looked as if he were going to break down and cry. "I wouldn't put it past him to do it! And if those crazy-headed Kanakas of his start running wild—"

"You won't like that, will you? Well—here they come!"

The Holokai was swinging nearer now; by her deck lights they could see Dick's Kanakas, eager at the rail.

"Oh, dear God in heaven!" Ramey blubbered.

The Seal turned back.

WHATEVER else Dick Wayne accomplished or failed to accomplish by bringing the unhappy Seal back to Alakoa, that extravagant gesture undoubtedly saved the life of old Garrett Waterson.

The Seal's anchor was no more than down when Dick took Karen aboard the Sarah. Dick and Karen still had nothing to say to each other; so that Dick had no way of knowing what was going on in her mind. It seemed to him that she was timid, but also a little eager; and in the face of his supposition that she had left Alakoa in preference to facing her grandfather he found this surprising.

At first it seemed that they were too late. Garrett Waterson was mumbling weakly from the depths of a fever haze; he recognized no one, and could not be made to understand that the person Dick had brought him was the granddaughter whom he had never seen. When finally he was persuaded to fix his eyes upon her in what appeared a moment of clarity, the effect was worse than if he had not seen her at all.

"I won't talk to you," he said, his words suddenly strong and distinct. "I'm positively not interested in any further marine insurance. I've told you before I do not wish to discuss insurance in any way."

Tears came into Karen's eyes as she turned to Shimazu. "You're the doctor? Do you think he's going to die?"

"What I cannot understand," said Shimazu, "is why he is still alive at all."

Karen's eyes darted about the smothering confusion of the little cabin. "We'll have to move him out of here to some place where he can be taken care of. This place isn't even clean."

"You can't move him," Stahlquist said from the door; "he would fight."

"It would be dangerous," Shimazu agreed. "I would be afraid to move him now."

"THEN we'll have to do the best we can here," Karen said. She took off her hat and tossed it aside. "Will somebody have my things sent over from the Seal?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find some way to get some air in here. And then I'm going to clear up this litter. There aren't even any sheets on that bed. The doctor will have to tell me what else a nurse is supposed to do."

"You can't change anything in here," Stahlquist said pessimistically. "He'll fight like hell. This is a terrible old man; pretty near everybody's afraid of him but me."

"I'm not afraid of him," Karen said. "I'm going to take care of him."

That was the beginning of a week that seemed a long time for them all. In the face of a good deal of discouragement Karen persisted in doing just what she had said she would. She moved onto the Sarah and stayed there, and somehow she persuaded Garrett Waterson to submit to the care which no one had ever been able to force on him before.

Colt fumed and paced upon the Seal; Ernest and Willard Wayne were in Honolulu; and Dick Wayne sulked aboard the Holokai, hardly leaving it at all.

On the bay of Alakoa the three factors of the Colt-Wayne-Waterson triangle—each of them established in lonely and foolish grandeur on his own boat—were suspended in a deadlock which could only be broken, apparently, by either Garrett Waterson's recovery or his demise.

Dick Wayne was rapidly drifting into a state of mind where nothing interested him at all. Honolulu was pestering him

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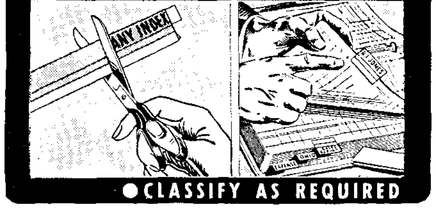

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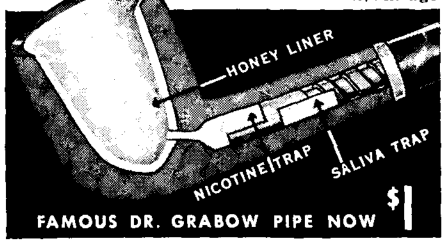

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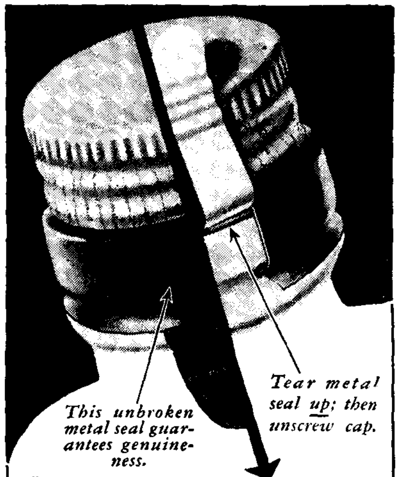
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to come there for the reading of James Wayne's will, and there was nothing to prevent his going; but he stayed where he was, for no more reason than that it seemed too much trouble to go anywhere else. Ernest Wayne tried to talk to him from Honolulu on the wireless phone, but Dick did not go ashore to take the call. He let his days drag out in a morose inactivity, chiefly filled in with innumerable games of solitaire in the cabin. Yet at night he was unable to sleep.

For a day or two he drank heavily, in the hope that it would make him sleepy, but it did not; and when the Holokai's liquor ran out he did not bother to have it replenished. He stayed away from Karen Waterson, trying to accustom himself to the idea of a world in which, for him, she did not exist; for he knew what was the matter with him well enough.

Ramey came to see him in the middle of the week, driven by a need of supplies. Now that it was apparent that the return of the Seal to Alakoa had resulted in a lengthening of John Colt's charter, the Seal's one-eyed skipper seemed to hold no grudge.

"I'll send you your engine oil," Dick said, "if you'll tell me one thing."

"Like what?" Ramey asked dubiously.

"I'd kind of like to know," Dick said, "where Colt and Miss Waterson were going, and what for, the night I had to come out and fetch you back."

"Oh, is that all?" Ramey grunted. "Why, they was going to Honolulu to get married."

"So that was it." He managed a faint, sardonic grin. "She certainly had a busy evening."

"Huh?"

"Let it go." Dick went back to his solitaire.

WHEN the week had stretched on into ten days it was known that Garrett Waterson, definitely, was going to live. The tremendous vitality of the old man had asserted itself once more. When this was conclusively evident, even to the unbelieving Shimazu, Dick knew that Karen would not be at Alakoa much longer.

He knew that he ought to try to interest himself in something—anything, to overcome the lethargy upon which he was stranded; but it took the departure of John Colt to get him into half-hearted action.

The Seal moved out of the bay of Alakoa unostentatiously one morning at daybreak. She blundered her way through the shoals by means of the curious luck which seemed to follow Ramey no matter what folly he committed, and eased off around the east point of the island roughly in the direction of Honolulu. Nobody on the Holokai knew the meaning of this at first. It was hours before they knew definitely that Colt had gone back to Honolulu on the Seal—but that Karen Waterson was still aboard the Sarah.

Dick's curiosity was sufficiently aroused by this to cause him to row all the way over to the Sarah—a distance of some two hundred yards—for a visit with the convalescent old man. He tried to conceal from himself his reason for wishing to talk to Waterson, but he could not. He was aware of a weak but persistent hope that something had happened to cause John Colt and Karen Waterson to break up; and he wanted to find out from Garrett Waterson if this might be the case.

Karen Waterson was taking an hour ashore, so that her grandfather was alone. He was propped up on clean pillows, smoking a cigar which he had probably taken this opportunity to steal; and though he looked feeble, and somehow chastened, he was surprisingly himself.

"Where the hell have *you* been?" he demanded gustily, in what was evidently meant to be a roar. "You've got to get me out of this!"

That Garrett Waterson was notably tamed in spirit needed no more proof than his concession that he needed any help from anybody; but other evidence was not lacking. Such a change had taken place in Garrett Waterson's quarters as Dick would not have believed. All the great litter of charts and miscellaneous duffel had disappeared; even the bulkheads, which had been a scaling and ancient green, had been scraped and painted white.

"We've got to go to Nuku Hiva," Garrett Waterson announced, "and we've got to go now. This fool Jap doctor and this girl of mine don't understand."

The old man, it now appeared, had worked himself into a state of mind. Dick knew enough about Garrett Waterson's scattered and loose-knit affairs to know why he thought he had to go to Nuku Hiva. Once the old man had purchased an option on a site for a wharf, or something of the sort. Then he had forgotten about it, only to remember it suddenly and inauspiciously just as the option was about to run out. Dick did not believe that either Waterson or Nuku Hiva needed a wharf, but it was no use arguing, he supposed.

"If we don't take that thing up by the first of the month," Waterson declared, "that English outfit will get in there, and the opportunity of a lifetime will go up in smoke—just like that!" He blew a blast of smoke at Dick to illustrate what was going to happen to the opportunity of a lifetime, and it made him cough, so that he spilled cigar ashes on the highly-scrubbed deck.

"All right, all right," Dick said. "I'll go to Nuku Hiva."

"Have to go myself," Waterson insisted.

"You'll stay here," Dick said, "or I'll have nothing to do with the business at all. Then where will you be?"

The old man finally had to be satisfied with that. Not until the long digression about lifetime opportunities in Nuku Hiva was settled was Dick able to raise the question which had really brought him here.

He put out a tentative feeler. "I see John Colt has gone back."

"So I hear."

"IT'S none of my business," Dick said, "but I'd kind of like to know why he should be rushing back to Honolulu while Karen is still here."

"I sent him back," Garrett Waterson said complacently.

"You sent him back?"

"He was over here with some scoundrelly proposition, whereby I was supposed to throw in with him, and we were supposed to get the island of Alakoa away from the Waynes. He made me kind of mad. Seemed that all I had to do was offer proof that I'm out of my mind—that gets us the island back. I told him to get to hell out. I told him if he wasn't out of the bay in twelve hours I was going to have my crew grab him and keel-haul him. I guess he must have taken me literally."

"But Karen is going to stay with you?"

"I'd like her to; but she says not. I believe she'll be following Colt to Honolulu directly."

"Following Colt?"

"She's a kind of a little poker face," Garrett Waterson complained. "It's past me to make out what she's going to do. But if you want my private personal opinion, I think she's going to marry the guy."

Dick managed to say, "How are you going to like that?"

"He isn't just what I would have

(Continued on page 70)

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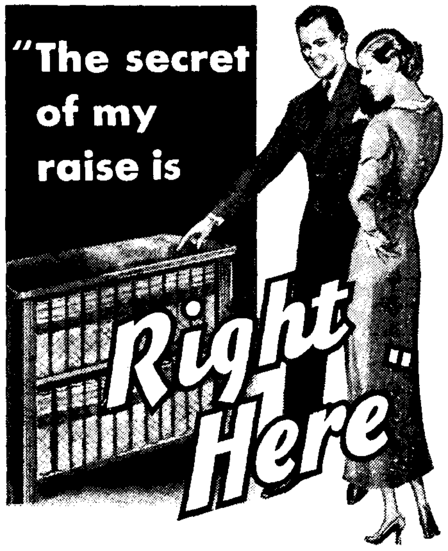
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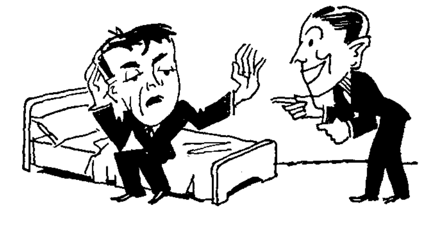
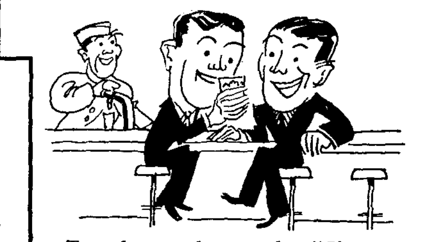


Old Bill was sunk. Felt as sick as all-get-out . . . and didn't care who knew it. Just then Tom walked in. "Who told you you're wanted?" snarled Bill. "It's bad enough to have a headache . . . a jumpin' stomach and cockeyed nerves . . . without having *you* around!"



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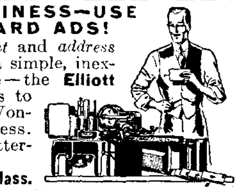

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(Continued from page 69)

picked. I certainly wouldn't want to marry him myself."

With an effort Dick rallied. "I don't see why not," he said. "I think you'd make a lovely bride."

"I suppose he'll do well enough by her," Waterson said gloomily. "It's his stamp of crocodile that generally gets ahead. Of course, his infernal impudence made me kind of mad; but I was kind of tickled at him, after I thought it over. You have to kind of admire a man with as much brass as that."

There was a long silence, and Dick was thinking of a lot of things of which he would not have wished to speak.

"That girl is a wonderful girl," Waterson said. "So long as I ever have one dime that will do the work of a nickel, that girl is never going to be in want. She's something pretty special—sweet, and gentle, and loyal, and—"

Dick broke it up. "When do I sail for Nuku Hiva?"

"What's the matter with tomorrow?"

"The Holokai's full of oil. I guess tomorrow will be all right."

WITH his crew rounded up and fresh water aboard the Holokai, Dick Wayne went ashore to phone Honolulu by wireless. He did not suppose that his brothers would want him to mix in any more than they could help; but it seemed only decent to ask what the situation was, before he left Alakoa on a voyage that would keep him away for a matter of weeks. James Wayne's estate, embracing all of Alakoa, was hanging fire, and he supposed he owed it to them to tell them where he was going.

He sat at James Wayne's old desk, up above in the house that Garrett Waterson himself had built, and fiddled with the phone for the better part of half an hour before he got a connection which would do. It was Charles Wong whom he reached at last.

Charles Wong was dithering in a state of mental confusion and disorder.

"I—I've been trying to reach you for two days," Wong chattered. "I was about to come to Alakoa. Everything is terribly upset—it's absolutely necessary that you come here."

"What's the matter now?"

"Your brothers are absolutely unable to reconcile themselves to the will. If they cannot reach an agreement with you, I am almost certain that they will try to break it. You had better come here and talk to them as soon as possible. The disturbance is unimaginable, but Alakoa is going to suffer if—"

"What was the matter with the will?"

"Oh, nothing, sir, nothing! But naturally your brothers are very much surprised. Certainly you must have anticipated that they would—"

"I don't even know what was in the will," Tonga Dick told him.

"Why—why—you haven't heard?"

"I haven't talked to Honolulu since my brothers left here."

A considerable hesitation, decorated with unrecognizable spluttering noises, represented Charles Wong's dumfoundment. "The will gives you the controlling interest in Alakoa," Wong finally managed to get out.

"Who—me?" Dick said stupidly.

"Yes, sir. There are certain special provisions that seem intended to give your brothers a practically equal income; but you are given a fifty-one per cent interest, and absolute management of everything."

"I'm supposed to run the whole cockeyed thing?"

"You control it; yes, sir. The cattle production, and the plantations, and the mills—everything."

There was much more to it, and a good deal of it Dick was unable to understand from Charles Wong's disorganized explanations. Dick supposed that he could not expect to understand James Wayne's dispensations in detail until he had had a thorough consultation with a whole board of attorneys. But the main intent was clear. James Wayne had put Tonga Dick in control of Alakoa.

"But I think your brothers are going to try to break the will," Charles Wong finished.

"They aren't going to break anything," Dick answered.

"No, sir—my personal belief is that it really cannot be done."

After that it was still necessary for Tonga Dick to explain to Charles Wong that he could not come to Honolulu yet—that he was going to Nuku Hiva. A good deal of expostulation attended that, but Wong could not persuade Tonga Dick to change his mind.

"This thing will be in probate a couple of years yet," Dick concluded. "Two or three weeks isn't going to make any difference."

After he had hung up the phone he sat for some time with his elbows on James Wayne's desk. It was very difficult for him to comprehend the full meaning of what had happened. He was convinced that no ability of his own had decided James Wayne; it must have been simply that no one could have known his brothers well without recognizing that they were futile and indecisive men.

It was strange to think that this desk where James Wayne had sat so many years was now his own; that he was supposed to sit there, and so manage James Wayne's conceptions of Alakoa that they should be brought to ultimate fruition. Plenty of exploitationists besides John Colt would be waiting to swallow Alakoa up if he should fail, and he did not believe that any of them could be expected to do well by Alakoa. It made him feel undersized and unready; but he could not imagine failure—not in the long run.

Presently he took up the phone again, and began trying to reach various people in Honolulu—lawyers mostly. The Holokai was waiting, ready to sail, but she had to wait. Most of the day was gone before he had made sure that he really dared take the time to sail to Nuku Hiva.

KAREN WATERSON was waiting aboard the Holokai when Dick finally went aboard. His astonishment at finding her there was so complete that at first he did not know what to say to her.

"My grandfather tells me," Karen said, "that you are sailing almost any hour now."

"I have to go to Nuku Hiva for him."

"I know; I have learned quite a bit about island affairs while he's been sick. You'd be surprised how much I know about how things are done in the South Seas."

He still didn't know why she had come aboard the Holokai, but he didn't want to ask.

"Looks like good weather," he offered. "The Holokai ought to make good time."

"I hope you have a dandy trip."

"Thanks."

"But weren't you intending to touch at Honolulu, before you sail south?"

He started to tell her that he was not, but checked himself. "Why do you ask?"

"I was hoping you'd give me a lift. My grandfather will get along very nicely now, I think. Of course, he'd be glad to take me to Honolulu on the *Sarah;* but he ought not to go to sea for another ten days yet, and he simply won't go ashore. And I think—I would like to get away."

He knew that one of Alakoa's little cattle boats could give her passage to Honolulu in a day or two; but she didn't seem to know this, and he decided not to mention it.

"Of course I'll be glad to take you to Honolulu."

She smiled a little. "I knew you would. In fact, I even had my baggage put in the cabin."

That, too, somewhat surprised him, but he only said, "We'll weigh anchor soon."

"I think," Karen said, "I'll go below and take a nap, if you don't mind. There hasn't been an awful lot of sleep to be had aboard the Sarah."

When she had gone below and curled up on Dick's own bunk, Tonga Dick found that he was bitterly disappointed. He had supposed that the trip to Honolulu would give him a chance to talk to her again; but she might just as well have waited for the cattle boat, if she was going to sleep the voyage out.

BY THE time they were well out beyond the coral, Dick was trying to think of a plausible excuse for waking her up. He rigged a tray with a fish sandwich, a stalk of celery, a whisky soda, a glass of iced coffee, and a cup of tea, and carried it back to her bunk. Karen had to smile when he roused her to offer the silly assortment. It seemed to him that she looked astonishingly bright and fresh for someone so much in need of sleep.

"I didn't really think you'd want any of this junk," he admitted. "I want to talk to you, Karen."

"That's really a very attractive tray," Karen said. "I don't see how anyone could resist it. I think I would like a dry Martini."

"Go to hell," said Tonga Dick. "Listen—I want to tell you something."

"Well?"

"You remember the night when I boarded the Seal, and made you come back to Alakoa?"

"Could I ever forget it? You were extremely piratical, and unpleasant. I could have killed you."

"I didn't know then that you were running off to Honolulu to marry John Colt. But I was afraid you were. I didn't really think that it would do your precious grandfather any good to bring you back; I was pretty sure he wouldn't even recognize you. And I know it's none of my business whom you marry. But sometimes when people do something in a hurry it turns out to be a mistake."

"Interference with other people's affairs is usually a mistake."

"That's not what I meant. I'm not sorry I turned the Seal. As it turned out, it actually did pull old Garrett Waterson through, I think."

"For heaven's sake, sit down," said Karen. "You make me nervous, swaying around like that."

Dick sat down on the edge of the bunk. "There's still plenty of time for you to marry John Colt."

"You may as well know," Karen said, "that I'm not going to marry John Colt."

"But you were going to, weren't you?"

"Yes; I was going to. I was hurt, and angry, and disgusted with the whole thing. I wanted to get away from Alakoa and everything about it. To marry John seemed a quick and complete escape. But I'm glad now that you turned the Seal."

He studied her carefully to see if she meant for him to draw encouragement from that, but decided that she did not. Karen seemed immensely detached.

"My grandfather thinks that he sent Colt back to Honolulu," Karen went on, "but he did not. I was the one who sent him back. The raid on Alakoa is over, Dick."

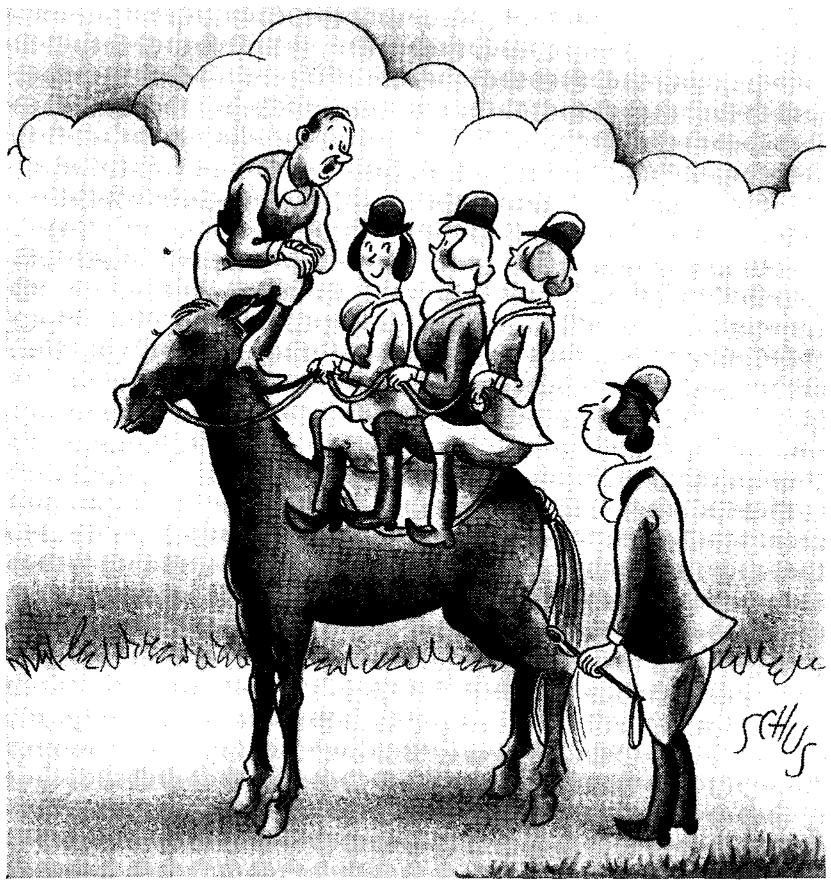
"I should imagine," Dick said ironically, "that you'll have another chance at it later. Garrett Waterson isn't going to live forever."

KAREN flushed faintly. "I wish you wouldn't talk like that."

"When Garrett Waterson is dead," Dick pointed out, "your case will be as good as ever."

"I wouldn't be interested," Karen said. "I see things differently now. When John Colt first worked out our plan for claiming Alakoa, it seemed daring and romantic—very adventurous, and all that sort of silliness. But that was when Garrett Waterson was just a forgotten name. He's real now,

(Continued on page 72)



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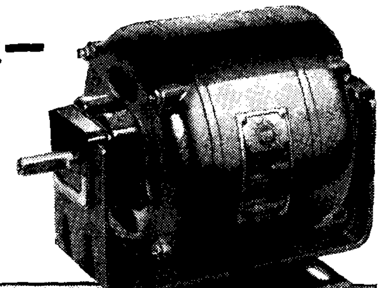

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(*Continued from page 71*)

and I know him, and I like him. And he *is* my own grandfather. I wouldn't be able now to try to discredit his name."

"That's the way you feel now. Two weeks ago you felt differently, and in two weeks more you'll probably feel differently again."

"I thought you might be afraid of that," Karen said. "But you don't need to be—not any more. I have a present for you, Dick."

She hunted around for her handbag, found it, and produced a piece of paper. "This is for you."

He unfolded the sheet and glanced at it. It was closely written in Karen's own hand; at the bottom was the huge scrawling signature of Garrett Waterson, witnessed by Stahlquist and Karen Waterson herself.

"What is this?"

"Didn't you know that James Wayne has been making additional payments on Alakoa, all through the last twenty years?"

"I thought he was; I couldn't prove it, I guess."

"You can prove it now. That's a receipt from Garrett Waterson for two hundred and seventeen thousand dollars. Incompetent or not, he was properly paid for Alakoa; and that receipt acknowledges it. I thought I'd better get it for you—and save you a headache."

"KAREN," Dick asked, "why have you done this?"

"I'm sick of having you worry for fear I'm going to get your island away from you. I don't want your old island. You'd better take care of that receipt, and not sit there creasing it all up. Your brothers are going to want it—and I suppose, after all, Alakoa is more theirs than yours."

He wondered irrelevantly if he should tell her that this was not so; but let it pass. "What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going back to San Francisco and look for a job."

"But Garrett Waterson will want—"

"I'm not going to fasten onto him. He's got troubles of his own."

There was a long silence after that. "It seems to me," Dick said at last, "that neither one of us has been very sensible about any of this. All the way along we've kept fighting over the most trivial things — islands, and grandfathers, and Kanaka girls, and who busted a lei on James Wayne's desk. It certainly looks as if we ought to run out of things to fight over, pretty soon."

"Don't you know," Karen asked, "whose lei that was? Don't you know who was with James Wayne when he died?"

"I don't even care," Dick said.

"I care. It's taken me a week's detective work even to find out what you were talking about. And I'm going to tell you about it, whether you're interested or not."

"I just don't think it's important now," Dick said.

"I do. Because that was what really broke us up. It made you say things to me that were perfectly awful—unforgivable things, Dick. And I didn't know, then, even what you meant when you talked about a broken lei."

"If only you had told me—"

"I couldn't tell you because I didn't know. I know now. When you went into your uncle's office and found him dead, there was a broken lei of ginger blossoms on the floor; and you thought that it was the lei you gave to me. But I've had to talk to Tsura, and Lilua, and Hokano, before I even found out that much."

"You mean to tell me that you really weren't there? You weren't with James Wayne that night at all?"

"Of course not. But I've pieced together what happened, now. The lei you gave me that night was a lei that Lilua made for you; but that was not the only lei she made. She made another lei for Hokano; and he was wearing it when he came looking for her, that night."

"You mean that it was Hokano who—"

"Hokano was looking for Lilua. I could have told him where to look for her. But he couldn't find her because she was in your room."

"Karen, I swear that nothing—"

"Oh, I know. As a matter of fact"—a malicious little twinkle flickered in Karen's eyes—"I think I had already warned you to lock your door. But Hokano didn't know anything about that. He saw James Wayne's light; he stepped into James Wayne's office through the window, and demanded to know where Lilua was. Of course your uncle was furious that a large, very wet Kanaka should come crashing into his office through a window. His anger was too much for him, on top of everything else. He stood up and threatened Hokano; and then just suddenly collapsed and was gone. Hokano leaned across the desk, to see if he was really dead. The ginger blossom lei caught on the corner of the desk and broke; and just then Tsura came tapping at the door, peddling her glass of milk."

"Hokano told you this?"

"Most of it. Who else could? He was the only one who knew."

"This is all very surprising," Dick said.

"I don't think so. I don't think it's even interesting. I went to the trouble to find out because I wanted to know what you were talking about. I can't remember now why I thought it mattered."

"And I still don't think it matters," Dick said. "I don't think it matters at all what either one of us has said or thought or done."

"In short," Karen said, "you haven't a leg to stand on; so, that being the case, you favor calling the whole fight off."

"I have no doubt," Dick agreed, "that I am a complete fool. Worse than that—much worse—I am also unlucky. I simply don't get the breaks—and I suppose that's the worst thing you can say about any man."

"You get as good breaks as anyone does. The principal trouble with you is that you don't show any sense."

"I THINK it's time for both of us to show a little sense. People never get anywhere trying to dope out who was to blame for what. If people like to be together, that should decide what they're going to do."

"Such as—?"

"What's the sense in going to Honolulu? I don't have to go to Honolulu, and neither do you. The Holokai can just as well put about and lay a course for Nuku Hiva. How do you know you wouldn't like Nuku Hiva? I'll bet you any amount you'll say it's a whole lot prettier than San Francisco."

"My word," Karen smiled faintly. "I believe it's meant to be a proposition!"

"Call it what you want to," Dick said. "Don't you think—don't you think—?"

"Would you like to know what I think? I think you're tiresome. You sit there talking on and on, when all a person wants is to go to sleep. Now, you can sit there talking to yourself as long as you want to, but I'm going to sleep, anyway."

Dick stood up. "I've got a great mind to set a course for Nuku Hiva anyway, and make you like it!"

Karen laid her head on her arms and closed her eyes.

"You're always shanghaiing somebody," she said. "But ask yourself—what does it ever get you?"

Dick stood looking down at her quiet face, and wondering why he had ever hoped to understand this girl. "Nothing, I guess," he admitted at last.

He went out into the main cabin, sat down at the table, and laid out a hand of solitaire; but when it was laid out he sat staring vacantly at the cards. He had reason enough to be sick of solitaire. Then presently he became aware that he was infinitely weary, and that he had as much reason as Karen to be in need of sleep. He laid his head on the table, convinced now that there was no longer on the face of the sea any uncertainty worth keeping a man awake; and was almost immediately asleep.

He must have slept a long time, for when he awoke daylight was coming in the ports. In front of him on the table had been placed a tray containing a wilted sprig of celery, and a glass of cold water that sloshed about with the Holokai's roll; but it didn't seem to him much of a joke.

THEN as he shook the sleep out of his eyes he was suddenly aware that something was wrong. The sun appeared to be rising in the west; and when he had thought about that for a minute he knew that they should have been in Honolulu many hours ago. He could hardly believe that the Holokai had been into Honolulu harbor and set Karen ashore, and put to sea again, without waking him up; but that was the only explanation he could think of at first. Certainly the Holokai was tearing southward at a roaring clip.

He went on deck and found Inyashi at the wheel. "What's the idea of not waking me up in Honolulu?"

"Honolulu?"

"Don't stare at me like a blockhead!" Dick shouted. "What time did we leave Honolulu?"

"We—we haven't been to Honolulu, Captain."

"You haven't been—well, where the hell do you think you're going?"

"Why—why—oh, I was afraid of this," Inyashi moaned.

"Well, speak up! What do you think you're doing?"

"Miss Waterson—Miss Waterson—she said you had changed the course, Captain. She said you wanted me to bring about and lay for the Marquesas. She said you had decided not to go to Honolulu. She said you were asleep, and she said I was supposed to—"

"Dear heaven," Tonga Dick said.

"You go ask her yourself. She's up there in the bow. Captain Tonga, I try to set what course you say. But I didn't know what to do when she came and—"

The mainsail was partly to blame; the Holokai's low-swung booms made part of the deck invisible from the wheel. But the real reason that Tonga Dick had not found Karen before now was that he had not expected her to be there. It had been very definitely fixed in his mind that she was gone from his ship, gone altogether out of his life.

He went forward hesitantly, partly humble, partly dazed by his luck. He stood close beside her at the rail and drew her against him with one arm.

"Well, good morning!" Karen said. "Do you always sleep in your clothes? Because I don't think it does them any good."

Dick said stupidly, "We—we didn't go to Honolulu after all, did we?"

"Certainly not. Silly effort of yours—chasing off to Nuku Hiva. Did you think you'd get away from me as easily as that?"

A great cloud of flying fish went up before the bows of the Holokai, making a flickering rainbow on the face of the warm sea.

THE END

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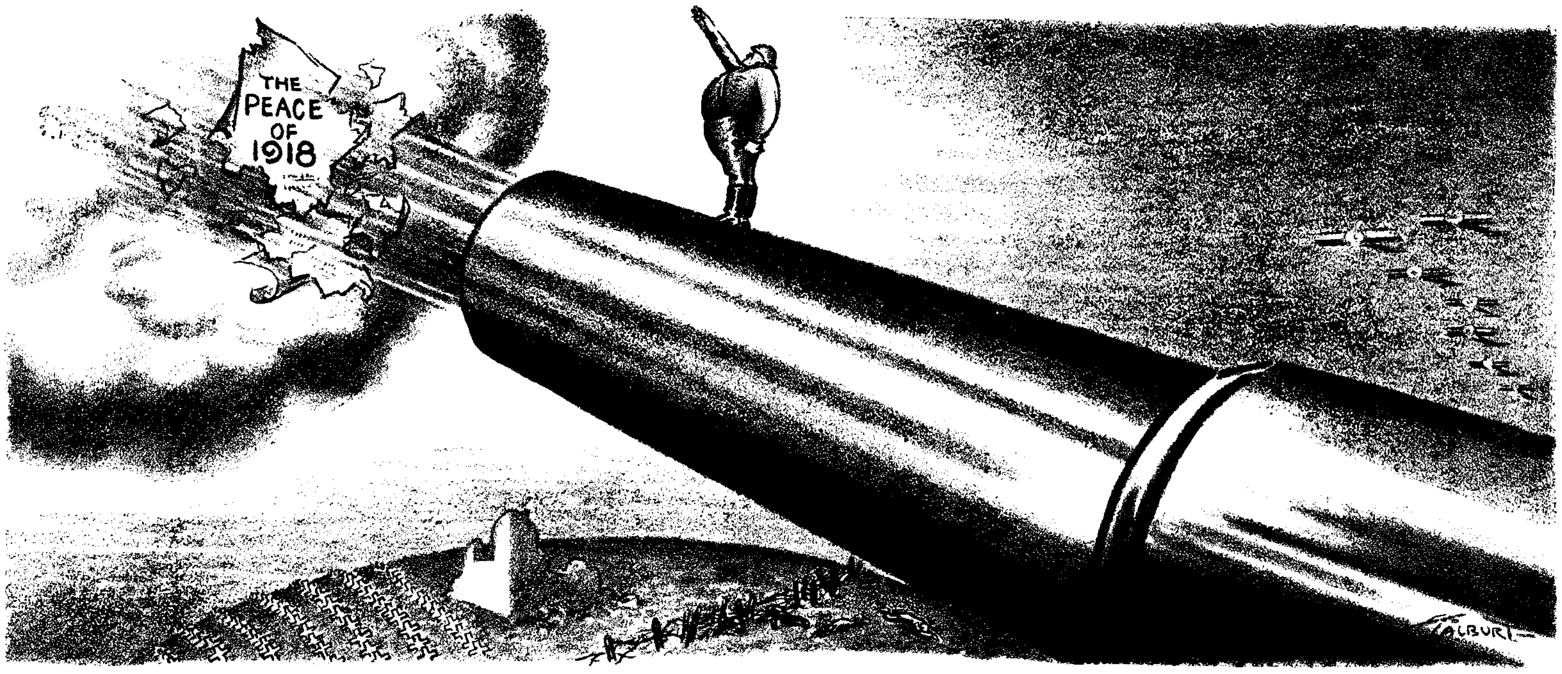

The Road Toward Peace

THE tumult of joy with which the world greeted Armistice Day seventeen years ago has been tragically forgotten in Europe and Africa and Asia. The World War did not end all war. Nor did the stupendous sacrifices of four years of conflict make the world safe for democracy. On the European continent certainly dictators have been more numerous and more powerful since 1918 than they were in the preceding half century.

The idealistic principles which so many millions fought and suffered and died to uphold have not been realized. Governments which had solemnly renounced war as an instrument of national policy have waged aggressive wars to seize the territory of weaker peoples. The general peace of the world has been menaced. The danger of another catastrophic war has been closer this year than ever since 1918.

Yet there can be no doubt of the fact that every people that has been free to express itself has preferred peace to war. Of the American sentiment there can be no question. Congress passed a neutrality act which it lacked the time to consider thoroughly because public opinion in this country is so wholeheartedly against war that any measure seemed politically better than none.

Public opinion in Canada and in the other great self-governing dominions is clearly opposed to war. So, too, is the underlying sentiment in Great Britain, France and the Scandinavian countries. It is impossible to know what Germans and Italians think because Hitler and Mussolini have suppressed any free expression of opinion.

Had the Italians been at liberty to consider the Ethiopian adventure in an unhampered debate, the popular judgment might easily have been against war.

The Italians, however, had no chance to choose. Mussolini decided. Neither were the Japanese people permitted to express any opinion concerning the Chinese wars. Mussolini decided to take Ethiopian territory and to kill Ethiopians in order to accomplish his purpose. Japanese generals reached similar judgments concerning China. There was no appeal against such decisions.

The collective conscience of mankind protested against both these military adventures. The protest against Mussolini's unprovoked war of aggression against Ethiopia was plain and unequivocal. The League of Nations judged the issues and bravely announced its verdict in plain and unmistakable words. American disapproval was shown at every opportunity even though we had no part in the League.

No great nation was ready to use military force to prevent Italian aggression because nobody can foresee the consequences of another large-scale war. Americans deplore the unjustifiable seizure of other people's lands. Our sense of right and justice is shocked by aggressive war. But we don't want to go to war to compel any European or Asiatic power to keep the peace.

So a new international technique has been employed. The great nations banded together in the League, and the United States as well, have steadily refused to approve the Japanese conquests of China. Japanese armies still hold Chinese territory. Nobody can foresee the future. Up to now, however, Japan has had to rely on its armies to retain what has been captured. No recognition of Japanese legal or moral rights in China has been accorded by any of the great nations.

The right of Italy to retain anything its armies can take in Africa is not destined to be quickly recognized by the great European powers or by the United States. Never before in history has international public opinion been more sharply focused on a great issue. Certainly never before has an act of aggression been more explicitly condemned.

It was customary in the old days to say that secret diplomacy resulted in inescapable wars. This past summer and autumn open diplomacy did its utmost to prevent the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. Previously, also, diplomacy had exhausted its every resource in the effort to persuade Japan not to invade China. We cannot justly blame diplomats for the continuance of war.

On the contrary, diplomacy is the civilized agency through which efforts have been made and are being made to prevent war and to limit the scope of wars which are not prevented. Through open diplomacy issues are brought out into the open. People of those nations which still enjoy the advantages of a free press are informed of the actual issues. So public opinion is able to judge.

With the record spread out, there is little occasion for jubilation over continued peace. There is every reason for encouragement in the fact that the free peoples of the world have not hesitated to condemn international aggression and at the same time have demanded that their governments do everything possible to avoid the spread of war. The moral judgment of mankind has been given a chance to express itself in unprecedented fashion.

There is at this stage of world development no absolute guaranty against war. As long as dictators and autocracies control powerful nations, dictators and autocrats can decide for war or decree private murders.

But happily no free people shows any sign of wanting to make war for any purpose. War between Canada and the United States is as unthinkable as war between California and Oregon.

The problem which the free peoples face is how to avoid getting enmeshed in the wars started by dictators and autocrats who are not restrained by ordinary moral scruples or by the interests or conscience of their people. It has been bitterly learned that war itself is not the tool to prevent other wars.

Public conscience and public opinion are now striving in intangible as well as tangible ways to accomplish purposes which naked force failed to achieve. It is a great endeavor. When it has been accomplished we shall have reason to rejoice as never before upon the anniversary of peace.

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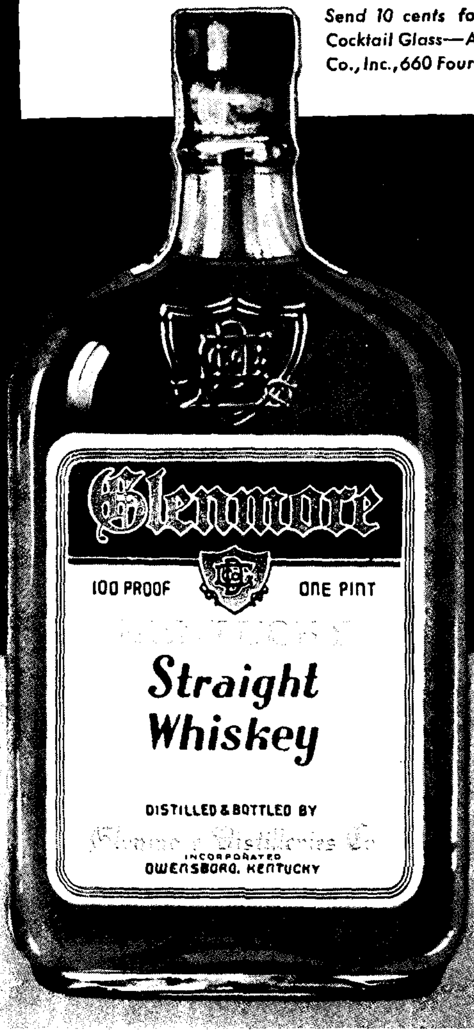

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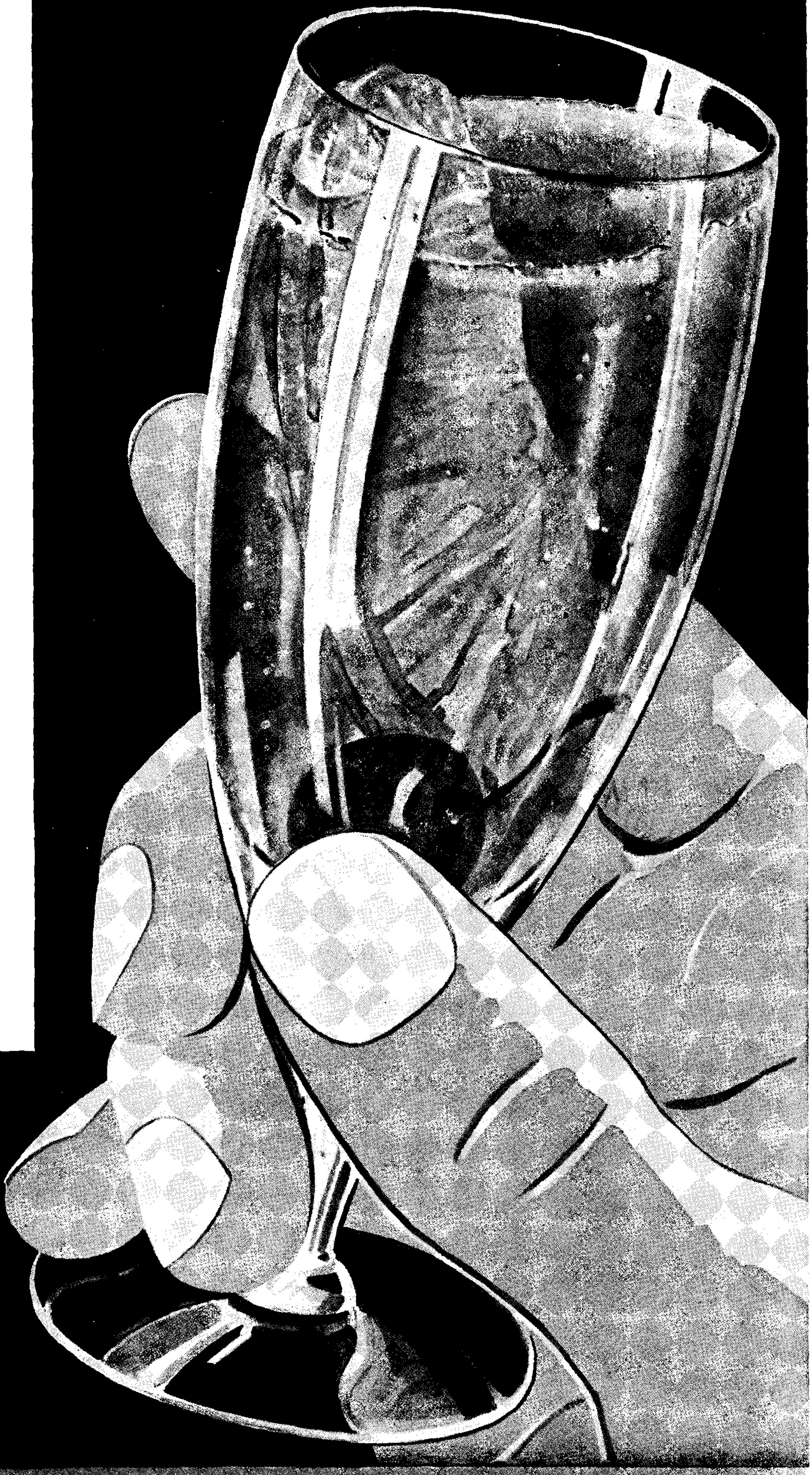

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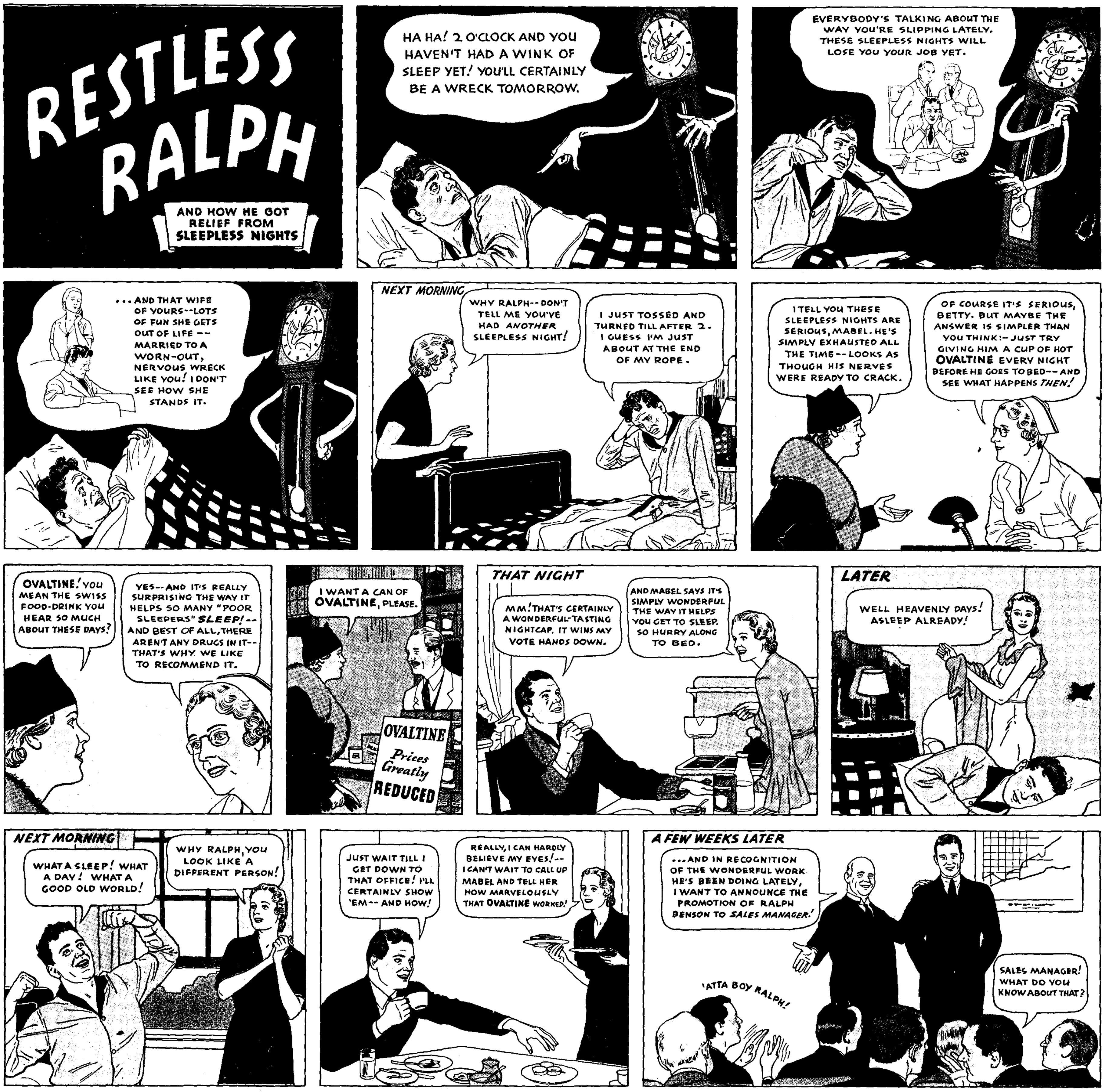
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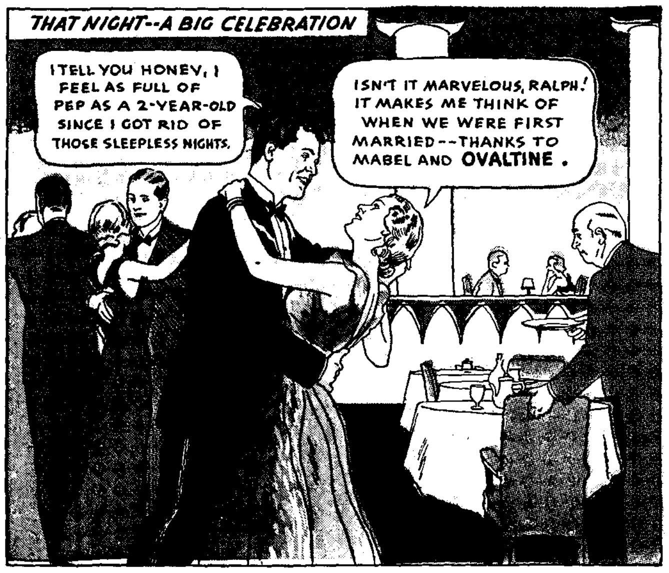
NEXT MORNING
WHY RALPH--DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE HAD ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT!
I JUST TOSSED AND TURNED TILL AFTER 2. I GUESS I'M JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF MY ROPE.
I TELL YOU THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE SERIOUS, MABEL. HE'S SIMPLY EXHAUSTED ALL THE TIME--LOOKS AS THOUGH HIS NERVES WERE READY TO CRACK.
OF COURSE IT'S SERIOUS, BETTY. BUT MAYBE THE ANSWER IS SIMPLER THAN YOU THINK:- JUST TRY GIVING HIM A CUP OF HOT OVALTINE EVERY NIGHT BEFORE HE GOES TO BED--AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS THEN!
OVALTINE! YOU MEAN THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK YOU HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT THESE DAYS?
YES--AND IT'S REALLY SURPRISING THE WAY IT HELPS SO MANY "POOR SLEEPERS" SLEEP!--AND BEST OF ALL, THERE AREN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT--THAT'S WHY WE LIKE TO RECOMMEND IT.
I WANT A CAN OF OVALTINE, PLEASE.
OVALTINE Prices Greatly REDUCED
THAT NIGHT
MM! THAT'S CERTAINLY A WONDERFUL-TASTING NIGHTCAP. IT WINS MY VOTE HANDS DOWN.
AND MABEL SAYS IT'S SIMPLY WONDERFUL THE WAY IT HELPS YOU GET TO SLEEP. SO HURRY ALONG TO BED.
LATER
WELL HEAVENLY DAYS! ASLEEP ALREADY!
NEXT MORNING
WHAT A SLEEP! WHAT A DAY! WHAT A GOOD OLD WORLD!
WHY RALPH, YOU LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON!
JUST WAIT TILL I GET DOWN TO THAT OFFICE! I'LL CERTAINLY SHOW 'EM--AND HOW!
REALLY, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES!--I CAN'T WAIT TO CALL UP MABEL AND TELL HER HOW MARVELOUSLY THAT OVALTINE WORKED!
A FEW WEEKS LATER
...AND IN RECOGNITION OF THE WONDERFUL WORK HE'S BEEN DOING LATELY, I WANT TO ANNOUNCE THE PROMOTION OF RALPH BENSON TO SALES MANAGER!
'ATTA BOY RALPH!
SALES MANAGER! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?


THAT NIGHT--A BIG CELEBRATION
I TELL YOU HONEY, I FEEL AS FULL OF PEP AS A 2-YEAR-OLD SINCE I GOT RID OF THOSE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.
ISN'T IT MARVELOUS, RALPH! IT MAKES ME THINK OF WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED--THANKS TO MABEL AND OVALTINE.

SEND THIS IN---AND SEE FOR YOURSELF IF OVALTINE DOESN'T MAKE YOU SLEEP BETTER--LOOK BETTER--AND FEEL BETTER!

OVALTINE is a delicious pure food concentrate—originally created in Switzerland as a strengthening food for invalids, convalescents, and the aged. Then physicians noted that, when taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it was also a remarkable aid to sound, restful sleep.

As a result, throughout the world, Ovaltine has become the most widely known of all drugless aids to natural sleep—while thousands of delighted users report that it has brought them new strength and energy as well as steadier nerves next day . . .

See for yourself how remarkable Ovaltine is. Get a can at any drug, grocery or department store today. Or, if your need is not immediate and urgent, mail the coupon for a liberal trial supply.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY TES[illegible]

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. C-11
180 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine. (*One package to a person. Offer good in U. S. A. Only.*)

Name..

Address..

City..*State*..............................

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in the U. S. A.

Look for New Low Prices

AT DRUG, GROCERY AND DEPARTMENT STORES

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